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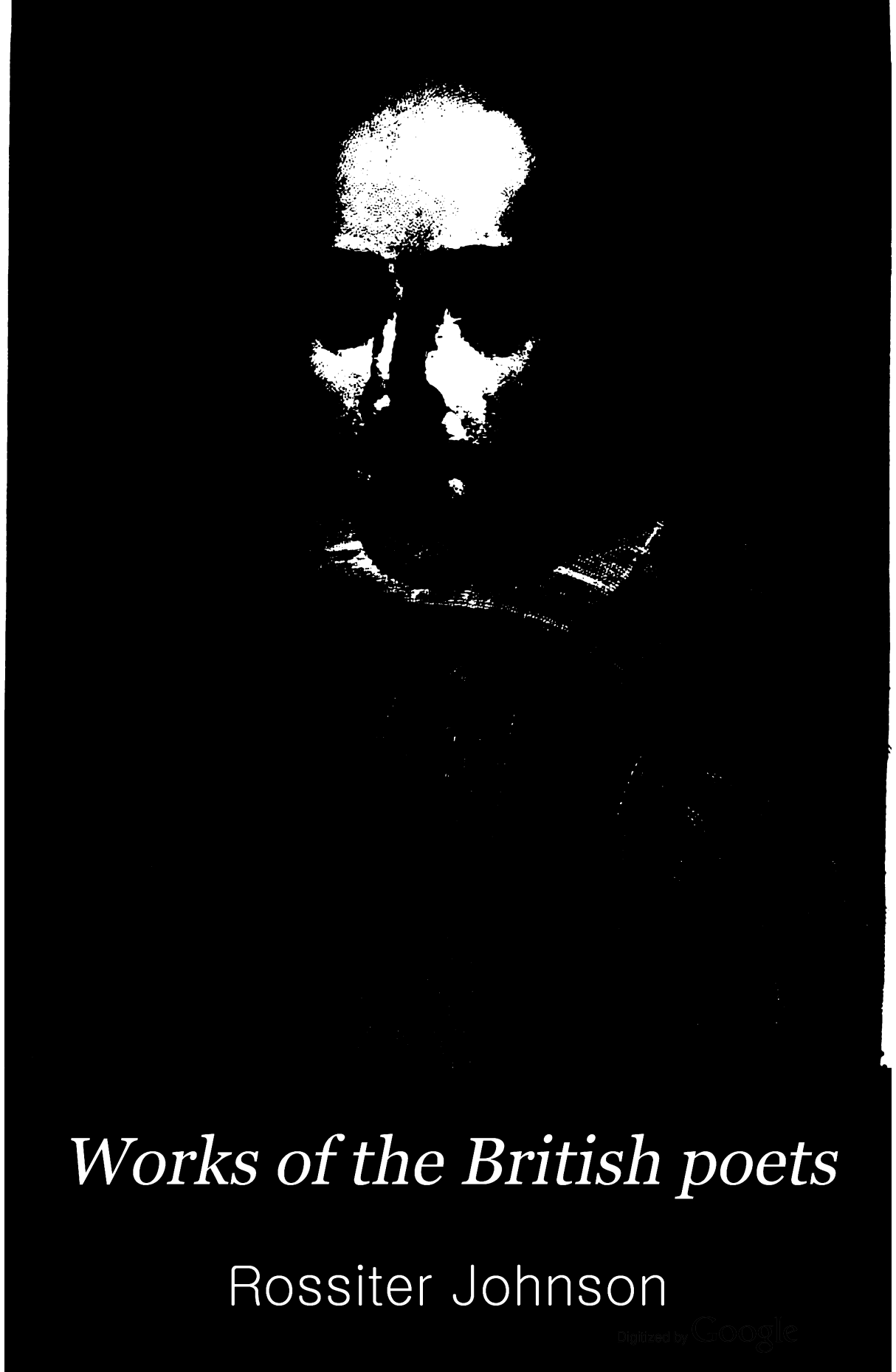

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WORKS

OF

THE BRITISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO MORRIS,

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

EDITED BY

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—CHAUCER TO BURNS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

THESE volumes are intended to give a fair representation of the works of those British writers who have attained full recognition and hold a permanent place among the guild of poets. In some cases almost the entire poetical works of an author are here included; in others this was impossible, and in others undesirable; but in every case the editor has endeavored to give the best and the most characteristic. Some poems which are good in themselves have been omitted because they cannot be read intelligently without long prose prefaces or cumbrous foot-notes, which are generally fatal to all poetic effect. Others have become virtually obsolete, even since the issue of Dr. Aikin's work, on which this is founded, fifty years ago.

It has been customary, in collections like this, to give at least a specimen of every versifier who had any prominence in his day, though he may never have written a line which any critic could praise, or any reader would cherish. The present editor has not thought it necessary to waste space in carrying out such an idea of completeness or comprehensiveness, yet doubtless he has admitted some whom the next editor would properly discard. There are fashions in poetry, as in all else; and it is only the fabric whose warp and woof are of pure genius and art which outlasts them. All others must "have their day and cease to be."

In selecting from contemporary poets, a free hand has been used; both because the book is for contemporary readers, and because here discrimination must rest almost solely upon an individual judgment, while the test of time has drawn its dividing line among the singers of the past. We all feel certain that Tennyson and the Brownings have established a fame which time can never destroy; but what it will do with Morris and Buchanan and Swinburne, with Owen Meredith and Matthew Arnold and Jean Ingelow and the Rossettis, is still problematical. The life-principle in poetry is so subtile that no philosopher can evolve a rule for finding it, and no listener can be certain that the numbers which delight him will not provoke the contempt of his grandchild. Genuine poetry

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is the longest-lived of all human creations, but the builder of the lofty rhyme can never know whether it will stand the wear of centuries, or crumble away while yet his own epitaph is legible in the churchyard. The poetry that endures is of slow growth. Tennyson, since he first published, has averaged two lines a day; and we find that the present volumes (though they do not profess to contain *all* the good English poetry that has been written) represent the same average of two lines a day for the five hundred years from Chaucer to Morris.

The hundred and fifty poets who have contributed to this collection present the widest diversity of genius, life, and opportunities. The naturalness of Shakespeare and the artificialness of Pope, the seventeen years of Chatterton and the ninety of Rogers, Milton with his load of elaborate scholarship and Hogg learning to read after he had arrived at manhood, Montgomery's piety and Byron's recklessness, Campbell's fire and Gray's serenity, Crabbe's plainness and Browning's subtilety, Tennyson's art, Scott's artlessness, the allegories of Spenser, the songs of Burns, and the romances of Morris—from such varied sources come the charms of English poetry, which forms perhaps the noblest of all profane literatures.

New York, *January* 27, 1876.

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER, "the morning-star of English poetry," was born at London, in 1328 or 1340—the former date being generally accepted by his biographers, while the high authority of Sharon Turner prefers that of 1340. Little is accurately known of his life. One of his biographers represents him to have studied both at Cambridge and at Oxford, while another doubts whether he was a member of any college. He is supposed to have been entered as a student at the Inner Temple; but the evidence of this is said to be merely a record that one Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street. It is certain, however, that at an early age he had become acquainted with personages of distinction; for he was a page to King Edward III., and was rewarded by that monarch in 1367 with an annuity of twenty marks. He appears afterward to have become gentleman of the bedchamber to the king, and in 1370 was sent abroad as a royal envoy. Two years later, he was sent to Genoa to negotiate for a naval force. On his return, he was made partial comptroller of the customs of London, and was granted a daily allowance of a pitcher of wine from the king's table. He was again employed on a diplomatic mission to France in 1377, the year in which Edward III. died. Chaucer, in the mean time, had married Philippa Rouet, one of the queen's maids of honor, whose sister was the wife of a great noble —John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster." This high connection secured for Chaucer the favor of the new king, Richard II., by whom he was repeatedly employed on important commissions in various parts of the kingdom. Richard was deposed in 1399; but his successor, Henry IV., the son of the Duke of Lancaster, being closely related to Chaucer by marriage, treated him with additional favor, and granted him a large increase of pension. Chaucer died in 1400, at a house which he had leased in Westminster, and was buried in the Abbey—the first of the long line of poets whose ashes make the edifice illustrious. He appears to have been an adherent of the doctrines of the reformer Wycliffe, and to have been occasionally persecuted in consequence; so that, for some years, he was an exile in France and Denmark. He resided in the latter years of his life at Woodstock, and subsequently at Donnington Castle, where he wrote his latest and greatest work, "The Canterbury Tales." The plan of this was modelled upon the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. It represents a company of twenty-nine pilgrims on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, assembling at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, and agreeing each to tell a tale in going and returning; he who should tell the best tale to be treated by the others with a supper at the inn. The characters composing this party are exceedingly well drawn in the Prologue to the Tales, which we copy in full, and which is undoubtedly the best and most characteristic part of the work. Several of the tales have been paraphrased by Dryden and Pope; and in this volume, among the selections from Dryden, will be found his versions of "The Knight's Tale," "The Wife of Bath's Tale," and the character of the Good Parson.

Chaucer was a man of the world, as well as a student; a soldier, courtier, and diplomatist, and all his life employed in affairs of importance and difficulty, during one of the most brilliant and also one of the most disastrous periods of English history. He began his public career in the warlike and magnificent reign of Edward III., and ended it amid the convulsions and misfortunes of that of Richard II. He had consequently a vast and varied experience of men and of affairs when in the calm evening of his life, at the age of sixty, he composed his Canterbury Tales in the quiet repose of his country home. This work affords a good idea of his character. Like Shakespeare, he seems to have possessed a cheerful and benignant disposition, fond of mirth and joviality, yet studious in the midst of a busy life. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a fine capacity for comic delineation. He hated fraud and superstition, and satirized them keenly, though always with good nature.

The latest critic of Chaucer, M. Taine, in his "History of English Literature," describes him as a poet "who, by his genius, education, and life, was enabled to know and to depict a whole world; but, above all, to satisfy the chivalric world and the splendid courts which shone upon the heights. He belonged to it, though learned and versed in all branches of scholastic knowledge; and he took such part in it that his life from end to end was that of a man of the world, and a man of action. . . . Like Froissart—better than he—Chaucer could depict the character of the nobles, their mode of life, their amours, even other things, and please them by his portraiture. . . . Beyond the two notable characteristics which settle his place in his age and school of poetry, there are others which take him out of his age and school. If he was romantic and gay like the rest, it was after a fashion of his own. He observes characters, notes their differences, studies the coherence of their parts, and endeavors to bring forward living and distinct persons—a thing unheard of in his time, but which the renovators in the sixteenth century, and first among them Shakespeare, will do afterward. It is the English good sense and aptitude for seeing the inside of things beginning to appear."

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THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

Whanne that Aprill with his shoures sote[1]
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche[2] licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt[3] and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules[4] maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So priketh hem Nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe[5] in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.
Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfalle[6]
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed[7] atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,[8]
That I was of hir[9] felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.
But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,[10]
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.[11]
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne[12]
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed[13] and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade[14] at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.[15]
At Leyes[16] was he, and at Satalie,[17]
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see[18]
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also
Somtime with the lord of Palatie,[19]
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereine pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere[20] wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon,[21]
Alle besmotred[22] with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,[23]
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a yonge squier,
A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes crull[24] as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver,[25] and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting[26] alle the day,
He was as freshe, as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale[27]
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.[28]

A yeman[29] hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes[30] bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.

---

[1] Sweet. [2] Such. [3] Grove. [4] Birds.
[5] Known. [6] Fallen. [7] Accommodated.
[8] Every one of them. [9] Their. [10] Farther.

[11] I. e., in A. D. 1365, by Pierre de Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who, however, immediately abandoned it.

[12] I. e., *he had been placed at the head of the table;* the usual compliment to extraordinary merit. When our military men wanted employment, it was usual for them to go and serve in *Pruce*, or Prussia, with the knights of the Teutonic order, who were in a state of constant warfare with their heathen neighbours in *Lettow* (Lithuania), *Ruce* (Russia), and elsewhere. A pagan *King of Lettow* is mentioned by Walsingham, pp. 180, 342.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[13] Journeyed.

[14] The city of Algezir was taken from the Moorish King of Granada in 1344. [15] Probably in Africa.

[16] Layas, in Armenia. [17] Attalia.

[18] Better, the "Grekish sea," i. e., the part of the Mediterranean, from Sicily to Cyprus.

[19] Palathia, in Anatolia. [20] Meaner, inferior.

[21] A short cassock. [22] Smutted. [23] Journey.

[24] Curled. [25] Agile, nimble.

[26] Playing on the flute. [27] Night-time.

[28] It was anciently the custom for squires, of the highest quality, to carve at the sires' tables.

[29] *Yeman*, or *yeoman*, is an abbreviation of *yeonge man*, as *youthe* is of *yeongthe*.

[30] Arrows with peacock-feathers.

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Wel coude he dresse his takel[1] yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe,
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed[2] hadde he, with a broune visage,
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

There was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,[3]
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.[4]
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten[5] chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepè if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde[6] smert:[7]
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple[8] ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis;[9] hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Full fetise[10] was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded[11] all with grene;
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestes thre.

[1] Arrow.
[2] I. e., round, like a nut, probably from being cropped.
[3] Neatly, cleverly.
[4] Delight, pleasure.
[5] She took great pains to assume. [6] A stick.
[7] Hardly. [8] A covering for the neck.
[9] Long and well proportioned.
[10] Neat, tasteful.
[11] Decked.

A Monk ther was, a fayre[12] for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;[13]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,[14]
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,[15]
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit?[16] how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink[17] to him reserved.
Therfore he was a prickasoure[18] a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:
A love-knotte in the greter end ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe,[19] and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His botes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined[20] gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A Frere ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A Limitour,[21] a ful solempne man.
In all the ordres foure is non that can
So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost.
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familiar was he
With frankeleins[22] over all in his contree,

[12] We should say, *a fair one;* but in Chaucer's time such tautology was not, I suppose, elegant. So below, ver. 189:

Therfore he was a prickasoure *a right.*

As to the phrase *for the maistrie*, I take it to be derived from the French *pour la maistrie*, which I find, in an old book of Physick, applied to such medicines as we usually call *Sovereign*, excellent above all others.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[13] Hunting. [14] I. e., he cared not a straw.
[15] Cloisterless. [16] Biddeth. [17] Labor.
[18] A hard rider, from *prick*, to spur on a horse.
[19] Sunk deep in his head. [20] Wasted, tormented.
[21] I. e., one licensed to beg within a certain district.
[22] Wealthy landholders; country gentlemen of good estate.

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And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licenciat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance,
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitance:
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is wel yshrive.
For if he gave, he dorste make avant,[1]
He wiste that a man was repentant.
For many a man so hard is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therfore in stede of weping and praieres,
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.
His tippet was ay farsed[2] ful of knives,
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.
And certainly he hadde a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.[3]
Of yeddinges[4] he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was white as the flour de lis.
Therto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazar or a beggere,
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To haven with sike lazars acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,[5]
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n'as no man nowher so vertuous.
He was the beste begger in all his hous:
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,
Non of his bretheren came in his haunt.
For though a widewe hadde but a shoo,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)[6]
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His pourchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovedayes,[7] ther coude he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee,[8] and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His botes clapsed fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning[9] alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept[10] for anything
Betwixen Middelburgh and Orewell.[11]
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes[12] selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.[13]
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,[14]
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han[15] at his beedes hed
A twenty bokes, clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie.[16]
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre,
But all that he might of his frendes hente,[17]
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soules praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.[18]
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A sergeant of the lawe ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche,[19] his wordes were so wise,
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was nowher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.
Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes[20] alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Therto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres[21] smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A frankelein was in this compagnie;

---

[1] Boast. [2] Stuffed.
[3] By rote, by heart. [4] A kind of song.
[5] I. e., commonalty, poor people.
[6] The beginning of the Latin text either of Genesis or of St. John's Gospel.
[7] Days appointed for the amicable settlement or arbitration of differences.
[8] Mixed, various colors, motley.
[9] Sounding. [10] Guarded.
[11] A seaport in Essex.
[12] French crowns, so called from their having a shield stamped on one side.
[13] An arrangement for borrowing money.
[14] A sort of short upper cloak.
[15] I. e., he had rather, he preferred.
[16] Psaltery. [17] Get. [18] To attend school.
[19] Such. [20] Opinions. [21] Stripes.

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White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe[1] a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was veraily felicite parfite.
An housholder, and that a grete[2] was he;
Seint Julian[3] he was in his contree,
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;[4]
A better envyned[5] man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of all deintees that men coud of thinke,
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce[6] in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if[7] his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace[8] and a gipciere[9] all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe[10] milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.[11]
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.[12]

An haberdasher, and a carpenter,
A webbe,[13] a deyer, and a tapiser,[14]
Were alle yclothed in o livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.[15]
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was.
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.[16]
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.[17]
Everich,[18] for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent:
And elles[19] certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to ben ycleped madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich[20] ybore.

A coke they hadden with hem for the nones,[21]
To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale,
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal[22] hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A shipman was ther, woned fer by West:
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.
He rode upon a rouncie,[23] as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapman slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe,[24] his mone, and his lodemanage,[25]
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine.
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a doctour of phisike,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.[26]
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,[27]
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir friendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali,[28] and Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averrois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard, and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee,
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse[29] he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.[30]
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therfore he loved gold in special.

---

[1] Morning. [2] I. e., a great one.
[3] St. Julian was eminent for providing his votaries with good lodgings and accommodation of all sorts.
[4] One o'clock. [5] Better stocked with wine.
[6] Pike. [7] I. e., if it were not.
[8] A kind of knife or dagger, usually worn at the waist.
[9] A purse. [10] Morning. [11] Coroner.
[12] A kind of middle-class landholder.
[13] A weaver. [14] A tapestry-worker.
[15] An evident reference to the guilds of the middle ages. The epithet "solempne" probably refers to the initiation into a species of free-masonry, which was bestowed upon the licensed workers in a particular department.
[16] Every bit. [17] Dais.
[18] Each one of them. [19] Otherwise.
[20] Royally. [21] The nonce, the occasion.
[22] A gangrene. [23] A common hack.
[24] The place of the sun. [25] Pilotship.
[26] Remedy. [27] Electuaries.
[28] An Arabian physician. [29] Sky-colored, blue.
[30] A kind of thin silk.

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A good wif was ther of beside Bathe,
But she was som del[1] defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,[2]
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring[3] before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere, they wayeden a pound;
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist[4] and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.[5]
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.
She coude moche of wandring by the way.
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat.
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote-mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude[6] the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure persone[7] of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,[8]
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,[9]
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample, was his besinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.[10]
A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,[11]
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a plowman, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
A trewe swinker,[12] and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with alle his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a reve,[13] and a millere,
A sompnour,[14] and a pardoner also,
A manciple,[15] and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The miller was a stout carle for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,[16]
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop[17] right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A swerd and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.
He was a jangler,[18] and a goliardeis,[19]
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.

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[1] A little.
[2] Practice, custom.
[3] The offertory at mass.
[4] Fresh.
[5] Now.
[6] Knew.
[7] Parson, rector.
[8] High and low.
[9] Proud.
[10] Occasion.
[11] Probably meaning, that he did not care to flavor his lectures with obliging phrases, to make them palatable.
[12] Laborer.
[13] Steward.
[14] An officer appointed to *summon* delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, now called an apparitor.
[15] One who has the office of purchasing provisions for a college, or inn of court.
[16] A hard knot in a tree.
[17] Top.
[18] A prater, babbler.
[19] *Un goliardois*, Fr.; *Goliardus*, or *Goliardensis*, Lat. This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Golias, the real or assumed name of a man of wit, towards

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And yet he had a thomb[1] of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

A gentil manciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours[2] mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?
Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles,[3] but if he were wood,
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this manciple sette hir aller cappe.[4]

The reve was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie.
Were holly in this reves governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:[5]
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord pourchace
Ful riche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene[6] him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,[7]
That was all pomelee[8] grey, and highte Scot.
A long suroote of perse[9] upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell,
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For sausefleme he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
No oinement that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope.
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*,[10] wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelve month, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.[11]
And if he found owhere a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannes soule were in his purse;
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archedekens helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle[12] right as assoiling[13] saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.[14]
In danger[15] hadde he at his owen gise
The yonge girles[16] of the diocise,
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake:[17]
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil Pardonere[18]
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, "Come hither, love, to me."[19]

the end of the xiith century, who wrote the *Apocalypsis Goliæ*, and other pieces in burlesque Latin rimes, some of which have been falsely attributed to Walter Map.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[1] If the allusion be, as is most probable, to the old proverb, *Every honest Miller has a thumb of gold*, this passage may mean that our miller, notwithstanding his thefts, was *an honest miller*, i. e., as honest as his brethren.—*Tyrwhitt.*

[2] Buyers. [3] Free from debt.
[4] Set all their caps, i. e., made fools of them.
[5] Secret contrivances. [6] Lend.
[7] Ambellion. [8] Dappled. [9] Blue.

[10] A customary question in old law-writings, after the statement of a case.
[11] I. e., "pluck a pigeon," as we should say.
[12] Slay. [13] Absolution.
[14] I. e., of a writ *de excommunicato capiendo*, which usually began, *Significavit nobis venerabilis pater*, etc.
[15] Within the reach or control of his office.
[16] This word is applied to both sexes in Chaucer, and therefore may mean the young men as well as the young women. [17] A sign-post in front of an ale-house.
[18] A seller of indulgences.
[19] Probably the beginning of some love-ditty popular in those days.

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This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so great a soun.
This pardoner had here[1] as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons[2] on and on,
But hode, for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,[3]
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle[4] hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berde hadde he, ne never non shulde have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other pardonere.
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,[5]
Which, as he saide, was oure ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet[6] of the seyl
Thatte seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.[7]
He had a crois of laton[8] ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes tweie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes,
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte at last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He muste preche, and wel afile[9] his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Th' estat, th' araie, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assembled was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle,
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.
And after wol I telle of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette[10] it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinin thinges, or finden wordes newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother.
He moste as wel sayn o[11] word, as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.
Also I praie you to forgive it me,
All have I not[12] sette folk in hir degree,
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon:
And served us with vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.[13]
A semely man our hoste was with alle
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
Eke therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;
And saide thus; Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compagnie
At ones in this herberwe,[14] as is now.
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,
To riden by the way dombe as the ston:
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort.
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement:
And for to werchen[15] as I shal you say
To-morwe, whan ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche.
Our conseil was not longe for to seche:
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,[16]
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.
Lordinges, (quod he) now herkeneth for the beste;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shal tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,

[1] Hair. [2] Shreds. [3] Fashion.
[4] A miniature copy of the picture of Christ, which is said to have been miraculously imprinted upon a handkerchief, preserved in the Church of St. Peter at Rome. The Pardoner, therefore, brings this in token of his pilgrimage to Rome.
[5] A pillow-case.
[6] Morsel. [7] Took hold of him.
[8] A sort of mixed metal, of the color of brass.
[9] Polish. [10] Impute it to.

[11] One. [12] I. e., if I have not.
[13] It pleased us well.
[14] Harbor, i. e., inn, hostel. [15] To do.
[16] I. e., to give it a long deliberation.

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Of aventures that whilom han befalle.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,[1]
Shal have a souper at youre aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol myselven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide,
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shall pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore.
This thing was granted, and our othes swore[2]
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris;
And we wol reuled ben at his devise,
In highe and lowe: and thus by on assent,
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was fette anon.
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger tarying.
A-morwe whan the day began to spring,
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,[3]
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas:
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide; lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword,[4] and I it record.
If even-song and morwe-song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the first tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth[5] cutte, or that ye forther twinne.[6]
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.
Sire knight, (quod he) my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere, (quod he) my lady prioresse,
And ye, sire clerk, let be your shamefastnesse,
Ne studieth nought, lay hand to, every man.
Anon to drawen every wight began,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
But forword, and by composition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was and obedient
To kepe his forword by his free assent,
He saide; sithen I shal begin this game,
What? welcome be the cutte a[7] goddes name.
Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say.
And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with right a mery chere
His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

[1] Comfort, pleasure.
[2] I. e., we swore our oaths, and prayed him. Our author too frequently omits the governing pronoun before the verb.
[3] I. e., acted as cock for us all, woke us in time.
[4] You know your promise.
[5] Draw. It is the second person plural.
[6] Before ye proceed farther.
[7] In.

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EDMUND SPENSER.

Edmund Spenser, one of the greatest of English poets, was born in London, near the Tower, probably in 1553, and was educated at Cambridge University, which gave him the degree of A. M. in 1576. He lived awhile with some friends in the north of England, where he wrote his poem called "The Shepherd's Calendar." In 1578 he went to London, and was introduced to the famous Sir Philip Sidney, who invited him to become his guest, and treated him always with distinguished kindness. For the next ten years little is known of Spenser's life. He was occasionally employed on inferior missions of state, went to the Continent about 1580, and soon after was sent to Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey, of Wilton, who was appointed lord-deputy of that country. He returned from Ireland after two years, and in 1586 obtained a grant of three thousand acres of the forfeited lands of the rebellious Earl of Desmond in the county of Cork. The condition of the grant was that he should reside on the estate, and he therefore took up his abode in Kilcolman Castle, near Doneraile, where he composed a large part of his great poem, "The Faerie Queene," upon which he had been engaged for several years. There he lived, with occasional visits to England, nearly eleven years, and there he was visited in 1589 by Sir Walter Raleigh, a kindred spirit, who persuaded him to return to London to arrange for the publication of his poem. The first three books appeared in 1590, in a small quarto, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and with a letter to Raleigh, explaining the work as "a continued allegory or dark conceit." He next published in succession "Colin Clout's Come Home Again" (1591); "Complaints" (1591); a series of poems on his courtship and marriage, which took place in 1594, the chief of which was the "Epithalamium" (1595); four hymns (1596); and, finally, the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of "The Faerie Queene" (1596). He returned to Ireland in 1591, and in 1596 he was again in London, and presented to the queen a prose work, entitled "A View of the State of Ireland," in which he advocated severe and arbitrary measures for the government of that country. He was hated by the natives, and in October, 1598, when an insurrection against the English broke out in Munster, his castle of Kilcolman was sacked and burnt, and an infant child, which had somehow been left behind when the poet and his wife saved themselves by a hasty flight, perished in the flames. Ruined and broken-hearted, Spenser reached London, and died in about three months, on the 16th of January, 1599. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the tomb of Chaucer, his funeral expenses being defrayed by the Earl of Essex; while the chief poets of the day, Shakespeare probably among them, threw elegies and poems, along with the pens that wrote them, into his grave. Of his personal appearance we know only from Aubrey that he was "a little man, who wore short hair, a little band, and little cuffs." He was fifty-five years of age at the time of his death.

Spenser's great poem, "The Faerie Queene," on which his fame chiefly rests, is unfinished, only six of the twelve books of which it was to consist having been published. Each book, however, contains twelve cantos of considerable length; and the poem, even in its incomplete state, is one of the longest in existence. It has long been recognized as one of the masterpieces of English literature. The stanza in which it is written seems to have been an invention of the author, and now bears his name. It is a modification of the Italian *ottavo rima*, the stanza of Pulci, Boiardo, Tasso, and Ariosto, with the addition of an Alexandrine line, which increases its force and dignity. The leading story of the poem is an allegory founded on the legend of King Arthur, who was taken as the ideal of a noble person. Gloriana, the Queen of Faerie, who gives name to the poem, is an emblem of glory or virtuous renown. All the personages are symbolical, and all the incidents significant of moral truths. The subject of each book is a moral attribute, as holiness, temperance, chastity, friendship, justice, and courtesy, personified by a knight-errant, with all human passions. No poet, it has been said, has ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful than Spenser. His poetry is the most poetical of all poetry.

It is by "The Faerie Queene," says Gilfillan, that Spenser has ever been, and ever will be, best known in the world of letters. That casts a shadow so broad, that his other productions are dwindled and obscured. Yet these have great merit. His "Shepherd's Calendar" is full of ingenious fancies and natural images. His "Muioptomos Daphnaida," however, and also his "Mother Hubbard's Tale" and "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," and especially his "Epithalamium," are greatly superior to the "Shepherd's Calendar," and contain passages—such as his picture of Raleigh in "Colin Clout," and of the bride in the "Epithalamium"—which have never been surpassed.

The diction of "The Faerie Queene" is somewhat more ancient than that of the period in which the author lived; but its apparent uncouthness has been needlessly aggravated by retaining the obsolete spelling of words now in use, for which there is no reason any more than there would be for printing Shakespeare with his old orthography. In this edition we follow Gilfillan's modernized spelling, and give the first of the six books of the "Faerie Queene," whose twelve cantos contain the best-known passages of the poem, and afford the reader an ample opportunity to become acquainted with the style and manner of the author.

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THE FIRST BOOK

OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE,

CONTAINING

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS, OR OF HOLINESS.

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whilome did mask,
As time her taught, in lowly shepherds' weeds,
Am now enforc'd, a far unfitter task,
For trumpets stern to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights' and Ladies' gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred Muse areeds[1]
To blazon broad amongst her learned throng:
Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Help then, O holy virgin, chief of Nine,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne[2]
The antique rolls, which there lie hidden still,
Of Faerie Knights, and fairest Tanaquill,[3]
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffer'd so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O, help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my dull tongue!

And thou, most dreaded imp of highest Jove,
Fair Venus' son, that with thy cruel dart
At that good Knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his heart;
Lay now thy deadly ebon bow apart,
And, with thy mother mild, come to mine aid;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,[4]
In loves and gentle jollities array'd,
After his murd'rous spoils and bloody rage allay'd.

And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly bright,
Mirror of grace and majesty divine,
Great Lady of the greatest isle, whose light
Like Phœbus' lamp throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy fair beams into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted style:
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, a while.

CANTO I.

The Patron of true Holiness
Foul Error doth defeat;
Hypocrisy, him to entrap,
Doth to his home entreat.

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living ever, him ador'd;
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For sov'reign hope, which in his help he had.
Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queen of Faerie lond,)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave:
And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a black stole she did throw:
As one that inly mourn'd, so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore;
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal Fiend with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land, and them expell'd;
Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compell'd.

Behind her far away a Dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's[5] lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain;
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforc'd to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promist aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not piercable with pow'r of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbor that them seems; so in they enter'd are.

[1] Teaches.
[2] Cabinet.
[3] Gloriana, the Faerie Queene.
[4] Mars.
[5] Tellus, or earth.

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And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much gan they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing pine; the cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propt elm; the poplar never dry;
The builder oak, sole king of forests all;
The aspen good for staves; the cypress funeral;

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours;
The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
The birch for shafts; the sallow for the mill;
The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
The fruitful olive; and the platane round;
The carver holm; the maple seldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blust'ring storm is overblown;
When, weening to return whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path, which first was shown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Farthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they find, or in or out;
That path they take that beaten seem'd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about; [out,
Which when by track they hunted had through-
At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarf a while his needless spear he gave.

"Be well aware," quoth then that Lady mild,
"Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
And peril without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, withhold, till farther trial made."
"Ah, Ladie," said he, "shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade."

"Yea, but," quoth she, "the peril of this place
I better wot than you: though now too late
To wish you back return with foul disgrace;
Yet wisdom warns, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the step, ere forcéd to retrate.
This is the wand'ring wood, this Error's den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then [men."
The fearful Dwarf; "this is no place for living

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful Knight could not for aught be stay'd;
But forth into the darksome hole he went,
And lookéd in: his glist'ring armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade;
By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
Half like a serpent horribly display'd,
But th' other half did woman's shape retain,
Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.

And, as she lay upon the dirty ground,
Her huge long tail her den all overspread;
Yet was in knots and many boughtes[1] upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting; of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
Sucking upon her pois'nous dugs; each one
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill-favored:
Soon as that úncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone.

Their dam upstart out of her den afraid,
And rushéd forth, hurling her hideous tail
About her cursed head; whose folds display'd
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.[2]
She lookt about, and seeing one in mail,
Arméd to point, sought back to turn again;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darkness to remain,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plain.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt
As lion fierce upon the flying prey;
And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forcéd her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled tail advaunst,
Threat'ning her angry sting, him to dismay;
Who, naught aghast, his mighty hand enhaunst;[3] [der glanced.
The stroke down from her head unto her shoul-

Much daunted with that dint her sense was dazed;
Yet kindling rage herself she gather'd round,
And all at once her beastly body rais'd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Then, wrapping up her wreathéd stern around,
Leapt fierce upon his shield, and her huge train
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain.
God help the man so wrapt in Error's endless train!

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cried out, "Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye be;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexity,
His gall did grate for grief and high disdain;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,

[1] Coils. [2] Untwisted. [3] Lifted up.

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Wherewith he gript her gorge with so great pain,
That soon to loose her wicked bands did her [constrain.

Therewith she spu'd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poison horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunk so vilely, that it forc'd him slack
His grasping hold, and from her turn him back:
Her vomit full of books and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,
And creeping sought way in the weedy grass:
Her filthy parbreake[1] all the place defiléd has.

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Egyptian vale,
His fatty waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plain and lowly dale:
But, when his later ebb gins to avale,
Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there [breed
Ten thousand kinds of creatures, partly male
And partly female, of his fruitful séed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

The same so sore annoyéd has the Knight,
That, well-nigh chokéd with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, ne can no longer fight.
Whose courage when the Fiend perceiv'd to shrink,
She pouréd forth out of her hellish sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
(Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink,)
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumber'd sore, but could not hurt at all.

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke[2] in west,
High on an hill, his flock to vewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings;

Thus ill bested, and fearful more of shame
Than of the certain peril he stood in,
Half furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,
Or soon to lose, before he once would lin;[3]
And stroke at her with more than manly force,
That from her body, full of filthy sin,
He reft her hateful head without remorse:
A stream of coal-black blood forth gushéd from her corse.

Her scatter'd brood, soon as their parent dear
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groaning full deadly all with troublous fear,
Gather'd themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but, being there withstood,
They flockéd all about her bleeding wound,
And suckéd up their dying mother's blood;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

[1] Vomit. [2] Wane. [3] Give way.

That détestable sight him much amaz'd,
To see th' unkindly imps, of heaven accurst,
Devour their dam; on whom while so he gaz'd,
Having all satisfied their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swoln he saw with fulness burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such, as drunk her life, the which them nurst!
Now needeth him no longer labor spend,
His foes have slain themselves, with whom he should contend.

His Lady seeing all, that chanc'd, from far,
Approach'd in haste to greet his victory;
And said, "Fair Knight, born under happy star,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lie;
Well worthy be you of that armoury,
Wherein ye have great glory won this day,
And prov'd your strength on a strong enemy;
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!"

Then mounted he upon his steed again,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend:
That path he kept, which beaten was most plain,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passéd forth and new adventure sought:
Long way he travelléd, before he heard of aught.

At length they chanc'd to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad;
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in show, and void of malice bad;
And all the way he prayéd, as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

He fair the Knight saluted, louting low,
Who fair him quited, as that courteous was;
And after askéd him, if he did know
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pass.
"Ah! my dear son," quoth he, "how should, alas!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
Tidings of war and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

But if of danger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to hear,
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this country far and near."
"Of such," said he, "I chiefly do inquere;
And shall thee well reward to show the place,
In which that wicked wight his days doth wear:
For to all knighthood it is foul disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wasteful wilderness
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever pass, but thorough great distress."
"Now," said the Lady, "draweth toward night;

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And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The sun, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth bait his steeds the ocean waves among.

Then with the sun take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new work at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel best."
"Right well, Sir Knight, ye have adviséd bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your inn
For this same night." The Knight was well content:
So with that godly Father to his home they went.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapel edified,
Wherein the Hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welléd forth alway.

Arrivéd there, the little house they fill,
Ne look for entertainment, where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pass;
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glass:
He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strow'd an Ave-Mary after and before.

The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast;
And the sad humor loading their eye-lids,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slumb'ring dew, the which to sleep them bids.
Unto their lodgings then his guests he riddes:[1]
Where when all drown'd in deadly sleep he finds,
He to his study goes; and there amiddes
His magic books, and arts of sundry kinds,
He seeks out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses frame;
With which, and other spells like terrible,
He bade awake black Pluto's griely dame;
And cursed heaven; and spake reproachful shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light.
A bold bad man! that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he call'd out of deep darkness dread
Legions of sprites, the which, like little flies,
Flutt'ring about his ever-damnéd head,
Await whereto their service he applies,
To aid his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lies;
The one of them he gave a message to,
The other by himself stay'd other work to do.

He, making speedy way through sperséd air,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep,
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
While sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth lockéd fast;
The one fair fram'd of burnisht ivory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.
By them the sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownéd deep
In drowsy fit he finds; of nothing he takes keep.

And, more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murm'ring wind, much like the sown
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swown.
No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
As still are wont t' annoy the walléd town,
Might there be heard: but careless Quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies.

The messenger, approaching, to him spake;
But his waste words return'd to him in vain:
So sound he slept, that naught might him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with pain,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he again
Shook him so hard, that forcéd him to speak.
As one then in a dream, whose drier brain
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weak,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence break.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threat'ned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecaté: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Half angry askéd him, for what he came.
"Hither," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborn sprites can wisely tame;
He bids thee to him send for his intent,
A fit false dream, that can delude the sleeper's sent."[2]

The god obey'd; and, calling forth straightway
A diverse dream out of his prison dark,
Deliver'd it to him, and down did lay
His heavy head, devoid of careful cark;
Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and stark.
He, back returning by the ivory door,
Remounted up as light as cheerful lark;

[1] Conducts.

[2] Sense.

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And on his little wings the dream he bore
In haste unto his lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while, with charms and hidden arts,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid air her tender parts,
So lively, and so like in all men's sight,
That weaker sense it could have ravisht quite:
The maker self, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiléd with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seem for Una fit.

Now when that idle dream was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin Knight he bade him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shows abuse his fantasy;
In sort as he him schooléd privily.
And that new creature, born without her due,[1]
Full of the maker's guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whose semblance she did carry under feignéd hue.

Thus, well instructed, to their work they haste;
And, coming where the Knight in slumber lay,
The one upon his hardy head him plac'd,
And made him dream of loves and lustful play;
That nigh his manly heart did melt away,
Bathéd in wanton bliss and wicked joy.
Then seeméd him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plain'd, how that false wingéd boy
Her chaste heart had subdu'd to learn dame Pleasure's toy;

And she herself, of beauty sov'reign queen,
Fair Venus, seem'd unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he, waking, evermore did ween
To be the chastest flower that aye did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound:
And eke the Graces seeméd all to sing
Hymen, Iō Hymen, dancing all around;
Whilst freshest Flora her with ivy garland crown'd.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted fear of doing aught amiss,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his Lady is,
Under black stole hiding her baited hook;
And, as half blushing offer'd him to kiss,
With gentle blandishment and lovely look,
Most like that Virgin true, which for her Knight him took.

All clean dismay'd to see so úncouth sight,
And half enragéd at her shameless guise,
He thought have slain her in his fierce despite;
But, hasty heat temp'ring with suff'rance wise,
He stay'd his hand; and gan himself advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her feignéd truth.
Wringing her hands, in women's piteous wise,
Then gan she weep, to stir up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And said, "Ah sir, my liege lord, and my love,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fate,
And mighty causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,[2]
For hopéd love, to win me certain hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my due; yet rue my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destiny
Hath made judge of my life or death indifférently:

Your own dear sake forc'd me at first to leave
My father's kingdom"—There she stopt with tears;
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereave;
And then again begun; "My weaker years,
Captiv'd to fortune and frail worldly fears,
Fly to your faith for succor and sure aid:
Let me not die in languor and long tears."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye thus dismay'd?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affray'd?"

"Love of yourself," she said, "and dear constraint,
Lets me not sleep, but waste the weary night
In secret anguish and unpitied plaint,
Whiles you in careless sleep are drownéd quite."
Her doubtful words made that redoubted Knight
Suspect her truth; yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foul disdainful spite
He would not shend;[3] but said, "Dear dame, I rue,
That for my sake unknown such grief unto you grew:

"Assure yourself, it fell not all to ground;
For all so dear, as life is to my heart,
I deem your love, and hold me to you bound:
Ne let vain fears procure your needless smart,
Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."
Not all content, yet seem'd she to appease
Her mournful plaints, beguiléd of her art,
And fed with words, that could not choose but please:
So, sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to think that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last, dull weariness of former fight
Having yrockt asleep his irksome sprite,
That troublous dream gan freshly toss his brain
With bow'rs, and beds, and ladies' dear delight:
But, when he saw his labor all was vain,
With that misforméd sprite he back return'd again.

CANTO II.

The guileful great enchanter parts
The Redcross Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead fair Falsehood steps,
And works him woeful ruth.

By this the Northern Wagoner[4] had set
His sevenfold team behind the stedfast star[5]
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from far

[1] Produced without the due qualities of a real woman.

[2] Subdue. [3] Disgrace. [4] Boötes. [5] The pole-star.

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To all that in the wide deep wand'ring are;
And cheerful chanticleer with his note shrill,
Had warnéd once, that Phœbus' fiery car
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,
Full envious that night so long his room did fill:

When those accurséd messengers of hell,
That feigning Dream, and that fair-forged Sprite,
Came to their wicked master, and gan tell
Their bootless pains and ill-succeeding night:
Who, all in rage to see his skilful might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish pain
And sad Proserpine's wrath, them to affright.
But, when he saw his threat'ning was but vain,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful books again.

Eftsoones he took that miscreated Fair,
And that false other sprite, on whom he spread
A seeming body of the subtile air,
Like a young squire, in loves and lustihed
His wanton days that ever loosely led,
Without regard of arms and dreaded fight:
Those two he took, and in a secret bed,
Cover'd with darkness and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vain delight.

Forthwith he runs with feignéd-faithful haste
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreams, gan now to take more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with fiends or damnéd sprites,
And to him calls; "Rise, rise, unhappy swain,
That here wax old in sleep, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in Venus' shameful chain:
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honor stain."

All in a maze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soon him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment[1]
In wanton lust and lewd embracëment:
Which when he saw, he burnt with jealous fire;
The eye of reason was with rage yblent;[2]
And would have slain them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrainéd of that aged sire.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of this guilty sight,
He could not rest: but did his stout heart eat,
And waste his inward gall with deep despite,
Irksome of life, and too long ling'ring night.
At last fair Hesperus in highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The Dwarf him brought his steed: so both away do fly.

Now when the rosy-finger'd Morning fair,
Weary of aged Tithone's saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewy air;
And the high hills Titan[3] discoveréd;
The royal Virgin shook off drowsyhed:
And, rising forth out of her baser bow'r,
Look'd for her Knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarf, that wont to wait each hour:—
Then gan she wail and weep to see that woeful stowre.

And after him she rode with so much speed,
As her slow beast could make; but all in vain:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
Prickéd with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitless pain:
Yet she her weary limbs would never rest;
But every hill and dale, each wood and plain,
Did search, sore grievéd in her gentle breast,
He so ungently left her, whom she lovéd best.

But subtile Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wand'ring in woods and forests,
(Th' end of his drift,) he prais'd his devilish arts,
That had such might over true-meaning hearts:
Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,
How he may work unto her farther smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

He then devis'd himself how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many forms and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himself could make:
Sometime a fowl, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell;
That of himself he oft for fear would quake,
And oft would fly away. O who can tell
The hidden power of herbs, and might of magic spell!

But now seem'd best the person to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiléd guest:—
In mighty arms he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward breast
A bloody cross, and on his craven crest
A bunch of hairs discolor'd diversely.
Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and well addrest;
And, when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deeméd him to be.

But he, the Knight, whose semblance he did bear,
The true Saint George, was wand'red far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and jealous fear:
Will was his guide, and grief led him astray.
At last him chanc'd to meet upon the way
A faithless Saracen, all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy;[4] full large of limb and every joint
He was, and caréd not for God or man a point.

He had a fair companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,
Purfled with gold and pearl of rich assay;
And like a Persian mitre on her head

[1] Mingled. [2] Blinded. [3] The sun. [4] Without faith.

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She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
With tinsel trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

With fair disport, and courting dalliance,
She entertain'd her lover all the way:
But, when she saw the Knight his spear advance,
She soon left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bade her knight address him to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prick'd with pride,
And hope to win his lady's heart that day,
Forth spurréd fast; adown his courser's side
The red blood trickling stain'd the way, as he did ride.

The Knight of the Redcross, when him he spied
Spurring so hot with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairly couch his spear, and tówards ride:
Soon meet they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazéd stand;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their own hand,
Do back rebut, and each to other yieldeth land.

As when two rams, stirr'd with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich-fleecéd flock,
Their hornéd fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet, that, with the terror of the shock
Astonied, both stand senseless as a block,
Forgetful of the hanging victory:
So stood these twain, unmovéd as a rock,
Both staring fierce, and holding idlely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The Saracen, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff:
Each other's equal puissaunce envíes,
And through their iron sides with cruel spies
Does seek to pierce; repining courage yields
No foot to foe: the flashing fiër flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields;
And streams of purple blood now dye the verdant fields.

"Curse on that Cross," quoth then the Saracen,
"That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
Dead long ago, I wot, that haddest bin,
Had not that charm from thee forewarnéd it:
But yet I warn thee now assuréd sit,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outragéous he smit,
That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,
And glancing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native virtue gan eftsoones revive;
And, at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steel did rive,
And cleft his head: he, tumbling down alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kiss,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the frail flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the souls do fly of men, that live amiss.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruins of a broken tower,
Stay'd not to wail his woeful funeral;
But from him fled away with all her power:
Who after her as hastily gan scour,
Bidding the Dwarf with him to bring away
The Saracen's shield, sign of the conqueror;
Her soon he overtook, and bade to stay;
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

She turning back, with rueful countenance,
Cried, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly dame, subject to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will." Her humblesse low
In so rich weeds, and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroic heart;
And said, "Dear dame, your sudden overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put fear apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part."

Melting in tears, then gan she thus lament;
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy hour
Hath now made thrall to your commandëment,
Before that angry heavens list to lower,
And fortune false betray'd me to your power,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Born the sole daughter of an emperor;
He that the wide west under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pass.

"He, in the first flower of my freshest age,
Betrothéd me unto the only heir
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never prince so faithful and so fair,
Was never prince so meek and debonair!
But, ere my hopéd day of spousal shone,
My dearest lord fell from high honor's stair
Into the hands of his accursed fone,[1]
And cruelly was slain; that shall I ever moan!

"His blessed body, spoil'd of living breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convey'd,
And from me hid; of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soul assaid!
Then forth I went his woeful corse to find,
And many years throughout the world I stray'd,
A virgin widow; whose deep-wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the stricken hind.

"At last it chancéd this proud Saracen
To meet me wand'ring; who perforce me led
With him away; but yet could never win
The fort, that ladies hold in sovéreign dread.

[1] Foes.

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There lies he now with foul dishonor dead,
Who, while he liv'd, was calléd proud Sansfoy,[1]
The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansjoy;[2]
And twixt them both was born the bloody bold
Sansloy.[3]

"In this sad plight, friendless, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa[4] dwell,
Craving of you, in pity of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quick eyes, her face to view,
Than his dull ears, to hear what she did tell;
And said, "Fair lady, heart of flint would rue
The undeservéd woes and sorrows which ye shew.

"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend than an old foe is said."
With change of cheer the seeming-simple maid
Let fall her eyes, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yielding soft, in that she naught gainsay'd.
So forth they rode, he feigning seemly mirth,
And she coy looks: so dainty, they say, maketh
dearth.

Long time they thus together travelléd;
Till, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did
spread
Their arms abroad, with gray moss overcast;
And their green leaves, trembling with every
blast,
Made a calm shadow far in compass round:
The fearful shepherd, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe; but shunn'd th' unlucky
ground.

But this good Knight, soon as he them gan
spy,
For the cool shade him thither hast'ly got:
For golden Phœbus, now ymounted high
From fiery wheels of his fair chariot,
Hurléd his beam so scorching cruel hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new lady it enduréd not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a
tide.

Fair-seemly pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that livéd yet;
Which to express he bends his gentle wit;
And, thinking of those branches green to frame
A garland for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluck't a bough; out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory blood, that trickled down the
same.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to tear
My tender sides in this rough rind embarr'd;
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for fear
Lest to you hap, that happen'd to me here,
And to this wretched lady, my dear love;
O too dear love, love bought with death too
dear!"
Astound he stood, and up his hair did hove;
And with that sudden horror could no member
move.

At last whenas the dreadful passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
"What voice of damnéd ghost from Limbo
Lake,
Or guileful sprite wand'ring in empty air,
(Both which frail men do oftentimes mistake,)
Sends to my doubtful ears these speeches rare,
And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltless blood to
spare?"

Then groaning deep; "Nor damnéd ghost,"
quoth he,
"Nor guileful sprite, to thee these words doth
speak;
But once a man Fradubio,[5] now a tree;
Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature
weak
A cruel witch, her cursed will to wreak,
Hath thus transform'd, and plac'd in open
plains,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleak,
And scorching sun does dry my secret veins;
For though a tree I seem, yet cold and heat me
pains."

"Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
Quoth then the Knight; "by whose mischiévous arts
Art thou misshapéd thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine who his grief imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts;
As raging flames who striveth to suppress."
"The author then," said he, "of all my smarts,
Is one Duessa,[6] a false sorceress,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchedness.

"In prime of youthly years, when courage hot
The fire of love and joy of chivalry
First kindled in my breast, it was my lot
To love this gentle lady, whom ye see
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanied,
Me chancéd of a knight encounter'd be,
That had a like fair lady by his side;
Like a fair lady, but did foul Duessa hide;

"Whose forgéd beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceeded far;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning star.
So both to battle fierce arrangéd are:
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my spear; such is the die of war.
His lady, left as a prize martial,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

"So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike fair,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeed,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether[7] in beauty's glory did exceed;

[1] Faithless. [2] Joyless. [3] Lawless. [4] Faithful. [5] Doubtful. [6] Double-minded. [7] Which of the two.

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A rosy garland was the victor's meed.
Both seem'd to win, and both seem'd won to be;
So hard the discord was to be agreed.
Frælissa[1] was as fair, as fair mote be,
And ever false Duessa seem'd as fair as she.

"The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtful balance equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile;
And, by her hellish science, rais'd straightway
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimméd her former beauty's shining ray,
And with foul ugly form did her disgrace:
Then was she fair alone, when none was fair in place.

"Then cried she out, 'Fie, fie, deforméd wight,
Whose borrow'd beauty now appeareth plain
To have before bewitchéd all men's sight:
O leave her soon, or let her soon be slain!'
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kill'd her; but with feignéd pain
The false witch did my wrathful hand withhold:
So left her, where she now is turn'd to treën mould.

"Thenceforth I took Duessa for my dame,
And in the witch unweeting, joy'd long time;
Ne ever wist but that she was the same:
Till on a day (that day is every prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime,)
I chanc'd to see her in her proper hue,
Bathing herself in origane and thyme:
A filthy foul old woman I did view,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rue.

"Her nether parts misshapen, monstruous,
Were hid in water, that I could not see;
But they did seem more foul and hideous,
Than woman's shape man would believe to be.
Thenceforth from her most beastly company
I gan refrain, in mind to slip away,
Soon as appear'd safe opportunity;
For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were known to stray.

"The devilish hag, by changes of my cheer,
Perceiv'd my thought; and, drown'd in sleepy night,
With wicked herbs and ointments did besmear
My body, all through charms and magic might,
That all my senses were bereavéd quite:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lover's side me pight;[2]
Where now enclos'd in wooden walls full fast,
Banish'd from living wights, our weary days we waste."

"But how long time," said then the Elfin Knight,
"Are you in this misforméd house to dwell?"
"We may not change," quoth he, "this evil plight,
Till we be bathéd in a living well:
That is the term prescribéd by the spell."
"O how," said he, "mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?"[3]
"Time and suffiséd fates to former kind bind."
Shall us restore; none else from hence may us un-

[1] Frail. [2] Fixed. [3] Well-being.

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vain Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good Knight,
Full of sad fear and ghastly dreariment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his lady, dead with fear her found.

Her, seeming dead he found with feignéd fear,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And pain'd himself with busy care to rear
Her out of careless swoon. Her eyelids blue,
And dimméd sight with pale and deadly hue,
At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheer
Her up he took, (too simple and too true,)
And oft her kist. At length, all passéd fear,
He set her on her steed, and forward forth did bear.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seeks her Love,
And makes the lion mild;
Mars blind Devotion's mart, and falls
In hand of leachour vyld.[4]

Naught is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart peerst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is empassionéd so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorcéd in despair,
And her due loves deriv'd to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful Lady, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's preace,[5] as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd,
To seek her Knight; who, subtily betray'd
Through that late vision which th' Enchanter wrought,
Had her abandon'd: she, of naught affray'd,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wishéd tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;

[4] Vile. [5] Press or throng.

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From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shinéd bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heav'nly grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,
And, with the sight amaz'd, forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof he kist her weary feet,
And lickt her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wrongéd innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had markéd long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion;
And drizz'ling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd
As the god of my life? why hath he me abhorr'd?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echo'd from the neighbor wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heav'nly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayéd champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she wak'd, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd:
From her fair eyes he took commandëment,
And ever by her looks conceivéd her intent.

Long she thus travelléd through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wand'ring Knight should pass,
Yet never show of living wight espied;
Till, that at length she found the trodden grass,
In which the tract of people's footing was,
Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar:
The same she follows, till at last she has
A damsel spied slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answer'd naught at all;
She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand:
Till, seeing by her side the lion stand,
With sudden fear her pitcher down she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fair lady she before did view,
And that dread lion's look her cast in deadly hue.

Full fast she fled, ne ever look'd behind,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blind
Sat in eternal night; naught could she say;
But, sudden catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signs of fear:
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the door. By this arrivéd there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say.

And, to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice-three times did fast from any bit:
And now for fear her beads she did forget.
Whose needless dread for to remove away,
Fair Una framéd words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly done, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cottage small that night she rest her may.

The day is spent; and cometh drowsy night,
When every creature shrouded is in sleep;
Sad Una down her lays in weary plight,
And at her feet the lion watch doth keep:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weep,
For the late loss of her dear-lovéd Knight,
And sighs, and groans, and evermore does steep
Her tender breast in bitter tears all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light.

Now when Aldéboran was mounted high
Above the shiny Cassiopeia's chair,
And all in deadly sleep did drownéd lie,
One knockéd at the door, and in would fare;
He knockéd fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call;
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

He was, to weet, a stout and sturdy thief,
Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,
And poor men's boxes of their due relief,
Which given was to them for good intents:

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The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept;
And spoil'd the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa,[1] daughter of Corceca[2] slow,
With whom he whoredom us'd that few did know,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne sparéd he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus, long the door with rage and threats he bett;[3]
Yet of those fearful women none durst rise,
(The lion frayéd them,) him in to let;
He would no longer stay him to advise,
But open breaks the door in furious wise,
And ent'ring is; when that disdainful beast,
Encount'ring fierce, him sudden doth surprise;
And, seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

Him booteth not resist, nor succor call,
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand;
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small,
And quite dismember'd hath: the thirsty land
Drank up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearful friends wear out the woeful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
The heavy hap, which on them is alight;
Affray'd, lest to themselves the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discover'd has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke;
And on their former journey forward pass,
In ways unknown, her wand'ring Knight to seek,
With pains far-passing that long-wand'ring Greek,[4]
That for his love refuséd deity:
Such were the labors of this Lady meek,
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly;
Then farthest from her hope, when most she weenéd nigh.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
Came forth; and, finding Kirkrapine there slain,
For anguish great they gan to rend their hair,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear:
And when they both had wept and wail'd their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazéd deer,
Half mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill:

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry;
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flow'r of faith and chastity:
And still, amidst her railing she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

But, when she saw her prayérs naught prevail,
She back returnéd with some labor lost;
And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
A knight her met in mighty arms embost,
Yet knight was not, for all his bragging boast;
But subtle Archimag, that Una sought
By trains into new troubles to have tost:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady she could tellen aught.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her hair,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That caus'd her shed so many a bitter tear;
And so forth told the story of her fear.
Much seeméd he to moan her hapless chance,
And after for that Lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charméd lance.

Ere long he came where Una travell'd slow,
And that wild champion waiting her beside;
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himself too nigh at hand, but turnéd wide
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spied,
By his like-seeming shield, her Knight by name
She ween'd it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;
And with fair fearful humbless towards him she came:

And weeping said, "Ah my long-lackéd lord,
Where have ye been thus long out of my sight?
Much fearéd I to have been quite abhorr'd,
Or aught have done, that ye displeasen might;
That should as death unto my dear heart light:
For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss,
My cheerful day is turn'd to cheerless night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is:
But welcome now, my light, and shining lamp of bliss!"

He thereto meeting said, "My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and from my will,
To think that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me lovéd still,
And chose in Faery court, of mere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,
Than I leave you, my life, yborn of heavenly birth.

"And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seek adventure in strange place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily work disgrace;

[1] Ignorance. [2] Superstition. [3] Beat. [4] Ulysses.

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But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithful service, that by land and seas
Have vow'd you to defend: now then your plaint appease."

His lovely words her seem'd due recompence
Of all her passéd pains: one loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense;
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.
She has forgot how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endur'd; she speaks no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no pow'r
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her Knight, for whom she toil'd so sore.

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wander'd in the ocean wide,
Oft sous'd in swelling Tethys' saltish tear;
And long time having tann'd his tawny hide
With blust'ring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soon as the port from far he has espied,
His cheerful whistle merrily doth sound,
And Nereus crowns with cups; his mates him pledge around.

Such joy made Una, when her Knight she found;
And eke th' enchanter joyous seem'd no less
Than the glad merchant, that does view from ground
His ship far come from wat'ry wilderness;
He hurls out vows, and Neptune oft doth bless.
So forth they pass; and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,
In which he ask'd her, what the lion meant;
Who told, her all that fell in journey, as she went.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free,
That through his fierceness foaméd all with sweat,
And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider spurr'd his chaféd side;
His look was stern, and seeméd still to threat
Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide:
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dy'd.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair,
And saw the red cross, which the knight did bear,
He burnt in ire; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himself to battle with his couchéd spear.
Loth was that other, and did faint through fear,
To taste th' untriéd dint of deadly steel:
But yet his Lady did so well him cheer,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feel;
So bent his spear, and spurr'd his horse with iron heel.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head-spear, [pierce;
Through vainly crosséd shield he quite did
And, had his staggering steed not shrunk for fear,
Through shield and body eke he should him bear:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him bear:
He tumbling rudely down to ground did rush,
And from his goréd wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,
He to him leapt, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said; "Lo, there the worthy meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purg'd with enemy's life,
The black infernal Furies do aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou took'st, Sansloy shall from thee take."

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cried, "O hold that heavy hand,
Dear sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly land;
And, whilst him fortune favor'd, fair did thrive
In bloody field; therefore of life him not deprive."

Her piteous words might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slain him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoary head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazéd hold,
And, half ashaméd, wonder'd at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charms and magic to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

And said, "Why Archimago, luckless sire,
What do I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"
He answer'd naught, but in a trance did lay,
And on those guileful dazéd eyes of his
The cloud of death did sit; which done away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amazéd stands, herself so mock'd to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true Knight to be:
Yet is she now in more perplexity,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to fly:
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdain, whenas his sov'reign dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did ween the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending claws:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping paws
He hath his shield redeem'd; and forth his sword he draws.

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O then, too weak and feeble was the force
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand!
For he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As ever wielded spear in warlike hand;
And feats of arms did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he piercéd through his chaféd chest
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
And lanc't his lordly heart: with death oppprest,
He roar'd aloud, whilés life forsook his stubborn breast.

Who now is left to keep the forlorn maid
From raging spoil of lawless victor's will?
Her faithful guard remov'd; her hope dismay'd;
Herself a yielded prey to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foul reproaches and disdainful spite
Her vilely entertains; and, will or nill,
Bears her away upon his courser light:
Her prayérs naught prevail; his rage is more of might.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain,
And piteous plaints, she filleth his dull ears,
That stony heart could riven have in twain;
And all the way she wets with flowing tears;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing hears.
Her servile beast[1] yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne aught he fears
To be partaker of her wand'ring woe. [foe.
More mild in beastly kind, than that her beastly

CANTO IV.

To sinful House of Pride Duessa guides the faithful Knight;
Where, brother's death to wreak, Sansjoy
Doth challenge him to fight.

Young knight whatever, that dost arms profess,
And through long labors huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice, and change, of thy dear-lovéd dame;
Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy heart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Than lightness and inconstancy in love:
That doth this Redcross Knight's ensample plainly prove.

Who, after that he had fair Una lorn,
Through light misdeeming of her loyalty;
And false Duessa in her stead had borne,
Calléd Fidessa, and so suppos'd to be;
Long with her travell'd; till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnishéd;
The house of mighty prince it seem'd to be;
And towards it a broad highway that led,
All bare through people's feet, which thither travelléd.

Great troops of people travell'd thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returnéd, having scapéd hard,
With baleful beggary, or foul disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither Duessa bade him bend his pace;
For she is weary of the toilsome way;
And also nigh consuméd is the ling'ring day.

A stately palace built of squaréd brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foil all over them display'd,
That purest sky with brightness they dismay'd;
High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit:
But full great pity, that so fair a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high:
That every breath of heaven shakéd it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

Arrivéd there, they passéd in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,
Call'd Malvenú, who entrance none denied:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wishéd sight
Of her, that was the lady of that palace bright.

By them they pass, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
Their frail amazéd senses did confound.
In living princes' court none ever knew
Such endless riches, and so sumptuous shew:
Ne Persia self, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw: and there a noble crew
Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
Which, with their presence fair, the place much beautified.

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellishéd
With royal robes and gorgéous array,
A maiden queen that shone, as Titan's ray,
In glist'ring gold and peerless precious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying herself, that too exceeding shone:

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest child,
That did presume his father's fiery wain,
And flaming mouths of steeds unwonted wild,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rein;
Proud of such glory and advancement vain,
While flashing beams do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain,
And, rapt with whirling wheels, inflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

[1] "Servile beast;" i. e., her serviceable ass.

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So proud she shinéd in her princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdain:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo, underneath her scornful feet was lain
A dreadful dragon with an hideous train;
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
Wherein her face she often viewéd fain,
And in her self-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous fair, as any living wight.

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Prosérpina, the queen of hell;
Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thund'ring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claiméd for her sire;
Or if that any else did Jove excel;
For to the highest she did still aspire;
Or, if aught higher were than that, did it desire.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made herself a queen, and crown'd to be;
Yet rightful kingdom she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native sovereignty;
But did usurp with wrong and tyranny
Upon the sceptre, which she now did hold:
Ne rul'd her realm with laws, but policy,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdom did uphold.

Soon as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady fair,
A gentle usher, Vanity by name,
Made room, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stair
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeisance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royal state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great majesty.

With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,
She thankéd them in her disdainful wise;
Ne other grace vouchsaféd them to show
Of princess worthy; scarce them bade arise.
Her lords and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to strangers' sight:
Some frounce their curléd hair in courtly guise;
Some prank their ruffs; and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each other's greater pride does spite.

Goodly they all that Knight do entertain,
Right glad with him to have increas'd their crew;
But to Duess' each one himself did pain
All kindness and fair courtesy to shew;
For in that court whilome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glory vain in knightly view,
And that great princess too exceeding proud,
That to strange knight no better countenance allow'd.

Sudden upriseth from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call:
All hurtle forth; and she, with princely pace,
As fair Aurora, in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
So forth she comes; her brightness broad doth blaze.
The heaps of people, thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glittering light doth all men's eyes amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adornéd all with gold and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house through heaven's brass-pavéd way,
Drawn of fair peacocks, that excel in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tails dispredden wide.

But this was drawn of six unequal beasts,
On which her six sage counsellors did ride,
Taught to obey their bestial behests,
With like conditions to their kinds applied:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Array'd in habit black, and amice thin;
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portesse[1] still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep and most of his days dead:
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloyne,[2]
And greatly shunnéd manly exercise;
From every work he challengéd essoyne,[3]
For contemplation' sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawless riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady:
For in his lustless limbs, through evil guise,
A shaking fever reign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine;
His belly was upblown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spuéd up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heat:
And on his head an ivy garland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:

[1] Breviary. [2] Withdraw. [3] Excuse.

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Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stir or go;
Not meet to be of counsel to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drink was drownéd so,
That from his friend he seldom knew his foe:
Full of diseases was his carcase blue,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew;
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged hair,
And whally eyes, (the sign of jealousy),
Was like the person self, whom he did bear:
Who rough, and black, and filthy, did appear;
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye:
Yet he of ladies oft was lovéd dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O who does know the bent of women's fantasy!

In a green gown he clothéd was full fair,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness;
And in his hand a burning heart he bare,
Full of vain follies and new-fangleness;
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness;
And learned had to love with secret looks;
And well could dance; and sing with ruefulness;
And fortunes tell; and read in loving books:
And thousand other ways, to bait his fleshly hooks.

Inconstant man, that lovéd all he saw,
And lusted after all, that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt, and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move:
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful pain
Of that foul evil, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the brain:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this train.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metal full as they might hold;
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade;
And right and wrong alike in equal balance weigh'd.

His life was nigh unto death's door yplac'd;
And thread-bare coat, and cobbled shoes, he ware;
Ne scarce good morsel all his life did taste;
But both from back and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare:[1]
Yet child ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly fear to lose his own,
He led a wretched life, unto himself unknown.

[1] Procure.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice;
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store;
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise;[2]
Whose wealth was want; whose plenty made him poor;
Who had enough, yet wishéd ever more;
A vile disease; and eke in foot and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore;
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this fair band!

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his canker'd teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawéd his own maw
At neighbor's wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw;
And wept that cause of weeping none he had;
But when he heard of harm, he waxéd wondrous glad.

All in a kirtle of discolor'd say[3]
He clothéd was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
A hateful snake, the which his tail upties
In many folds, and mortal sting implyes:[4]
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heaps of gold with[5] griple[6] Covetise;
And grudgéd at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use;
And, who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets' wit
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ:
Such one vile Envy was, that fifth in row did sit.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head:
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,
And staréd stern on all that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him swell'd.

His ruffian raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadviséd rashness waxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengëment:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel acts he often would repent;
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast, haste.
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorréd Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despite with Rancor's rusty knife;

[2] Covetousness. [3] Many-colored silk. [4] Wraps up. [5] In possession of. [6] Grasping.

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And fretting Grief, the enemy of life:
All these, and many evils more haunt Ire,
The swelling Spleen, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsy, and Saint Francis' fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

And, after all, upon the waggon beam
Rode Satan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the lazy team,
So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had cover'd all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scatter'd lay
Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open air,
And in fresh flow'ring fields themselves to sport:
Amongst the rest rode that false lady fair,
The foul Duessa, next unto the chair
Of proud Lucifer', as one of the train:
But that good Knight would not so nigh repair,
Himself estranging from their joyance vain,
Whose fellowship seem'd far unfit for warlike swain.

So, having solacéd themselves a space
With pleasance of the breathing fields yfed,
They back returnéd to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in arms ycled,
And heath'nish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans joy*, they new arrivéd find:
Inflam'd with fury and fierce hardihed,
He seem'd in heart to harbor thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

Who, when the shaméd shield of slain Sansfoy
He spied with that same Faery champion's page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victor's glory from him snatcht away:
But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdain'd to loose the meed he won in fray;
And, him rencount'ring fierce, rescued the noble prey.

Therewith they gan to hurtle greedily,
Redoubted battle ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on high;
That with their stir they troubled all the train:
Till that great queen, upon eternal pain
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commanded them their fury to refrain;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equal lists they should the morrow next it fight.

"Ah, dearest dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,
"Pardon the error of enragéd wight,
Whom great grief made forget the reins to hold
Of reason's rule, to see this recreant Knight,
(No knight, but treachour full of false despite
And shameful treason,) who through guile hath slain
The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrain?)
Whose shield he bears renverst, the more to heap disdain.

"And, to augment the glory of his guile,
His dearest love, the fair Fidessa, lo
Is there possesséd of the traitor vile;
Who reaps the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloody field, and bought with woe:
That—brother's hand shall dearly well requite,
So be, O Queen, you equal favor show."
Him little answer'd th' angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right:

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pass in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bower and hall;
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty pouréd forth to all:
Which done, the chamberlain Sloth did to rest them call.

Now whenas darksome Night had all display'd
Her coalblack curtain over brightest sky;
The warlike youths, on dainty couches laid,
Did chase away sweet sleep from sluggish eye,
To muse on means of hopéd victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynim's lodging comes with silent pace:

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speeches seeming fit,
"Ah dear Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
Cause of my new grief, cause of my new joy;
Joyous, to see his image in mine eye,
And griev'd, to think how foe did him destroy
That was the flower of grace and chivalry;
Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I fly."

With gentle words he gan her fairly greet,
And bade say on the secret of her heart:
Then, sighing soft; "I learn that little sweet
Oft temper'd is," quoth she, "with muchell smart:
For, since my breast was lanc't with lovely dart
Of dear Sansfoy, I never joyéd hour,
But in eternal woes my weaker heart
Have wasted, loving him with all my power,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavy stowre.

"At last, when perils all I weenéd past,
And hoped to reap the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthy ware

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His worthy shield, whom he with guileful snare
Entrappéd slew, and brought to shameful grave:
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksome cave;
For that I would not yield that to Sansfoy I gave.

"But since fair sun hath sperst that low'ring cloud,
And to my loathéd life now shows some light,
Under your beams I will be safely shroud
From dreaded storm of his disdainful spite:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brother's praise, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restless sprite,
Be unreveng'd, that calls to you above
From wand'ring Stygian shores, where it doth endless move."

Thereto said he, "Fair dame, be naught dismay'd
For sorrows past; their grief is with them gone.
Ne yet of present peril be afraid:
For needless fear did never 'vantage none;
And helpless hap it booteth not to moan.
Dead is Sansfoy, his vital pains are past,
Though grievéd ghost for vengeance deep do groan:
He lives, that shall him pay his duties last,
And guilty Elfin blood shall sacrifice in haste."

"O, but I fear the fickle freaks," quoth she,
"Of fortune false, and odds of arms in field."
"Why, dame," quoth he, "what odds can ever be,
Where both do fight alike, to win or yield?"
"Yea, but," quoth she, "he bears a charméd shield,
And eke enchanted arms, that none can pierce;
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield."
"Charm'd or enchanted," answer'd he then fierce,
"I no whit reck; ne you the like need to rehearse.

"But, fair Fidessa, sithens fortune's guile,
Or enemy's power, hath now captivéd you,
Return from whence ye came, and rest a while,
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdue,
And with Sansfoy's dead dowry you endue."
"Ay me, that is a double death," she said,
"With proud foe's sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obey'd.

CANTO V.

The faithful Knight in equal field
Subdues his faithless foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does go.

The noble heart that harbors virtuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent.
Such restless passion did all night torment
The flaming courage of that Faery Knight,
Devising how that doughty tournament
With greatest honor he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

At last, the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fair;
And Phœbus, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair;
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through gloomy air.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, straightway
He started up, and did himself prepare
In sunbright arms, and battailous array;
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

And forth he comes into the common hall;
Where early wait him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to stranger knights may fall.
There many minstrels maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many bards, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and wars for ladies done by many a lord.

Soon after comes the cruel Saracen,
In woven mail all armód warily;
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
Does care for look of living creature's eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And dainty spices fetcht from farthest Ind,
To kindle heat of courage privily;
And in the wine a solemn oath they bind
T' observe the sacred laws of arms, that are assign'd.

At last forth comes that far renownéd queen.
With royal pomp and princely majesty
She is ybrought unto a paléd green,
And placéd under stately canopy,
The warlike feats of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all men's open view
Duessa placéd is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hang'd with bloody hue:
Both those, the laurel garlands to the victor due.

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on high,
And unto battle bade themselves address:
Their shining shields about their wrists they tie,
And burning blades about their heads do bless,[1]
The instruments of wrath and heaviness:
With greedy force each other doth assail,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impress
Deep dinted furrows in the batter'd mail:
The iron walls to ward their blows are weak and frail.

The Saracen was stout and wondrous strong,
And heapéd blows like iron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The Knight was fierce, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunder's threat:
For all for praise and honor did he fight.
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat
That from their shields forth flieth fiery light,
And helmets, hewen deep, show marks of either's might.

[1] Brandish.

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So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryfon, seizéd of his prey,
A dragon fierce encount'reth in his flight,
Through widest air making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smite,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray:
The wise soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazéd vulgar tells of wars and mortal fight.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruel steel so greedily doth bite
In tender flesh, that streams of blood down flow;
With which the arms, that erst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermilion now are dy'd.
Great ruth in all the gazers' hearts did grow,
Seeing the goréd wounds to gape so wide,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

At last the Paynim chanc'd to cast his eye,
His sudden eye, flaming with wrathful fire,
Upon his brother's shield, which hung thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And said; "Ah! wretched son of woeful sire,
Dost thou sit wailing by black Stygian lake,
Whilst here thy shield is hang'd for victor's hire?
And, sluggish german, dost thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

"Go, caitiff Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soon redeem from his long-wand'ring woe:
Go, guilty ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit[1] from dying foe."
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twice he reeléd, ready twice to fall:
End of the doubtful battle deeméd tho[2]
The lookers on; and loud to him gan call
The false Duessa, "Thine the shield, and I, and all!"

Soon as the Faerie heard his lady speak,
Out of his swooning dream he gan awake;
And quick'ning faith, that erst was waxen weak,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake:
Then mov'd with wrath, and shame, and lady's sake,
Of all at once he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so' exceeding fury at him strake,
That forcéd him to stoop upon his knee:
Had he not stoopéd so, he should have cloven be.

And to him said; "Go now, proud miscreant,
Thyself thy message do to german dear;
Alone he, wand'ring, thee too long doth want:
Go, say, his foe thy shield with his doth bear."
Therewith his heavy hand he high gan rear,
Him to have slain; when lo! a darksome cloud
Upon him fell; he nowhere doth appear,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls aloud,
But answer none receives; the darkness him does shroud.

[1] Rescued. [2] Then.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said; "O prowest Knight,
That ever lady to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despite
And bloody vengeance: lo! th' infernal Powers,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Pluto's baleful bowers:
The conquest yours; I yours; the shield and glory yours!"

Not all so satisfied, with greedy eye
He sought, all round about, his thirsty blade
To bathe in blood of faithless enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He stands amazéd how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on high;
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmity.

Wherewith he goeth to that sovereign queen;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seen:
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly gree,
Greatly advancing his gay chivalry:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the air it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilful leeches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oil they wash his woundës wide,
And softly gan embalm on every side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet music did divide,
Him to beguile of grief and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

As when a weary traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthéd Nile,
Unweeting of the perilous wand'ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which, in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallow'd up unwares;
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares.

So wept Duessa until eventide,
That shining lamps in Jove's high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' heathen knight,
In slumb'ring swound nigh void of vital sprite,
Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wail his woeful case she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of heav'n makes speedy way:

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth coming from her darksome mew;

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Where she all day did hide her hated hue.
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnesséd for journey new,
And coal-black steeds yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining clear,
She greatly grew amazéd at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to fear;
(For never did such brightness there appear;)
And would have back retiréd to her cave,
Until the witch's speech she gan to hear,
Saying; "Yet, O thou dreaded dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I have."

She stay'd; and forth Duessa gan proceed;
"O thou, most ancient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of gods celestial;
Which wast begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade;
Why suffred'st thou thy nephews dear to fall
With Elfin sword, most shamefully betray'd?
Lo, where the stout Sansjoy doth sleep in deadly shade!

"And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrink underneath his spear;
And now the prey of fowls in field he lies,
Nor wail'd of friends, nor laid on groaning bier,
That whilome was to me too dearly dear.
O! what of gods then boots it to be born,
If old Aveugle's [1] sons so evil hear? [2]
Or who shall not great Nightës children scorn,
When two of three her nephews [3] are so foul forlorn?

"Up, then; up, dreary dame, of darkness queen;
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else go, them avenge; and let be seen
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of fair Light deface."
Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd
In heart, and change in that great mother's face:
Yet pity in her heart was never prov'd
Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

And said, "Dear daughter, rightly may I rue,
The fall of famous children born of me,
And good successes, which their foes ensue:
But who can turn the stream of destiny,
Or break the chain of strong necessity,
Which fast is tied to Jove's eternal seat?
The sons of Day he favoreth, I see,
And by my ruins thinks to make them great:
To make one great by others' loss is bad excheat.

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others' guilt:
And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
Shall with his own blood price [4] that he hath spilt.

But what art thou, that tell'st of nephews kilt?"
"I, that do seem not I, Duessa am,"
Quoth she, "how ever now, in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold array'd, I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame."

Then, bowing down her aged back, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; "In that fair face
The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist,
Did closely lurk; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discern; though I the mother be
Of Falsehood, and root of Duessa's race.
O welcome, child, whom I have long'd to see,
And now have seen unwares! Lo, now I go with thee."

Then to her iron waggon she betakes,
And with her bears the foul well favor'd witch:
Through mirksome air her ready way she makes.
Her twofold team (of which two black as pitch,
And two were brown, yet each to each unlich,)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp [twitch;
Unless she chanc'd their stubborn mouths to
Then, foaming tar, their bridles they would champ, [ramp.
And trampling the fine element would fiercely

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay
Devoid of outward sense and native strength,
Cover'd with charméd cloud from view of day
And sight of men, since his late luckless fray.
His cruel wounds with cruddy blood congeal'd
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heal'd:
So lay him in her chariot, close in night conceal'd.

And, all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark griesly look them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorréd face, so filthy and so foul.

Thence turning back in silence, soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulf of deep Avernus hole:
By that same hole an entrance, dark and base,
With smoke and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That back returnéd without heavenly grace;
But dreadful Furies, which their chains have brast, [aghast.
And damnéd sprites sent forth to make ill men

By that same way the direful dames do drive
Their mournful chariot, fill'd with rusty blood,
And down to Pluto's house are come belive;
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazéd mood,
Chatt'ring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

[1] Blind, a name for Night. [2] Are so ill spoken of.
[3] Descendants. [4] Pay for.

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They pass the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many souls sit wailing woefully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegethon,
Whereas the damnéd ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shrieks do bootless cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The House of endless Pain is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The curséd creatures do eternally torment.

Before the threshold dreadful Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curléd with thousand adders venomous;
And lolléd forth his bloody flaming tongue;
And then he gan to rear his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre,[1] until Day's enemy[2]
Did him appease; then down his tail he hung,
And suffer'd them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

There was Ixion turnéd on a wheel,
For daring tempt the queen of heaven to sin;
And Sisyphus a huge round stone did reel
Against a hill, ne might from labor lin;[3]
There thirsty Tantalus hung by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhœus' joints were stretchéd on a gin;[4]
Theseus condemn'd to endless sloth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leak vessels draw.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their work, unmindful of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them do pace,
Till they be come unto the farthest part;
There was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deep, dark, uneasy, doleful, comfortless,
In which sad Æsculapius far apart
Imprison'd was in chains remédiless;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redress.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in chariot chase the foaming boar:
He all his peers in beauty did surpass;
But ladies' love, as loss of time, forbore:
His wanton stepdame lovéd him the more;
But, when she saw her offer'd sweets refus'd,
Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce of treason false accus'd,
And with her jealous terms his open ears abus'd;

Who, all in rage, his sea-god sire besought
Some curséd vengeance on his son to cast;
From surging gulf two monsters straight were brought;
With dread whereof his chasing steeds aghast
Both chariot swift and huntsman overcast.
His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismember'd, and his members chaste
Scatter'd on every mountain as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

His cruel stepdame, seeing what was done,
Her wicked days with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her son.
Which hearing, his rash sire began to rend
His hair, and hasty tongue that did offend:
Then, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Diane's means who was Hippolyt's friend,
Them brought to Æsculape, that by his art
Did heal them all again, and joinéd every part.

Such wondrous science in man's wit to reign
When Jove aviz'd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expiréd could renew again,
Of endless life he might him not deprive;
But unto hell did thrust him down alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where, long remaining, he did always strive
Himself with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that ragéd evermore.

There ancient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh-weary wain, and in her arms
To Æsculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disarray'd of arms,
Then gan to him discover all his harms,
Beseeching him with prayér, and with praise,
If either salves, or oils, or herbs, or charms,
A fordone wight from door of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephew's days.

"Ah dame," quoth he, "thou temptest me in vain
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rue;
And the old cause of my continued pain
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven due,
Here endless penance for one fault I pay;
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new,
Thou biddest me to eke? can Night defray
The wrath of thund'ring Jove, that rules both Night and Day?"

"Not so," quoth she; "but, sith that heaven's king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quite,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
Now in the power of everlasting Night?
Go to, then, O thou far renownéd son
Of great Apollo, show thy famous might
In medicine, that else[5] hath to thee won
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be done."

Her words prevail'd: and then the learned leech
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which having seen, from thence arose away
The Mother of dread darkness, and let stay
Aveugle's son there in the leech's cure;
And, back returning, took her wonted way
To run her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure
In western waves his weary waggon did recure.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Return'd to stately palace of Dame Pride:
Where when she came, she found the Faery Knight
Departed thence; albē (his woundēs wide

[1] Snarl. [2] Night. [3] Rest. [4] Engine of punishment. [5] Already.

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Not throughly heal'd) unready were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarf had spied
Where, in a dungeon deep, huge numbers lay
Of captive wretched thralls, that wailéd night and day;

(A rueful sight as could be seen with eye;)
Of whom he learnéd had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivity;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wasteful pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyranness,
Provok'd with Wrath and Envy's false surmise,
Condemnéd to that dungeon merciless,
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchedness.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compel all nations to adore,
And him, as only God, to call upon;
Till, through celestial doom thrown out of door,
Into an ox he was transform'd of yore.
There also was king Crœsus, that enhaunc'd
His heart too high through his great riches' store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advanc'd
His cursed hand 'gainst God, and on his altars danc'd.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire war-ray'd;
And after him old Ninus far did pass
In princely pomp, of all the world obey'd.
There also was that mighty monarch[1] laid
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native sire did foul upbraid,
And would as Ammon's son be magnified;
Till, scorn'd of God and man, a shameful death he died.

All these together in one heap were thrown,
Like carcases of beasts in butcher's stall.
And, in another corner, wide were strown
The ántique ruins of the Romans' fall:
Great Romulus, the grandsire of them all;
Proud Tarquin; and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio; and stubborn Hannibal;
Ambitious Sylla; and stern Marius;
High Cæsar; great Pompey; and fierce Antonius.

Amongst these mighty men were women mixt,
Proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With son's own blade her foul reproaches spoke:
Fair Sthenobœa, that herself did choke
With wilful cord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspēs sting, herself did stoutly kill:
And thousands more the like, that did that dungeon fill.

Besides the endless routs of wretched thralls,
Which thither were assembled, day by day,
From all the world, after their woeful falls
Through wicked pride and wasted wealth's decay.

[1] Alexander the Great.

But most, of all which in that dungeon lay,
Fell from high princes' courts, or ladies' bowers;
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consuméd had their goods and thriftless hours,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarf had told,
And made ensample of their mournful sight
Unto his master; he no longer would
There dwell in peril of like painful plight,
But early rose; and, ere that dawning light
Discover'd had the world to heaven wide,
He by a privy postern took his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spied:
For, doubtless, death ensu'd if any him descried.

Scarce could he footing find in that foul way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall[2]
Of murder'd men, which therein strewéd lay
Without remorse or decent funeral;
Which, all through that great Princess Pride, did fall,
And came to shameful end: and them beside,
Forth riding underneath the castle wall,
A dunghill of dead carcases he spied;
The dreadful spectacle of that sad House of Pride.

CANTO VI.

From lawless lust by wondrous grace
Fair Una is releast:
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learns her wise beheast.

As when a ship, that flies fair under sail,
An hidden rock escapéd hath unwares,
That lay in wait her wreck for to bewail;[3]
The mariner yet half amazéd stares
At peril past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his foolhappy oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadless courage of this Elfin Knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was, that his too hasty speed
The fair Duess' had forc'd him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una, his dear dreed,[4]
Her truth had stain'd with treason so unkind;
Yet crime in her could never creature find;
But for his love, and for her own self sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ind,
Him for to seek, ne ever would forsake;
Till her unwares the fierce Sansloy did overtake:

Who, after Archimago's foul defeat,
Led her away into a forest wild;
And, turning wrathful fire to lustful heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defil'd,
And made the vassal of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treaty, and by traines,
Her to persuade that stubborn fort to yield:
For greater conquest of hard love he gains,
That works it to his will, than he that it constrains.

[2] A place to put rubbish in. [3] To select her for wreck.
[4] Object of reverence.

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With fawning words he courted her a while;
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant heart did tempt with diverse guile:
But words, and looks, and sighs she did abhor;
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet, for to feed his fiery lustful eye,
He snatcht the veil that hung her face before:
Then gan her beauty shine as brightest sky,
And burnt his beastly heart t' enforce her chastity.

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fail,
And subtle engines bett[1] from battery;
With greedy force he gan the fort assail,
Whereof he ween'd possesséd soon to be,
And win rich spoil of ransackt chastity.
Ah heavens! that do this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outragéd see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurl not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

The piteous maiden, careful, comfortless,
Does throw out thrilling shrieks, and shrieking cries;
(The last vain help of women's great distress,)
And with loud plaints impórtuneth the skies;
That molten stars do drop like weeping eyes;
And Phœbus, flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,[2]
And hides for shame. What wit of mortal wight
Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

Eternal Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her self a way,
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From lion's claws to pluck the gripéd prey.
Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did bray,
That all the woods and forests did resound:
A troop of Fauns and Satyrs far away
Within the wood were dancing in a round,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arbor sound:

Who, when they heard that piteous strainéd voice,
In haste forsook their rural merriment,
And ran towárds the far rebounded noise,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Saracen espied,
A rude, misshapen, monstrous rabblement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

The wild wood-gods, arrivéd in the place,
There find the virgin, doleful, desolate,
With ruffled raiments, and fair blubber'd face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through fear of former hate:
All stand amazéd at so úncouth sight,
And gin to pity her unhappy state;
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woeful plight.

She, more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for fear does shake.
As when a greedy wolf, through hunger fell,
A silly lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he means his bloody feast to make,
A lion spies fast running towárds him,
Th' innocent prey in haste he does forsake;
Which, quit from death, yet quakes in every limb
With change of fear, to see the lion look so grim.

Such fearful fit assaid her trembling heart;
Ne word to speak, ne joint to move, she had;
The savage nation feel her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning foreheads, with rough horns
And rustic horror, all aside do lay; [yclad,
And, gently grinning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and, fear to put away,
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly to obey.

The doubtful damsel dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt fear and hope amaz'd does sit,
Late learn'd what harm to hasty truth ensu'th:
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty soveraine,
Are won with pity and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostráte upon the lowly plain,
Do kiss her feet, and fawn on her with count'nance fain.

Their hearts she guesseth by their humble guise,
And yields her to extremity of time:
So from the ground she fearless doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They, all as glad as birds of joyous prime,
Thence led her forth, about her dancing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's rhyme;
And, with green branches strewing all the ground, [crown'd.
Do worship her as queen with olive garland

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with doubled echo ring;
And with their horned feet do wear the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towárds old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who, with the noise awakéd, cometh out
To weet the cause, his weak steps governing,
And aged limbs on cypress stadle stout;
And with an ivy twine his waist is girt about.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus' merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybele's frantic rites have made them mad:
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flow'r of faith and beauty excellent:
The god himself, viewing that mirror rare,
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent:
His own fair Dryope now he thinks not fair,
And Pholoë foul, when her to this he doth compare.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddess of the wood;
And old Sylvanus self bethinks not, what
To think of wight so fair; but gazing stood
In doubt to deem her born of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus self he seems to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be; [knee.
But misseth bow and shafts, and buskins to her

[1] Beaten. [2] Envelops.

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By view of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calls to mind his portraiture alive,
How fair he was, and yet not fair to this;
And how he slew with glancing dart amiss
A gentle hind, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly bliss:
For grief whereof the lad n'ould after joy;
But pin'd away in anguish and self-will'd annoy.

The woody nymphs, fair Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither run apace;
And all the troop of light-foot Naiades
Flock all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they viewéd have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for fear of foul disgrace:
But all the Satyrs scorn their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing fair, but her, on earth they find.

Glad of such luck, the luckless lucky maid
Did her content to please their feeble eyes;
And long time with that salvage people stay'd,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plies,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vain,
And made her th' image of idolatries:
But, when their bootless zeal she did restrain
From her own worship, they her ass would worship fain.

It fortunéd, a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forest came
To seek his kindred, and the lineage right,
From whence he took his well-deservéd name:
He had in arms abroad won muchell[1] fame,
And fill'd far lands with glory of his might;
Plain, faithful, true, and enemy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies' right:
But in vain glorious frays he little did delight.

A Satyr's son yborn in forest wild,
By strange adventure as it did betide,
And there begotten of a lady mild,
Fair Thyamis the daughter of Labryde:
That was in sacred bands of wedlock tied
To Therion, a loose unruly swain,
Who had more joy to range the forest wide,
And chase the salvage beast with busy pain,
Than serve his lady's love, and waste in pleasures vain.

The forlorn maid did with love's longing burn,
And could not lack her lover's company;
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turn,
And seek her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And follows other game and venery:
A Satyr chanc'd her wand'ring for to find;
And kindling coals of lust in brutish eye,
The royal links of wedlock did unbind,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensual desire;
Till that with timely fruit her belly swell'd,
And bore a boy unto that salvage sire:
Then home he suffer'd her for to retire;
For ransom leaving him the late-born child:
Whom, till to riper years he gan aspire,
He nousled up in life and manners wild,
Amongst wild beasts and woods, from laws of men exil'd.

For all he taught the tender imp, was but
To banish cowardice and bastard fear:
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lion and the rugged bear; [tear;
And from the she-bear's teats her whelps to
And eke wild roaring bulls he would him make
To tame, and ride their backs not made to bear;
And the roebucks in flight to overtake:
That every beast for fear of him did fly and quake.

Thereby so fearless and so fell he grew,
That his own sire and master of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid view;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learn
The lion stoop to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard,) and make the libbard stern
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearn.

And, for to make his power approvéd more,
Wild beasts in iron yokes he would compel;
The spotted panther, and the tuskéd boar,
The pardale[2] swift, and the tigré cruell,
The antelope and wolf, both fierce and fell;
And them constrain in equal team to draw.
Such joy he had their stubborn hearts to quell,
And sturdy courage tame with dreadful awe;
That his behest they fearéd, as a tyrant's law.

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to see her little son;
And chanc'd unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sports and cruel pastime done;
When after him a lioness did run,
That roaring all with rage, did loud requere
Her children dear, whôm he away had won:
The lion whelps she saw how he did bear,
And lull in rugged arms withouten childish fear.

The fearful dame all quakéd at the sight,
And turning back gan fast to fly away;
Until, with love revokt from vain affright,
She hardly yet persuaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
"Ah, Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadful play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy: [boy."
Go, find some other play-fellows, mine own sweet

In these and like delights of bloody game
He trainéd was, till riper years he raught;
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walk'd in that forest, whom he had not taught
To fear his force: and then his courage haught
Desir'd of foreign foemen to be known,
And far abroad for strange adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrown;
But through all Faerie land his famous worth was blown.

[1] Much.

[2] Any spotted wild beast.

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Yet evermore it was his manner fair,
After long labors and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repair,
To see his sire and offspring ancient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Strange lady, in so strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyrs, which her sat around,
True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

He wonder'd at her wisdom heav'nly rare,
Whose like in women's wit he never knew;
And, when her courteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joy'd to make proof of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtless and so true:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learn'd her discipline of faith and verity.

But she, all vow'd unto the Redcross Knight,
His wand'ring peril closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight;
But her dear heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she showéd her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favor, gan devise,
How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise.

So on a day, when Satyrs all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behind alone,
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyrs to be told,
Or ever hope recover her again:
In vain he seeks that, having, cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with careful pain,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plain.

The better part now of the ling'ring day
They travell'd had, whenas they far espied
A weary wight forwand'ring by the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weet of news that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her Knight of the Redcross;
But he, them spying, gan to turn aside
For fear, as seem'd, or for some feignéd loss:
More greedy they of news fast towards him do cross.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworn,
And soil'd with dust of the long driéd way;
His sandals were with toilsome travel torn,
And face all tann'd with scorching sunny ray,
As he had travell'd many a summer's day
Through boiling sands of Araby and Ind;
And in his hand a Jacob's staff, to stay
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The knight, approaching nigh, of him inquer'd
Tidings of war, and of adventures new;
But wars, nor new adventures, none he heard.
Then Una gan to ask, if aught he knew
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
That in his armor bare a crosslet red.
"Ay me! dear dame," quoth he, "well may I rue
To tell the sad sight which mine eyes have red
These eyes did see that Knight both living and eke dead."

That cruel word her tender heart so thrill'd,
That sudden cold did run through every vein,
And stoney horror all her senses fill'd
With dying fit, that down she fell for pain.
The knight her lightly rearéd up again,
And comforted with courteous kind relief:
Then, won from death, she bade him tellen plain
The farther process of her hidden grief:
The lesser pangs can bear, who hath endur'd the chief.

Then gan the pilgrim thus; "I chanc'd this day,
This fatal day, that shall I ever rue,
To see two knights, in travel on my way,
(A sorry sight,) arrang'd in battle new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathful hue:
My fearful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrue,
That, drunk with blood, yet thirsted after life:
What more? the Redcross Knight was slain with Paynim knife."

"Ah! dearest lord," quoth she, "how might that be,
And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?"
"Ah! dearest dame," quoth he, "how might I see [done?"
The thing, that might not be, and yet was
"Where is," said Satyrane, "that Paynim's son,
That him of life, and us of joy, hath reft?"
"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth wonne,
Foreby a fountain, where I late him left
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steel were cleft."

Therewith the knight then marchéd forth in haste,
Whiles Una, with huge heaviness oppresst,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soon he came, as he the place had guess'd,
Whereas that Pagan[1] proud himself did rest
In secret shadow by a fountain side;
Ev'n he it was, that erst would have suppresst
Fair Una; whom when Satyrane espied,
With foul reproachful words he boldly him defied;

And said; "Arise, thou cursed miscreant,
That hast with knightless guile, and treach'rous train,
Fair knighthood foully shaméd, and dost vaunt
That good Knight of the Redcross to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield."
The Saracen, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in haste his three-square shield
And shining helmet, soon him buckled to the field;

[1] Sansloy.

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And, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! misborn elf,
In evil hour thy foes thee thither sent
Another's wrongs to wreak upon thy self:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traitorous intent:
That Redcross Knight, perdie,[1] I never slew;
But had he been, where erst his arms were lent,
Th' enchanter vain his error should not rue:
But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven true."

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blows, and fiercely to assail
Each other, bent his enemy to quell;
That with their force they pierced both plate and mail,
And made wide furrows in their fleshes frail,
That it would pity any living eye:
Large floods of blood adown their sides did raile;[2]
But floods of blood could not them satisfy:
Both hunger'd after death; both chose to win, or die.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen let;
And, oft refreshéd, battle oft renew.
As when two boars, with rankling malice met,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret;
Till breathless both themselves aside retire,
Where, foaming wrath, their cruel tusks they whet, [spire;
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may re-
Then back to fight again, new breathéd and entire.

So fiercely, when these knights had breathéd once,
They gan to fight return; increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruel rage at once,
With heapéd strokes more hugely than before;
That with their dreary wounds, and bloody gore,
They both deformed, scarcely could be known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the air was thrown, [had sown.
Arriv'd, where they in earth their fruitless blood

Whom all so soon as that proud Saracen
Espied, he gan revive the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin;
And left the doubtful battle hastily,
To catch her, newly offer'd to his eye:
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, stay'd.
And sternly bade him other business ply
Than hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speeches said;

"O foolish Faery's son, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to haste thy doleful fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Than that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most senseless man he, that himself doth hate
To love another: Lo then, for thine aid,
Here take thy lover's token on thy pate."
So they to fight; the whiles the royal maid
Fled far away, of that proud Paynim sore afraid.

[1] In truth. [2] Flow.

But that false pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being indeed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much rejoicéd in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the damsel pass away,
He left his stand, and her pursu'd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable case,
And eke this battle's end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcross Knight is captive made,
By giant proud oppreat:
Prince Arthur meets with Una greatly with those news distreat.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning train,
By which Deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colors dyéd deep in grain
To seem like Truth whose shape she well can fain,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain?
Great mistress of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, clokéd with Fidessa's name.

Who when, returning from the dreary Night,
She found not in that perilous House of Pride,
Where she had left, the noble Redcross Knight,
Her hopéd prey; she would no longer bide,
But forth she went to seek him far and wide.
Ere long she found, whereas he weary sate
To rest himself, foreby a fountain side,
Disarméd all of iron-coated plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

He feeds upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweaty forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,
Wherein the cheerful birds of sundry kind
Do chant sweet music, to delight his mind:
The witch approaching gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of carelessness unkind
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With foul words temp'ring fair, sour gall with honey sweet.

Unkindness past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasance of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boiling heat,
And, with green boughs decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountain like a garland made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent summer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dian's favor, as it then befell.

The cause was this: One day, when Phœbe fair
With all her band was following the chase,
This nymph, quite tired with heat of scorching air
Sate down to rest in middest of the race:

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The goddess, wroth, gan foully her disgrace,[1]
And bade the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she herself was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxéd dull and slow;
And all, that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting was;
And, lying down upon the sandy graile,[2]
Drank of the stream, as clear as crystal glass:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fail,
And mighty strong was turn'd to feeble frail.
His changéd powers at first themselves not felt;
Till curdled cold his courage gan assail,
And cheerful blood in faintness chill did melt,
Which, like a fever fit, through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pour'd out in looseness on the grassy ground,
Both careless of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terror seem'd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astound,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,[3]
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armor on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy,
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
A hideous giant, horrible and high,
That with his tallness seem'd to threat the sky;
The ground eke groanéd under him for dreed
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed.

The greatest Earth his úncouth mother was,
And blust'ring Æolus his boasted sire;
Who with his breath, which through the world doth pass,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
And fill'd her hidden caves with stormy ire,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the due time,
In which the wombs of women do expire,[4]
Brought forth this monstrous mass of earthly slime,
Puft up with empty wind, and fill'd with sinful crime.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborn,
And through presumption of his matchless might,
All other pow'rs and knighthood he did scorn.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorn,
And left to loss; his stalking steps are stay'd
Upon a snaggy oak, which he had torn
Out of his mother's bowels, and it made
His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he dismay'd.

That, when the Knight he spied, he gan advance
With huge force and insúpportable maine,[5]
And towards him with dreadful fury prance;
Who hapless, and eke hopeless, all in vain
Did to him pace sad battle to darrayne,
Disarm'd, disgraste,[6] and inwardly dismay'd;
And eke so faint in every joint and vein,
Through that frail fountain, which him feeble made,
That scarcely could he wield his bootless single blade.

The giant strook so mainly merciless,
That could have overthrown a stoney tow'r;
And, were not heav'nly grace that did him bless,
He had been powdred all, as thin as flour:
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly leapt from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villain's pow'r,
That with the wind it did him overthrow,
And all his senses stunned, that still he lay full low.

As when that devilish iron engine, wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by Furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire; the heavens it doth fill
With thund'ring noise, and all the air doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stinking smoke;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escap'd the stroke.

So daunted when the giant saw the Knight,
His heavy hand he heavéd up on high,
And him to dust thought to have batter'd quite,
Until Duessa loud to him gan cry;
"O great Orgoglio, greatest under sky,
O! hold thy mortal hand for lady's sake;
Hold for my sake, and do him not to die,
But vanquisht thine eternal bondslave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take."

He heark'ned, and did stay from farther harms,
To gain so goodly guerdon as she spake:
So willingly she came into his arms,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possesséd of his newfound make.[7]
Then up he took the slumbred senseless corse;
And, ere he could out of his swoon awake,
Him to his castle brought with hasty force,
And in a dungeon deep him threw without remorse.

From that day forth Duessa was his dear,
And highly honor'd in his haughty eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to wear,
And triple crown set on her head full high,
And her endow'd with royal majesty:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And people's hearts with awful terror tye,[8]
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

[1] Upbraid. [2] Gravel. [3] Companion. [4] Bring forth. [5] Strength. [6] Enfeebled. [7] Companion. [8] Subdue.

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Such one it was, as that renownéd snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long foster'd in the filth of Lerna lake:
Whose many heads out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endless labor to subdue.
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An iron breast, and back of scaley brass,
And all embru'd in blood his eyes did shine as glass.

His tail was stretchéd out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heav'nly gods it raught;
And with extorted power, and borrow'd strength,
The everburning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy hests foretaught.
Upon this dreadful beast with sevenfold head,
He set the false Duessa, for more awe and dread.

The woeful Dwarf, which saw his master's fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grazing steed,)
And valiant Knight become a captive thrall;
When all was past, took up his forlorn weed;[1]
His mighty armor, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, masterless;
His poynant spear, that many made to bleed;
The rueful monuments of heaviness;
And with them all departs, to tell his great distress.

He had not travell'd long, when on the way
He woeful Lady, woeful Una, met
Fast flying from that Paynim's[2] greedy prey,
Whilst Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
And saw the signs that deadly tidings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowful regret,
And lively breath her sad breast did forsake;
Yet might her piteous heart be seen to pant and quake.

The messenger of so unhappy news
Would fain have died; dead was his heart within:
Yet outwardly some little comfort shews:
At last, recov'ring heart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chafe her chin,
And every tender part does toss and turn:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to return.
Then gins her grievéd ghost thus to lament and mourn:

"Ye dreary instruments of doleful sight,
That do this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye longer feed on loathéd light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith[3] cruel fates the careful threads unfold,
The which my life and love together tied?
Now let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce to my heart, and pass through every side;
And let eternal night so sad sight from me hide.

"O lightsome Day, the lamp of highest Jove,
First made by him men's wand'ring ways to guide,
When darkness he in deepest dungeon drove;
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hide,
And shut up heaven's windows shining wide:
For earthly sight can naught but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanity shall feed,
But, sealéd up with death, shall have their deadly meed."

Then down again she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly rearéd up again:
Thrice did she sink adown in deadly swound,
And thrice he her reviv'd with busy pain.
At last when life recover'd had the rein,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With falt'ring tongue, and trembling every vein,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the woeful tragedy,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye:

"Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spite,
And thrilling Sorrow thrown his utmost dart:
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight
Than that I feel, and harbor in mine heart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That lancéd hath my breast with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound;
If less than that I fear, more favor I have found."

Then gan the Dwarf the whole discourse declare;
The subtle trains of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fair,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
The wretched pair transform'd to treën mould;
The House of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with Sansjoy did hold;
The luckless conflict with the giant stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

She heard with patience all unto the end;
And strove to master sorrowful assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender heart in tway;
And love fresh coals unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the lost.
Was never lady lovéd dearer day
Then she did love the Knight of the Redcross;
For whose dear sake so many troubles her did toss.

At last when fervent sorrow slakéd was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pass,
All as the Dwarf the way to her assign'd:
And evermore, in constant careful mind,
She fed her wound with fresh renewéd bale:
Long tost with storms, and beat with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adown the dale,
She wander'd many a wood, and measur'd many a vale.

[1] Abandoned arms. [2] Sansloy. [3] Since.

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At last she chancéd by good hap to meet
A goodly knight,[1] fair marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayéd meet:
His glittering armor shinéd far away,
Like glancing light of Phœbus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appearéd bare,
That deadly dint of steel endanger may:
Athwart his breast a baldrick brave he ware,
That shin'd, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare:

And, in the midst thereof, one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shap'd like a lady's head,[2] exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
In iv'ry sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
Of mother pearl; and buckled with a golden tongue.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightness and great terror bred:
For all the crest a dragon did infold
With greedy paws, and over all did spread
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head,
Close couchéd on the beaver, seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show;
And scaley tail was stretcht adown his back full low.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs discolor'd diversly,
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedeckéd daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath, that under heaven is blown.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass,
(Such earthly metals soon consuméd been,)
But all of diamond perfect pure and clean
It framéd was, one massy éntire mould,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never pierceu could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glist'ring ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia waxéd pale and faint,
As when her face is stain'd with magic arts' constraint.

No magic arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold enchanters' call;
But all that was not such as seem'd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and sudden fall:
And, when him list the rascal routes appal,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to naught at all;
And, when him list the prouder looks subdue,
He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hue.

Ne let it seem that credence this exceeds;
For he, that made the same, was known right well
To have done much more admirable deeds:
It Merlin was, which whilome did excell
All living wights in might of magic spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armor all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to arms he fell,
But, when he died, the Faery Queen it brought
To Faerie land; where yet it may be seen, if sought.

A gentle youth, his dearly lovéd squire,
His spear of ebon wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breast with pikehead square;
A goodly person; and could manage fair
His stubborn steed with curbéd canon bit,
Who under him did trample as the air,
And chaft, that any on his back should sit;
The iron rowels into frothy foam he bit.

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertain;
But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distrain:
Which to allay, and calm her storming pain,
Fair feeling words he wisely gan display,
And, for her humor fitting purpose fain,
To tempt the cause it self for to bewray;
Wherewith enmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say;

"What world's delight, or joy of living speech,
Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrows deep,
And heapéd with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The careful cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his iron arrow steep,
Soon as I think upon my bitter bale.
Such helpless harms it's better hidden keep,
Than rip up grief, where it may not avail;
My last-left comfort is my woes to weep and wail."

"Ah lady dear," quoth then the gentle knight,
"Well may I ween your grief is wondrous great;
For wondrous great grief groaneth in my sprite,
Whiles thus I hear you of your sorrows treat.
But, woeful lady, let me you intreat
For to unfold the anguish of your heart:
Mishaps are master'd by advice discreet,
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart;
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart."

[1] Prince Arthur.
[2] "Lady's head;" i. e., the Faery Queen's.

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"O! but," quoth she, "great grief will not be told,
And can more easily be thought than said."
"Right so," quoth he; "but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
"But grief," quoth she, "does greater grow, display'd,
If then it finds not help, and breeds despair."
"Despair breeds not," quoth he, "where faith is stay'd."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does pair."
"Flesh may impair," quoth he, "but reason can repair."

His goodly reason, and well-guided speech,
So deep did settle in her gracious thought,
That her persuaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said; "Fair sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my grief;
Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;
Or that your prowess can me yield relief;
Then hear the story sad, which I shall tell you brief.

"The forlorn maiden, whom your eyes have seen
The laughing stock of Fortune's mockeries,
Am th' only daughter of a king and queen,
Whose parents dear (whiles equal destinies
Did run about, and their felicities
The favorable heav'ns did not envý,)
Did spread their rule through all the territories,
Which Pison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gihon's golden waves do wash continually:

"Till that their cruel curséd enemy,
A huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,[1]
With murd'rous ravin, and devouring might,
Their kingdom spoil'd, and country wasted quite:
Themselves, for fear into his jaws to fall,
He forc'd to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embarr'd in mighty brazen wall,
He has them now four years besieg'd to make them thrall.

"Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that monster to subdue:
From every coast, that heaven walks about,[2]
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous hard achievements still pursue;
Yet never any could that garland win,
But all still shrunk; and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The piteous prey of his fierce cruelty have bin.

"At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spread,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great queen of glory bright,
Whose kingdom's seat Cleopolis is redde;[3]
There to obtain some such redoubted knight,
That parents dear from tyrant's pow'r deliver might.

"It was my chance (my chance was fair and good)
There for to find a fresh unprovéd Knight;
Whose manly hands imbru'd in guilty blood
Had never been, ne ever by his might
Had thrown to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowess proof he since hath made
(I witness am) in many a cruel fight;
The groaning ghosts of many one dismay'd,
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

"And ye, the fórlorn reliques of his pow'r,
His biting sword, and his devouring spear,
Which have endurédmany a dreadful stowre,
Can speak his prowess, that did erst you bear,
And well could rule; now he hath left you here
To be the record of his rueful loss,
And of my doleful disavent'rous dear:[4]
O heavy record of the good Redcross,
Where have ye left your lord, that could so well you toss?

"Well hopéd I, and fair beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeem:
Till all unweeting an enchanter bad
His sense abus'd, and made him to misdeem
My loyalty, not such as it did seem,
That rather death desire than such despite.
Be judge, ye heav'ns, that all things right esteem,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might!
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

"Thenceforth, me desolate he quite forsook,
To wander where wild Fortune would me lead,
And other byways he himself betook,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought not back the baleful body dead;
In which him chancéd false Duessa meet,
Mine only foe, mine only deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweet,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeet.

"At last, by subtle sleights she him betray'd
Unto his foe, a giant huge and tall;
Who him, disarméd, dissolute, dismay'd,
Unwares surprisèd, and with mighty mall
The monster merciless him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold:
And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remédiless, for aye he doth him hold:
This is my cause of grief, more great than may be told."

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and fair bespake;
"Certes, Madáme, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I ween, could cause to quake.
But be of cheer, and comfort to you take;
For, till I have acquit your captive Knight,
Assure yourself, I will you not forsake."
His cheerful words reviv'd her cheerless sprite:
So forth they went, the Dwarf them guiding ever right.

[1] Tartarus, hell. [2] Surrounds. [3] Called. [4] Unfortunate trouble.

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CANTO VIII.

Fair Virgin, to redeem her dear,
Brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slays the giant, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quite.

Ay me, how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquit him out of all!
Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weakness, is to sinful bands made thrall:
Else should this Redcross Knight in bands have died,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thither [guide.

They sadly travell'd thus, until they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and high:
Then cried the Dwarf, "Lo! yonder is the same,
In which my lord, my liege, doth luckless lie
Thrall to that giant's hateful tyranny:
Therefore, dear sir, your mighty pow'rs assay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From lofty steed, and bade the Lady stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marchéd forth towárds that castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
To ward the same, nor answer comer's call.
Then took that squire an horn of bugle small,
Which hung adown his side in twisted gold
And tassells gay; wide wonders over all
Of that same horn's great virtues weren told,
Which had approvéd been in uses manifold.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein:
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answer'd itself again:
No false enchantment, nor deceitful train,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain:
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.[1]

The same before the giant's gate he blew,
That all the castle quakéd from the ground,
And every door of free-will open flew.
The giant self dismayéd with that sound,
Where he with his Duessa dalliance found,
In haste came rushing forth from inner bow'r,
With staring count'nance stern, as one astound,
And staggering steps, to weet what sudden stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded power.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast;
And ev'ry head with fiery tongue did flame,
And ev'ry head was crownéd on his crest,
And bloody-mouthéd with late cruel feast,
That when the knight beheld, his mighty shield
Upon his manly arm he soon addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fill'd,
And eager greediness through every member thrill'd.

Therewith the giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornful wrath and high disdain,
And lifting up his dreadful club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubs and knotty grain,
Him thought at first encounter to have slain.
But wise and wary was that noble peer;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous main,
Did fair avoid the violence him near;
It booted naught to think such thunderbolts to bear;

Ne shame he thought to shun so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the mark of his misaiméd sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yards deep a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
Did groan full grievous underneath the blow;
And, trembling with strange fear, did like an earthquake show.

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring dart with deadly feud,
Enroll'd in flames, and smould'ring dreariment,
Through riven clouds and molten firmament;
The fierce three-forked engine, making way,
Both lofty tow'rs and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

His boist'rous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up again so light,
But that the knight him at advantage found;
And, whiles he strove his cumber'd club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arm, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streams of blood out of the trunckéd stock
Forth gushéd, like fresh-water stream from riven rock.

Dismayéd with so desp'rate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted pain,
He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowéd again:
As great a noise, as when in Cymbrian[2] plain
A herd of bulls, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milky mothers' want complain,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing:
The neighbor woods around with hollow murmur ring.

[1] Burst.

[2] "Cymbrian;" from Cimbri—a people once inhabiting the north of Europe.

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That when his dear Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd[1] that danger'd her estate,
Unto his aid she hastily did draw
Her dreadful beast; who, swoln with blood of late, [gait,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous
And threaten'd all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the squire made quickly to retrate,
Encount'ring fierce with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwark stand.

The proud Duessa, full of wrathful spite
And fierce disdain, to be affronted so,
Enforc'd her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of so unequal foe:
But nathëmore would that courageous swain
To her yield passage, gainst his lord to go;
But with outrageous strokes did him restrain,
And with his body barr'd the way atwixt them twain.

Then took the angry witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magic arts;
Death and despair did many thereof sup,
And secret poison through their inner parts;
Th' eternal bale of heavy wounded hearts:
Which, after charms and some enchantments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts:
Therewith his sturdy courage soon was quayd,
And all his senses were with sudden dread dismay'd.

So down he fell before the cruel beast,
Who on his neck his bloody claws did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting breast:
No power he had to stir, nor will to rise.
That when the careful knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turn his enterprise;
For wondrous anguish in his heart it wrought,
To see his lovéd squire into such thraldom brought;

And, high advancing his blood-thirsty blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalp down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshapéd more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments stain'd with filthy gore,
And overflowéd all the field around;
That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

Thereat he roaréd for exceeding pain,
That, to have heard, great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' empty air with his long train,
Through great impatience of his grievéd head,
His gorgeous rider from her lofty sted
Would have cast down, and trod in dirty mire,
Had not the giant soon her succoréd;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantic ire,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forc'd the knight retire.

[1] Misfortune.

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong than both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
That strongest oak might seem to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heavy lights,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:—
What mortal wight could ever bear so monstrous blow?

And in his fall his shield, that cover'd was,
Did loose his veil by chance, and open flew;
The light whereof, that heaven's light did pass,
Such blazing brightness through the aër threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to view.
Which when the giant spied with staring eye,
He down let fall his arm, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heavéd was on high
For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lie.

And eke the fruitful-headed beast, amaz'd
At flashing beams of that sunshiny shield,
Became stark blind, and all his senses daz'd,
That down he tumbled on the dirty field,
And seem'd himself as conqueréd to yield.
Whom when his mistress proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintness reel'd,
Unto the giant loudly she gan call;
"O! help, Orgoglio; help, or else we perish all."

At her so piteous cry was much amov'd
Her champion stout; and, for to aid his friend,
Again his wonted angry weapon prov'd,
But all in vain; for he has read his end
In that bright shield, and all his forces spend
Themselves in vain: for, since that glancing sight,
He hath no pow'r to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almighty's lightning brand does light, [quite.
It dims the dazéd eyen, and daunts the senses

Whom when the prince, to battle new addrest
And threat'ning high his dreadful stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,[2]
And smote off quite his left leg by the knee,
That down he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose heart-strings with keen steel nigh hewen be;
The mighty trunk half rent with ragged rift
Doth roll adown the rocks, and fall with fearful drift.

Or as a castle, rearéd high and round,
By subtle engines and malicious slight
Is underminéd from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forced and feebled quite,
At last down falls; and with her heapéd height
Her hasty ruin does more heavy make,
And yields itself unto the victor's might:
Such was this giant's fall, that seem'd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for fear did quake.

[2] Brandished.

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The knight then, lightly leaping to the prey,
With mortal steel him smote again so sore,
That headless his unwieldy body lay,
All wallow'd in his own foul bloody gore, [store.
Which flowéd from his wounds in wondrous
But, soon as breath out of his breast did pass,
That huge great body, which the giant bore,
Was vanquisht quite, and of that monstrous mass
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spied,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crownéd mitre rudely threw aside;
Such piercing grief her stubborn heart did wound,
That she could not endure that doleful stound;
But, leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot squire her quickly turn'd around,
And, by hard means enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deservéd prey.

The royal virgin which beheld from far,
In pensive plight and sad perplexity,
The whole achievement of this doubtful war,
Came running fast to greet his victory,
With sober gladness and mild modesty;
And, with sweet joyous cheer, him thus bespake;
"Fair branch of noblesse, flow'r of chivalry,
That with your worth the world amazéd make,
How shall I quite the pains, ye suffer for my sake?

"And you,[1] fresh bud of virtue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's door,
What hath poor virgin for such peril past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple self, and service evermore.
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equal eye, their merits to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for me;
And, what I cannot quite, requite with usury!

"But sith the heav'ns, and your fair handëling,
Have made you master of the field this day;
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And, well begun, end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my lord bethrall,
My dearest lord, and deep in dungeon lay;
Where he his better days hath wasted all:
O hear, how piteous he to you for aid does call!"

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squire,
That scarlet whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himself with greedy great desire
Into the castle enter'd forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espy:
Then gan he loudly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answer to his cry:
There reign'd a solemn silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bow'r or hall!

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old, old man, with beard as white as snow;
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary gait both to and fro;
For his eyesight him failéd long ago:
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,
The which unuséd, rust did overgrow:
Those were the keys of every inner door;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very úncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moved his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face:
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the giant dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

His reverend hairs and holy gravity
The knight much honor'd, as beseeméd well;
And gently ask'd where all the people be,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell:
Who answer'd him full soft, *He could not tell.*
Again he ask'd where that same knight was laid,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance fell,
Had made his captive thrall: again he said,
He could not tell; ne ever other answer made.

Then askéd he, which way he in might pass:
He could not tell, again he answeréd.
Thereat the courteous knight displeaséd was,
And said; "Old sire, it seems thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver head,
In vain to mock, or mockt in vain to be:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrayéd
With Nature's pen, in age's grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demand of thee."

His answer likewise was, *He could not tell.*
Whose senseless speech, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had markéd well,
He guess'd his nature by his countenance;
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then, to him stepping, from his arms did reach
Those keys, and made himself free enterance.
Each door he open'd without any breach:
There was no bar to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich array'd he found,
With royal arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest prince's presence might behold.
But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltless babes, and innocents true,
Which there were slain, as sheep out of the fold,
Defiléd was; that dreadful was to view;
And sacred ashes over it was strewéd new.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altar, carv'd with cunning imag'ry;
On which true Christians' blood was often spilt,
And holy martyrs often done to die,
With cruel malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cried continually;
And with great grief were often heard to groan;
That hardest heart would bleed to hear their piteous moan.

[1] The squire.

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Through every room he sought, and every bow'r;
But no where could he find that woeful thrall.
At last he came unto an iron door,
That fast was lockt; but key found not at all
Amongst that bunch to open it withal;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voice, and loud did call
With all his pow'r, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith a hollow, dreary, murmuring voice
These piteous plaints and dolours did resound;
"O! who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that here lie dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in baleful darkness bound?
For now three moons have changéd thrice their hue,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heaven's cheerful face did view:
O welcome, thou, that dost of death bring tidings true!"

Which when that champion heard, with piercing point
Of pity dear his heart was thrilléd sore;
And trembling horror ran through every joint,
For ruth of gentle knight so foul forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that iron door
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where enter'd in, his foot could find no floor,
But all a steep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathéd ever forth a filthy baneful smell.

But neither darkness foul, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection[1] hateth nicer hands,)
But that with constant zeal and courage bold,
After long pains and labors manifold,
He found the means that pris'ner up to rear;
Whose feeble thighs, unable to uphold
His pinéd corse, him scarce to light could bear;
A rueful spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

His sad dull eyes, deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sun to view;
His bare thin cheeks for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceivéd of their due,
Could make a stoney heart his hap to rue;
His rawbone arms, whose mighty brawnéd bowrs
Were wont to rive steel plates, and helmets hew,
Were clean consum'd; and all his vital pow'rs
Decay'd; and all his flesh shrunk up like wither'd flow'rs.

Whom when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan;
Who erst in flowers of freshest youth was clad.
Then, when her well of tears she wasted had,
She said; "Ah dearest lord! what evil star
On you hath frown'd, and pour'd his influence bad,
That of yourself ye thus berobbéd are,
And this misseeming hue your manly looks doth mar?

"But welcome now, my lord, in weal or woe;
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
And fie on Fortune, mine avowéd foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes themselves do now allay;
And for these wrongs shall treble penance pay
Of treble good: good grows of evil's priefe."[2]
The cheerless man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his grief;
His long enduréd famine needed more relief.

"Fair lady," then said that victorious knight,
"The things, that grievous were to do, or bear,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best music breeds dislike in loathing ear:
But th' only good, that grows of passéd fear,
Is to be wise, and ware of like again.
This day's ensample hath this lesson dear
Deep written in my heart with iron pen,
That bliss may not abide in state of mortal men.

"Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonted strength,
And master these mishaps with patient might:
Lo, where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;
And lo, that wicked woman in your sight,
The root of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your pow'r, to let her live, or die."
"To do her die," quoth Una, "were despite,
And shame t' avenge so weak an enemy;
But spoil her of her scarlet robe, and let her fly."

So, as she bade, that witch they disarray'd,
And robb'd of royal robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were display'd;
Ne sparéd they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoil'd her tire and caul,
Such, as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her misshapéd parts did them appall;
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favor'd, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrown with scurf and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gums were feld,
And her sour breath abominably smell'd;
Her driéd dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung down, and filthy matter from them well'd;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was, that would have loath'd all woman kind.

Her nether parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write:
But at her rump she growing had behind
A fox's tail, with dung all foully dight:
And eke her feet most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an eagle's claw,
With griping talons arm'd to greedy fight;
The other like a bear's uneven paw:
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wonder'd at so foul deformed wight.
"Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of Falsehood; such the sight

[1] "Entire affection," i. e., thorough love disdains nicety.

[2] Proof.

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Of foul Duessa, when her borrow'd light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce known."
Thus when they had the witch disrobéd quite,
And all her filthy feature open shown,
They let her go at will, and wander ways unknown.

She, flying fast from heaven's hated face,
And from the world that her discover'd wide,
Fled to the wasteful wilderness apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide;
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespied.
But that fair crew of knights, and Una fair,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary pow'rs repair:
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lineage Arthur tells:
The knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despair,
Whom Redcross Knight withstands.

O! GOODLY golden chain, wherewith yfere
The virtues linkéd are in lovely wise;
And noble minds of yore alliéd were,
In brave pursuit of chivalrous emprize,
That none did other's safëty despize,
Nor aid envý to him, in need that stands;
But friendly each did other's praise devize,
How to advance with favorable hands,
As this good prince redeem'd the Redcross Knight from bands.

Who when their pow'rs, impair'd through labor long,
With due repast they had recuréd well,
And that weak captive wight now waxéd strong;
Them list no longer there at leisure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una fair besought
That stranger knight his name and nation tell;
Lest so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankless thought.

"Fair virgin," said the prince, "ye me require
A thing without the compass of my wit:
For both the lineage, and the certain sire,
From which I sprung, from me are hidden yet.
For all so soon as life did me admit
Into this world, and showéd heaven's light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfit,
And straight deliver'd to a Faery knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martial might.

"Unto old Timon[1] he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly years hath been
In warlike feats th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I ween:
His dwelling is, low in a valley green,
Under the foot of Rauran[2] mossy hoar,
From whence the river Dee, as silver clean,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar;
There all my days he train'd me up in virtuous lore.

"Thither the great magician Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visit me;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutor's nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loins and what lineage I did spring.
Whose answer bade me still assuréd be,
That I was son and heir unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light should bring."

"Well worthy imp," said then the lady gent,
"And pupil fit for such a tutor's hand!
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthur, crown of martial band?"
"Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' Eternal Might,
That rules men's ways, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

"For whether He, through fatal deep foresight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unguest;
Or that fresh bleeding wound which day and night
Whilome doth rankle in my riven breast,
With forcéd fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by ways yet never found;
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest."
"Ah! courteous knight," quoth she, "what secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest heart on [ground?"

"Dear dame," quoth he, "you sleeping sparks awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life do lie in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence less'neth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow;
I will reveal what ye so much desire:
Ah! Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

"It was in freshest flow'r of youthly years,
When courage first does creep in manly chest;
Then first that coal of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living breast:
But me had warn'd old Timon's wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rue,
Which still wax old in woe, whiles woe still waxeth new.

"That idle name of love, and lover's life,
As loss of time, and virtue's enemy,
I ever scorn'd, and joy'd to stir up strife,
In middest of their mournful tragedy;
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their god himself, griev'd at my liberty,
Shot many a dart at me with fierce intent;
But I them warded all with wary government.

"But all in vain; no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly breast can arméd be so sound,
But will at last be won with batt'ry long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found:

[1] "Timon" means honor.
[2] "Rauran Vaur" is a hill in Merionethshire.

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Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground.
And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauty's chain not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disavent'rous fight,
And yields his captive neck to victor's most despight.

"Ensample make of him your hapless joy,
And of myself now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soon pluck down, and curb'd my liberty.
For on a day, prickt forth with jollity
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Ranging the forest wide on courser free, [sent,
The fields, the floods, the heav'ns, with one con-
Did seem to laugh on me, and favor mine intent.

"Forwearied with my sports, I did alight
From lofty steed, and down to sleep me laid:
The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fair display'd:
Whiles every sense the humor sweet embayd,
And slumb'ring soft my heart did steal away,
Me seeméd, by my side a royal maid
Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay;
So fair a creature yet saw never sunny day.

"Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bade me love her dear;
For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
As, when just time expiréd, should appear.
But, whether dreams delude, or true it were,
Was never heart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever hear,
As she to me deliver'd all that night; [hight.
And at her parting said, she Queen of Faeries

"When I awoke, and found her place devoid,
And naught but presséd grass where she had
I sorrow'd all so much as erst I joy'd, [lien,
And washéd all her place with wat'ry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in careful mind,
To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
And never vow'd to rest till her I find: [bind."
Nine months I seek in vain, yet n'ill that vow un-

Thus as he spake, his visage waxéd pale,
And change of hue great passion did bewray;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
"O happy Queen of Faeries, thou hast found,
Mongst many, one that with his prowess may
Defend thine honor, and thy foes confound!
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground."

"Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcross Knight,
"Next to that lady's love, shall be the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heav'nly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.
And you, my lord, the patron of my life,
Of that great Queen may well gain worthy grace;
For only worthy you through prowess' priefe,[1]
If living man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.[2]

[1] Proof of courage. [2] Love.

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden sun his glist'ring head gan shew;
And sad remembrance now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:
Als Una yearn'd her travel to renew:
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bind,
And love establish each to other true,
Gave goodly gifts, the signs of grateful mind,
And eke, as pledges firm, right hands together join'd.

Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond sure,
Embow'd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closed few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and virtue excellent,
That any wound could heal incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcross Knight him gave
A book, wherein his Saviour's Testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A work of wondrous grace, and able souls to save.

Thus been they parted; Arthur on his way
To seek his love, and th' other for to fight
With Una's foe, that all her realms did prey.
But she, now weighing the decayéd plight
And shrunken sinews of her chosen Knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursue,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
Till he recover'd had his former hue:
For him to be yet weak and weary well she knew.

So as they travell'd, lo! they gan espy
An arméd knight towárds them gallop fast,
That seeméd from some fearéd foe to fly,
Or other grisly thing, that him aghast.
Still, as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his fear still follow'd him behind:
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
And with his wingéd heels did tread the wind,
As he had been a foal of Pegasus his kind.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarm'd, and curl'd uncombéd hairs
Upstaring stiff, dismay'd with úncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appears,
Nor life in limb; and, to increase his fears,
In foul reproach of knighthood's fair degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he wears,
That with his glist'ring arms does ill agree:
But he of rope, or arms, has now no memory.

The Redcross Knight towárd him crosséd fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismay'd:
There him he finds all senseless and aghast,
That of himself he seem'd to be afraid;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stay'd,
Till he these words to him deliver might;
"Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus array'd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight."

He answer'd naught at all; but adding new
Fear to his first amazement, staring wide
With stoney eyes and heartless hollow hue,
Astonisht stood, as one that had espied

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Infernal Furies with their chains untied.
Him yet again, and yet again, bespake
The gentle Knight; who naught to him replied;
But, trembling every joint, did inly quake,
And falt'ring tongue at last these words seem'd forth to shake;

"For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not stay;
For lo! he comes, he comes fast after me!"
Eft looking back would fain have run away;
But he him forc'd to stay, and tellen free
The secret cause of his perplexity:
Yet nathëmore by his bold hearty speech
Could his blood-frozen heart embolden'd be,
But through his boldness rather fear did reach;
Yet forc'd, at last he made through silence sudden breach:

"And am I now in safety sure," quoth he,
"From him, that would have forcéd me to die?
And is the point of death now turn'd fro me,
That I may tell this hapless history?" [nigh."
"Fear naught," quoth he, "no danger now is
"Then shall I you recount a rueful case,"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had been partaker of the place.

"I lately chanc'd (would I had never chanc'd!)
With a fair knight to keepen company,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himself advanc'd
In all affairs, and was both bold and free;
But not so happy as mote happy be:
He lov'd as was his lot a lady gent,
That him again lov'd in the least degree;
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joy'd to see her lover languish and lament:

"From whom returning sad and comfortless,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villain, (God from him me bless!)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whylere,
A man of hell, that calls himself *Despair:*
Who first us greets, and after fair areedes
Of tidings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weeds,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deeds.

"Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts,
Embost with bale, and bitter biting grief,
Which love had lancéd with his deadly darts;
With wounding words, and terms of foul reprief,
He pluckt from us all hope of due relief,
That erst us held in love of ling'ring life:
Then hopeless, heartless, gan the cunning thief
Persuade us die, to stint all farther strife;
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife:

"With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That woeful lover, loathing longer light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I, more fearful, or more lucky wight,
Dismay'd with that deformed dismal sight,
Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whose like infirmity like chance may bear:
But God you never let his charméd speeches hear!"

"How may a man," said he, "with idle speech
Be won to spoil the castle of his health?"
"I wote," quoth he, "whom trial late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldës wealth.
His subtle tongue, like dropping honey, melt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vein;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His pow'r is reft, and weakness doth remain.
O never, sir, desire to try his guileful traine!"

"Certes," said he, "hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachour's art have heard and tried: [quest,
And you, Sir Knight, whose name mote I re-
Of grace do me unto his cabin guide."
"I, that hight Trevisan," quoth he, "will ride,
Against my liking, back to do you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For liever had I die than see his deadly face."

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl;
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl:

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hangéd been,
Whose carcases were scatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrivéd there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teene,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near; [fear.
But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in

That darksome cave they enter, where they find
That curséd man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind:
His grisly locks, long growen and unbound,
Disorder'd hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and staréd as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, naught but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patchéd was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welléd fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixéd stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woeful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcross Knight did view;
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold

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Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villain said; "Thou damnéd wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed in sight?"

"What frantic fit," quoth he, "hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgment taught,
But he should die, who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing driv
But his own guilty mind, deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

"Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
To come unto his wishéd home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay;
Is not great grace to help him over past,
Or free his feet that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbor's good;
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And farther from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave;
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please."

The Knight much wonder'd at his sudden wit,
And said; "The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand until his captain bid."
"Who life did limit by almighty doom,"
Quoth he, "knows best the terms establishéd;
And he, that 'points the sentinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.

"Is not His deed, whatever thing is done
In heaven and earth? Did not He all create
To die again? All ends, that was begun:
Their times in His eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state;
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence, nor why.

"The longer life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battles, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengëment,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent;
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he that once hath misséd the right way,
The farther he doth go, the farther he doth stray;

"Then do no farther go, no farther stray;
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it lovéd make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labor, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife; [life.
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome

"Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight, that daréd warlike deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate:
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
And though good luck prolongéd hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou may'st happen fall.

"Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heapéd up with huge iniquity,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falséd hast thy faith with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself defil'd?

"Is not He just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not His law, Let every sinner die, [done?
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all out run? [son."
Death is the end of woes: Die soon, O Faerie's

The Knight was much enmovéd with his speech.
That as a sword's point through his heart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly view of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly pow'rs it did disperse,
As he were charméd with enchanted rhymes;
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceivéd him to waver weak and frail, [daunt,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
And hellish anguish did his soul assail;
To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damnéd ghosts, that do in torments wail,
And thousand fiends, that do them endless pain
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remain.

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The sight whereof so throughly him dismay'd,
That naught but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law.
Then gan the villain him to overcraw, [fire,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him choose, what death he would desire: [God's ire.
For death was due to him, that had provok'd

But whenas none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go, with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been.
At last, resolv'd to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vein
The curdled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoon: but, soon reliv'd again,
Out of his hand she snatch'd the curséd knife,
And threw it to the ground, enragéd rife,
And to him said; "Fie, fie, faint-hearted Knight,
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battle, which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthéd dragon, horrible and bright?

"Come; come away, frail, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant sprite:
In heav'nly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art? [grace,
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater
The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,
And that accurs'd handwriting doth deface:
Arise, Sir Knight; arise, and leave this curséd place."

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight;
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had drest,
Yet nathëlesse it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithful Knight fair Una brings
To house of Holiness;
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to heav'nly bliss.

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly!
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gainéd victory:
If any strength we have, it is to ill;
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will.

By that which lately happ'ned, Una saw
That this her Knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews waxen weak and raw,
Through long imprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he enduréd in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he cheeren might,
Till he recover'd had his late decayéd plight.

There was an ancient house not far away,
Renown'd throughout the world for sacred lore
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
It govern'd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisdom of a matron grave and hoar;
Whose only joy was to relieve the needs
Of wretched souls, and help the helpless poor:
All night she spent in bidding of her beads,
And all the day in doing good and godly deeds.

Dame Cœlia men did her call, as thought
From heav'n to come, or thither to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia[1] and Speranza, virgins were; [nise;
Though spous'd, yet wanting wedlock's solem-
But fair Charissa to a lovely fere
Was linkéd, and by him had many pledges dear.

Arrivéd there, the door they find fast lock'd;
For it was warely watchéd night and day,
For fear of many foes; but, when they knock'd,
The porter open'd unto them straightway.
He was an aged sire, all hoary gray,
With looks full lowly cast, and gait full slow,
Wont on a staff his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltá. They pass in, stooping low;
For strait and narrow was the way which he did show.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But, enter'd in, a spacious court they see,
Both plain and pleasant to be walkéd in;
Where them does meet a franklin fair and free,
And entertains with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zeal, that him right well became:
For in his speeches and behavior he
Did labor lively to express the same, [came.
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they

There fairly them receives a gentle squire,
Of mild demeanour and rare courtesy,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire:
In word and deed that show'd great modesty,
And knew his good to all of each degree;
Hight Reverence: He them with speeches meet
Does fair entreat; no courting nicety,
But simple, true, and eke unfeignéd sweet,
As might become a squire so great persons to greet.

[1] "Fidelia," etc., are, of course, our old friends, Faith, Hope, and Charity.

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And afterwards them to his dame he leads,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beads;
Which done, she up arose with seemly grace,
And towárd them full matronly did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heav'nly race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly swell'd,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet do ever tread!
Most virtuous virgin, born of heav'nly birth,
That, to redeem thy woeful parents' head
From tyrant's rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandered through the world now long a day,
Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or do thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

"Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hither turns his steps: so few there be,
That choose the narrow path, or seek the right!
All keep the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Than with a few to walk the rightest way:
O! foolish men, why haste ye to your own decay?"

"Thy self to see, and tiréd limbs to rest,
O matron sage," quoth she, "I hither came;
And this good Knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy praises, and broad-blazéd fame,
That up to heav'n is blown." The ancient dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertain'd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devise,
Ne wanted aught to shew her bounteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Lo! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinkéd arm in arm, in lovely wise;
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They number'd even steps and equal pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beams threw from her crystal face
That could have daz'd the rash beholder's sight,
And round about her head did shine like heaven's light.

She was arrayéd all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup[1] of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent[2] did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A book, that was both sign'd and seal'd with blood;
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be understood.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her beseeméd well;
Not all so cheerful seeméd she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leanéd ever, as befell;
And ever up to heav'n, as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swervéd other way.

They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesy;
Many kind speeches they between them spend,
And greatly joy each other for to see:
Then to the Knight with shamefac'd modesty
They turn themselves, at Una's meek request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who fair them quites, as him beseeméd best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

Then Una thus; "But she, your sister dear,
The dear Charissa, where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busy is elsewhere?"
"Ah! no," said they, "but forth she may not come;
For she of late is lighten'd of her womb,
And hath increas'd the world with one son more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."
"Indeed," quoth she, "that should her trouble sore;
But thank'd be God, and her increase so evermore!"

Then said the aged Cælia; "Dear dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of your toil
And labors long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while
I read you rest, and to your bow'rs recoil."
Then calléd she a groom, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoil
Of puissant arms, and laid in easy bed:
His name was meek Obedience rightfully aread.

Now when their weary limbs with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresh'd with due repast,
Fair Una gan Fidelia fair request,
To have her Knight into her schoolhouse plac'd,
That of her heav'nly learning he might taste,
And hear the wisdom of her words divine.
She granted; and that Knight so much agraste,
That she him taught celestial discipline,
And open'd his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred book, with blood ywrit,
That none could read except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosèd every whit;
And heav'nly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach;
Of God; of Grace; of Justice; of Free-will;
That wonder was to hear her goodly speech:
For she was able with her words to kill,
And raise again to life the heart that she did thrill.

And when she list pour out her larger sprite,
She would command the hasty sun to stay,
Or backward turn his course from heaven's height:
Sometimes great hosts of men she could dismay;

[1] "Cup;" sacramental, which, in primitive ages, was filled with wine and water.

[2] "Serpent;" perhaps Satan, drowned in the cup.

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Dry-shod to pass she parts the floods in tway;
And eke huge mountains from their native seat
She would command themselves to bear away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat:
Almighty God her gave such pow'r and puissance great.

The faithful Knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters' lore,
To such perfection of all heav'nly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhor,
And mortal life gan loathe as thing forlore,
Griev'd with remembrance of his wicked ways,
And prick'd with anguish of his sins so sore,
That he desir'd to end his wretched days:
So much the dart of sinful guilt the soul dismays!

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assuréd hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Else had his sins so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distresséd doubtful agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdaining life, desiring leave to die,
She found herself assail'd with great perplexity;

And came to Cælia to declare her smart;
Who well acquainted with that common plight,
Which sinful horror works in wounded heart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsel and advisement right;
And straightway sent with careful diligence,
To fetch a leech, the which had great insight
In that disease of grievéd conscience,
And well could cure the same; his name was Patience.

Who, coming to that soul-diseaséd Knight,
Could hardly him entreat to tell his grief:
Which known, and all, that noyd his heavy sprite,
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing[1] prief;[2]
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recuréd brief,
And much assuag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his pain endur'd, as seeming now more light.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heal'd, behind remainéd still,
And fest'ring sore did rankle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin:
Which to extirp, he laid him privily
Down in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his córrosives t' apply,
And with strict diet tame his stubborn malady.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His dainty corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate;
And made him pray both early and eke late:
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rot,
Amendment ready still at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pincers fiery hot,
That soon in him was left no one corrupted jot.

And bitter Penance, with an iron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharp Remorse his heart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play:
And sad Repentance uséd to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blots of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at death's door.

In which his torment often was so great,
That, like a lion, he would cry and roar;
And rend his flesh; and his own sinews eat.
His own dear Una, hearing evermore
His rueful shrieks and groanings, often tore
Her guiltless garments and her golden hair,
For pity of his pain and anguish sore:
Yet all with patience wisely she did bear;
For well she wist his crime could else be never clear.

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And true Repentance, they to Una brought;
Who, joyous of his curéd conscience,
Him dearly kiss'd, and fairly eke besought
Himself to cherish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his careful breast.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was waxen strong, and left her fruitful nest:
To her fair Una brought this unacquainted guest.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love; but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated; chaste in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayéd still.

A multitude of babes about her hung,
Playing their sports, that joy'd her to behold;
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still as they waxéd old:
And on her head she wore a tire of gold,
Adorn'd with gems and owches wondrous fair,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her side there sat a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an iv'ry chair.

The Knight and Una ent'ring, fair her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertains with friendly cheerful mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her virtuous rules to school her Knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penance, where his sprite
Had past the pains of hell and long-enduring night.

[1] Surpassing [2] Proof or value.

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She was right joyous of her just request;
And, taking by the hand that Faerie's son,
Gan him instruct in every good behest,
Of Love; and Righteousness; and Well to done;
And wrath and hatred warily to shun,
That drew on men God's hatred and his wrath,
And many souls in dolours had fordone:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heav'n she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wand'ring steps to guide,
An ancient matron she to her does call,
Whose sober looks her wisdom well descryde;
Her name was Mercy; well known over all
To be both gracious and eke liberal:
To whom the careful charge of him she gave,
To lead aright, that he should never fall
In all his ways through this wide worldës wave;
That mercy in the end his righteous soul might save.

The godly matron by the hand him bears
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scatter'd with bushy thorns and ragged brears,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encumber'd were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbear;
As careful nurse her child, from falling oft does rear.

Eftsoons unto a holy hospital,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven bead-men, that had vowéd all
Their life to service of high heav'n's King,
Did spend their days in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the weary way were travelling;
And one sat waiting ever them before,
To call in comers-by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast again,
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such, as want of harbor did constrain:
Those for God's sake his duty was to entertain.

The second was as alm'ner of the place:
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drink; a work of grace:
He fear'd not once himself to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoard for those whom he did breed:
The grace of God he laid up still in store,
Which as a stock he left unto his seed:
He had enough; what need him care for more?
And had he less, yet some he would give to the pore.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanity,
But clothës meet to keep keen cold away,
And naked nature seemly to array;
With which bare wretched wights he daily clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His own coat he would cut, and it distribute glad.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poor pris'ners to relieve with gracious aid,
And captives to redeem with price of brass
From Turks and Saracens, which them had stay'd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he weigh'd,
That God to us forgiveth every hour
Much more than that why they in bands were laid;
And He, that harrow'd hell with heavy stowre,
The faulty souls from thence brought to his heavenly bow'r.

The fifth had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When Sin, and Hell, and Death, do most dismay
The feeble soul departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day,
O man! have mind of that last bitter throe:
For as the tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

The sixth had charge of them now being dead,
In seemly sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flow'rs their bridal bed,
That to their heav'nly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appear, when He their souls shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of God's own mould,
Whose face He made all beasts to fear, and gave
All in his hand, ev'n dead we honor should.
Ah, dearest God, me grant, I dead be not defoul'd!

The seventh, now after death and burial done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And widows aid, lest they should be undone:
In face of judgment he their right would plead,
Ne aught the pow'r of mighty men did dread
In their defence; nor would for gold or fee
Be won their rightful causes down to tread:
And, when they stood in most necessity,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

There when the Elfin Knight arrivéd was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pass;
Where seeing Mercy, that his steps upbare
And always led, to her with rev'rence rare
He humbly louted in meek lowliness,
And seemly welcome for her did prepare:
For of their Order she was patroness,
Albë Charissa were their chiefest founderess.

There she awhile him stays, himself to rest,
That to the rest more able he might be:
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly work of alms and charity,
She him instructed with great industry.
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That, from the first unto the last degree,
His mortal life he learnéd had to frame
In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

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Thence forward by that painful way they pass
Forth to an hill, that was both steep and high;
On top whereof a sacred chapel was,
And eke a little hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly business did apply:
His name was Heavenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodness was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from heaven's height:
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his sprite,
As eagle's eye, that can behold the sun.
That hill they scale with all their pow'r and might,
That his frail thighs, nigh weary and fordone,
Gan fail; but, by her help, the top at last he won.

There they do find that godly aged sire,
With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
Each bone might through his body well be read,
And every sinew seen, through his long fast:
For naught he car'd his carcase long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pin'd his flesh to keep his body low and chaste.

Who, when these two approaching he espied,
At their first presence grew aggrievéd sore,
That forc'd him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did rev'rence and adore,
He would not once have movéd for the Knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore;
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requite,
And askéd, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us take such pain,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his mark, high heaven to attain?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glist'reth bright
With burning stars and ever-living fire,
Whereof the keys are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To show it to this Knight, according his desire."

"Thrice happy man," said then the father grave,
"Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shows the way his sinful soul to save!
Who better can the way to heav'n aread
Than thou thyself, that was both born and bred
In heav'nly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou doest the prayérs of the righteous seed
Present before the Majesty Divine,
And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

"Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be done.
Then come, Thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seen of Faerie's son·
That never leads the traveller astray,
But, after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endless bliss.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the sprite assoiléd[1] is,
And have her strength recur'd[2] from frail infirmities."

That done, he leads him to the highest mount;
Such one as that same mighty Man of God,
That blood-red billows like a walléd front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,[3]
Dwelt forty days upon; where, writ in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doom of death and baleful moan
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full high,
Adorn'd with fruitful olives all around,
Is, as it were for endless memory
Of that dear Lord who oft thereon was found,
For ever with a flow'ring garland crown'd:
Or like that pleasant mount, that is for aye
Through famous poets' verse each where renown'd,
On which the thrice three learnéd Ladies[4] play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

From thence, far off he unto him did show
A little path, that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view;
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song!
The City of the Great King hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heav'n in gladsome company,
And with great joy into that city wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wonder'd much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty tow'rs unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

"Fair Knight," quoth he, "Hierusalem that is,
The New Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
With precious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On curséd tree, of that unspotted Lamb,
That for the sins of all the world was kilt:
Now are they saints all in that city same,
More dear unto their God than younglings to their dam."

[1] Absolved. [2] Recovered. [3] Passed. [4] The Muses.

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"Till now," said then the Knight, "I weenéd
That great Cleopolis where I have been, [well,
In which that fairest Faerie Queene doth dwell,
The fairest city was that might be seen;
And that bright tow'r, all built of crystal clean,
Panthea, seem'd the brightest thing that was:
But now by proof all otherwise I ween;
For this great city that does far surpass,
And this bright angels' tow'r quite dims that tow'r of glass."

"Most true," then said the holy aged man;
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest piece[1] that eye beholden can;
And well beseems all knights of noble name,
That covet in th' immortal book of fame
To be eternizéd, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that sov'reign dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon grant:
For she is heav'nly born, and heav'n may justly vaunt.

"And thou, fair imp, sprung out from English [race,
How ever now accompted Elfin's son,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aid a virgin desolate fordone.
But when thou famous victory hast won,
And high amongst all knights hast hung thy shield,
Thenceforth the 'suit of earthly conquest shun,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can naught but sin, and wars but sorrows, yield.

"Then seek this path that I to thee preságe,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end: [see,
For thou amongst those saints, whom thou dost
Shalt be a saint, and thine own nation's friend
And patron: Thou *Saint George* shalt calléd be,
Saint George of merry' *England*, the sign of victory."

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great grace,
How dare I think such glory to attain!"
"These, that have it attain'd, were in like case,"
Quoth he, "as wretched, and liv'd in like pain."
"But deeds of arms must I at last be fain
And ladies' love to leave, so dearly bought?"
"What need of arms, where peace doth aye remain,"
Said he, "and battles none are to be fought?
As for loose loves, they're vain, and vanish into naught."

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turn again
Back to the world, whose joys so fruitless are;
But let me here for aye in peace remain,
Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare."
"That may not be," said he, "ne mayst thou yit
Forego that royal maid's bequeathéd care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her curséd foe thou have her freely quit."

"Then shall I soon," quoth he, "so God me
Abet that virgin's cause disconsolate, [grace,
And shortly back return unto this place,
To walk this way in pilgrim's poor estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me born of English blood,
Whom all a Faerie's son do nominate?"
"That word shall I," said he, "avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknown the cradle of thy brood.

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kings, that have with mighty hand,
And many bloody battles fought in place,
High rear'd their royal throne in Britane land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From whence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swaddling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
Such, men do changelings call, so chang'd by Faerie's theft.

"Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heapéd furrow did thee hide;
Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toilsome team that way did guide,
And brought thee up in ploughman's state to bide,
Whereof Göorgos[2] he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy force's pride,
To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant arms, as seems thee best became."

"O holy sire," quoth he, "how shall I quite
The many favors I with thee have found,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bound!"
This said, adown he lookéd to the ground
To have return'd, but dazéd were his eyne
Through passing brightness, which did quite confound
His feeble sense, and too exceeding shine.
So dark are earthly things compar'd to things divine!

At last, whenas himself he gan to find,
To Una back he cast him to retire;
Who him awaited still with pensive mind. [sire
Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good
He thence departing gave for his pain's hire.
So came to Una, who him joy'd to see;
And, after little rest, gan him desire
Of her adventure mindful for to be. [three.
So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters

CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third, him overthrows; and gains
Most glorious victory.

High time now gan it wax for Una fair
To think of those her captive parents dear,
And their forwasted kingdom to repair:
Whereto whenas they now approachéd near,

[1] Structure.

[2] "Georgos;" in Greek, a husbandman.

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With hearty words her Knight she gan to cheer,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
"Dear knight, as dear as ever knight was dear,
That all these sorrows suffer for my sake,
High heav'n behold the tedious toil, ye for me take!

"Now are we come unto my native soil,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoil;
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The spark of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent self t' excel:
That shall ye evermore renownéd make [take."
Above all knights on earth, that battle under-

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said she,
"The brazen tower, in which my parents dear
For dread of that huge fiend emprison'd be;
Whom I from far see on the walls appear,
Whose sight my feeble soul doth greatly chear:
And on the top of all I do espy
The watchman waiting tidings glad to hear;
That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the air with terror filléd wide, [ground.
And seem'd uneath to shake the stedfast
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espied,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill:
But, all so soon as he from far descried
Those glist'ring arms that heav'n with light did fill, [untill.
He rous'd himself full blithe, and hast'ned them

Then bade the Knight his Lady yede[1] aloof,
And to an hill herself withdraw aside; [proof,
From whence she might behold that battle's
And eke be safe from danger far descried:
She him obey'd, and turn'd a little wide.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learnéd dame,
Fair impe of Phœbus and his aged bride,[2]
The nurse of time and everlasting fame, [name;
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortal

O, gently come into my feeble breast,
Come gently; but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martial troops thou dost infest,
And hearts of great heroës dost enrage,
That naught their kindled courage may assuage:
Soon as thy dreadful trump begins to sound,
The god of war with his fierce equipage
Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound;
And scaréd nations dost with horror stern astound.

Fair goddess, lay that furious fitt aside,
Till I of wars[3] and bloody Mars do sing,
And Briton fields with Saracen blood bedy'd,
Twixt that great Faery queen and Paynim king,

[1] Go. [2] Mnemosyne, or Memory.
[3] "Wars;" alluding to Spenser's purpose of singing the war between Queen Elizabeth and Philip of Spain in the closing books of the "Faerie Queene."

That with their horror heav'n and earth did ring;
A work of labor long, and endless praise:
But now awhile let down that haughty string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this man of God his godly arms may blaze.

By this, the dreadful beast drew nigh to hand,
Half flying and half footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measuréd much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waist;
As mountain doth the valley overcast.
Approaching nigh, he rearéd high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatness more,
Was swoln with wrath and poison, and with bloody gore;

And over all with brazen scales was arm'd,
Like plated coat of steel, so couchéd near[4]
That naught mote pierce; ne might his corse be harm'd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed spear:
Which, as an eagle, seeing prey appear,
His airy plumes doth rouse full rudely dight;
So shakéd he, that horror was to hear:
For, as the clashing of an armor bright,
Such noise his rousèd scales did send unto the Knight.

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gather'd full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pinions bind,
Were like main-yards with flying canvas lin'd;
With which whenas him list the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heav'ns stood still, amazéd with his threat.

His huge long tail, wound up in hundred folds,
Does overspread his long brass-scaly back,
Whose wreathéd boughtes when ever he unfolds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shields of red and black,
It sweepeth all the land behind him far,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two stings infixed are,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steel exceeden far.

But stings and sharpest steel did far exceed
The sharpness of his cruel rending claws:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
What ever thing does touch his rav'nous paws,
Or what within his reach he ever draws.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deep devouring jaws
Wide gapéd, like the grisly mouth of hell,
Through which into his dark abyss all ravin fell.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranks of iron teeth enrangéd were,
In which yet trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devouréd bodies did appear;

[4] Laid so close together.

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That sight thereof bred cold congealéd fear:
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smoth'ring smoke, and sulphur sear,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steaméd still,
That all the air about with smoke and stench did fill.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living fire:
As two broad beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shire,
And warning give, that enemies conspire
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and ranc'rous ire:
But far within, as in a hollow glade, [shade.
Those glaring lamps were set, that made a dreadful

So dreadfully he towárds him did pass,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled breast,
And often bounding on the bruiséd grass,
As for great joyance of his new come guest.
Eftsoons he gan advance his haughty crest;
As chaféd boar his bristles doth uprear;
And shook his scales to battle ready drest,
(That made the Redcross Knight nigh quake for fear,)
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman near.

The Knight gan fairly couch his steady spear,
And fiercely ran at him with rig'rous might:
The pointed steel, arriving rudely there,
His harder hide would neither pierce nor bite,
But, glancing by, forth passéd forward right:
Yet, sore amovéd with so puissant push,
The wrathful beast about him turnéd light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tail, that horse and man to ground did rush.

Both horse and man up lightly rose again,
And fresh encounter towárds him addrest:
But th' idle stroke yet back recoil'd in vain,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage inflam'd the furious beast,
To be avengéd of so great despite;
For never felt his im-pierceable breast
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the pow'r of many a puissant knight.

Then, with his waving wings displayéd wide,
Himself up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, an element unsound,
To bear so great a weight: he, cutting way
With his broad sails, about him soaréd round;
At last, low stooping with unwieldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to bear them quite away.

Long he them bore above the subject plain,
So far as yewen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constrain
To let them down before his flightës end:
As haggard hawk, presuming to contend
With hardy fowl above his able might,
His weary pounces all in vain doth spend
To truss the prey too heavy for his flight;
Which, coming down to ground, does free itself by fight.

He so disseizéd of his griping gross,
The Knight his thrillant spear again assay'd
In his brass-plated body to emboss,
And three men's strength unto the stroke he laid;
Wherewith the stiff beam quakéd, as afraid,
And glancing from his scaly neck did glide
Close under his left wing, then broad display'd:
The piercing steel there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the úncouth smart the monster loudly cried.

He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar,
When wintry storm his wrathful wreck does threat;
The rolling billows beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat;
And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
His neighbor element in his revenge:
Then gin the blust'ring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boist'rous battle make, each other to avenge.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruel claws he snatcht the wood,
And quite asunder broke: forth flowéd fresh
A gushing river of black gory blood,
That drownéd all the land, whereon he stood;
The stream thereof would drive a water mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sense of his deep rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

His hideous tail then hurléd he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thighs
Of his froth-foamy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot that fast him ties,
Himself in straiter bands too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constrain'd
To throw his rider: who can quickly rise
From off the earth, with dirty blood distain'd,
For that reproachful fall right foully he disdain'd;

And fiercely took his trenchant blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seem'd the puissance could withstand:
Upon his crest the hard'ned iron fell;
But his more hard'ned crest was arm'd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buff him quell,
That from thenceforth he shunn'd the like to take,
But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

The Knight was wroth to see his stroke beguil'd,
And smote again with more outrageous might;
But back again the sparkling steel recoil'd,
And left not any mark where it did light,
As if in adamant rock it had been pight.
The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
And of so fierce and forcible despite,
Thought with his wings to stye[1] above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

[1] Mount.

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Then, full of grief and anguish vehement,
He loudly bray'd, that like was never heard;
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amaz'd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore singéd all his face,
And through his armor all his body sear'd,
That he could not endure so cruel case, [lace.
But thought his arms to leave, and helmet to un-

Not that great champion of the ántique world,
Whom famous poets' verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labors high extoll'd,
So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,
When him the poison'd garment did enchaunt,
With Centaur's blood and bloody verses charm'd; [daunt,
As did this Knight twelve thousand dolours
Whom fiery steel now burnt, that erst him arm'd; [harm'd.
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him

Faint, weary, sore, emboyléd, grievéd, brent,
With heat, toil, wounds, arms, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefs did torment;
Death better were; death did he oft desire;
But death will never come, when needs require.
Whom so dismay'd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy stern about to weld, [fell'd.
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him

It fortunéd, (as fair it then befell,)
Behind his back, unweeting where he stood,
Of ancient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great virtues, and for med'cine good:
Whilome, before that curséd dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defil'd those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his virtues had forgot:

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away;
Those, that with sickness were infected sore,
It could recure; and agéd long decay
Renew, as one were born that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan did excel,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spa;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus,[1] match this Well:
Into the same the Knight back overthrowen fell.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steep
His fiery face in billows of the west,
And his faint steeds water'd in ocean deep,
Whiles from their journal labors they did rest;
When that infernal monster, having kest
His weary foe into that living well,
Gan high advance his broad discolor'd breast
Above his wonted pitch, with count'nance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as victor he did dwell.

Which when his pensive Lady saw from far,
Great woe and sorrow did her soul assay,[2]
As weening that the sad end of the war;
And gan to Hightest God entirely pray
That fearéd chance from her to turn away:
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht; ne once adown would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

The morrow next gan early to appear,
That Titan rose to run his daily race;
But early, ere the morrow next gan rear
Out of the sea fair Titan's dewy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And lookéd all about, if she might spy
Her lovéd Knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safëty,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well wherein he drenchéd lay:
As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himself with feathers youthly gay,
Like eyas hawk up mounts unto the skies,
His newly-budded pinions to assay,
And marvels at himself, still as he flies:
So new this new-born Knight to battle new did rise.

Whom when the damnéd fiend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wonder'd at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new suppliéd knight.
He now, to prove his late-reneweď might,
High brandishing his bright dew-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulléd senses all dismay'd.

I wot not, whether the revenging steel
Were harden'd with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell; or sharper edge did feel;
Or his baptizéd hands now greater grew;
Or other secret virtue did ensue;
Else never could the force of fleshly arm,
Ne molten metal, in his blood imbrue:
For, till that stound, could never wight him harm [charm.
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty

The cruel wound enragéd him so sore,
That loud he yelléd for exceeding pain;
As hundred ramping lions seem'd to roar,
Whom rav'nous hunger did thereto constrain.
Then gan he toss aloft his stretchéd train,
And therewith scourge the buxom air so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was fain;
Ne aught his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in pieces tore:

The same advancing high above his head,
With sharp intended sting so rude him smote,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behott:
The mortal sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seas'd.
Where fast it stuck, ne would thereout be got:
The grief thereof him wondrous sore diseas'd,
Ne might his rankling pain with patience be appeas'd.

[1] "Cephise and Hebrus;" famous rivers, the one in Bœotia, the other in Thrace.
[2] Assail.

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But yet, more mindful of his honor dear
Than of the grievous smart which him did wring,
From loathéd soil he can him lightly rear,
And strove to loose the far infixéd sting:
Which, when in vain he tried with struggëling,
Inflaméd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And strook so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge tail he quite asunder cleft;
Five joints thereof he hew'd, and but the stump him left.

Heart cannot think, what outrage and what cries,
With foul enfouldred smoke and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was coveréd with darkness dire:
Then fraught with rancor, and engorgéd ire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all;
And, gath'ring up himself out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sun-bright shield, and gript it fast withal.

Much was the man encumber'd with his hold,
In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talons to unfold;
Nor harder was from Cerberus' greedy jaw
To pluck a bone, than from his cruel claw
To reave by strength the gripéd gage away:
Thrice he assay'd it from his foot to draw,
And thrice in vain to draw it did assay;
It booted naught to think to rob him of his prey.

Then, when he saw no power might prevail,
His trusty sword he call'd to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assail,
And double blows about him stoutly laid,
That glancing fire out of the iron play'd;
As sparkles from the anvil use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are sway'd;
Therewith at last he forc'd him to untie
One of his grasping feet, him to defend thereby.

The other foot, fast fixéd on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor strokes mote him constrain
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield;
He smote thereat with all his might and main,
That naught so wondrous puissance might sustain:
Upon the joint the lucky steel did light,
And made such way, that hew'd it quite in twain;
The paw yet misséd not his minisht might,
But hung still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

For grief thereof and devilish despite,
From his infernal furnace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimméd all the heav'n's light,
Enroll'd in duskish smoke and brimstone blue:
As burning Ætna from his boiling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in pieces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in coal-black clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heav'n with horror, choke.

The heat whereof, and harmful pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forc'd him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrails did expire.
It chanc'd, (Eternal God that chance did guide,)
As he recoiléd backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
And down he fell, with dread of shame sore terrified.

There grew a goodly tree him fair beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
As they in pure vermilion had been dy'd,
Whereof great virtues over all were redd:
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our first father's fall.

In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soil, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprung out of the fruitful ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread dragon all did overthrow.
Another like fair tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoons did know
Both good and ill: O mournful memory!
That tree through one man's fault hath done us all to die!

From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a well,
A trickling stream of balm, most soveraine
And dainty dear, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowéd all the fertile plain,
As it had dewéd been with timely rain: [gave;
Life and long health that gracious ointment
And deadly wounds could heal; and rear again
The senseless corse appointed for the grave:
Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

For nigh thereto the ever-damnéd beast
Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preservéd did detest;
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drooping Day-light gan to fade,
And yield his room to sad succeeding Night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and ways of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heav'n bright.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her dear Knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through loss of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dream of deep delight,
Besmear'd with precious balm, whose virtuous might
Did heal his wounds, and scorching heat allay;
Again she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safety gan devoutly pray, [day.
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous

The joyous day gan early to appear;
And fair Aurora from the dewy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herself to rear
With rosy cheeks, for shame as blushing red:

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Her golden locks, for haste, were loosely shed
About her ears, when Una her did mark
Climb to her chariot, all with flowers spread,
From heaven high to chase the cheerless dark;
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting lark.

Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,
All healéd of his hurts and woundës wide,
And did himself to battle ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devour'd, so soon as day he spied,
When now he saw himself so freshly rear,
As if late fight had naught him damnified,
He wox dismay'd, and gan his fate to fear;
Nathless with wonted rage he him advancéd near;

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought at once him to have swallow'd quite,
And rush'd upon him with outrageous pride;
Who him rencounting fierce, as hawk in flight,
Perforce rebutted back: the weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so impórtune might,
That deep emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And, back retir'd, his life-blood forth withal did draw.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breathe,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudës swift;
So down he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift;
So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadful poise is from the mainland rift,
And, rolling down, great Neptune doth dismay:
So down he fell, and like an heapéd mountain lay.

The Knight himself ev'n trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a mass it seem'd;
And his dear lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeem'd;
But yet at last, whenas the direful fiend
She saw not stir, off-shaking vain affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she prais'd, and thank'd her faithful Knight,
That had achiev'd so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fair Una to the Redcross Knight
Betrothéd is with joy:
Though false Duessa, it to bar,
Her false sleights do employ.

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary course to bend;
Veer the main sheet, and bear up with the land,
The which afore is fairly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend:
There this fair virgin weary of her way,
Must landed be, now at her journey's end:
There eke my feeble bark a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

Scarcely had Phœbus in the glooming east
Yet harnesséd his fiery-footed team,
Ne rear'd above the earth his flaming creast;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steam,
That sign of last outbreathéd life did seem
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
Who thereby dead that baleful beast did deem,
And to his lord and lady loud gan call,
To tell how he had seen the dragon's fatal fall.

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged sire, the lord of all that land,
And lookéd forth, to weet if true indeed
Those tidings were as he did understand:
Which whenas true by trial he out fond,
He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
Which long time had been shut, and out of hond
Proclaiméd joy and earth through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forayéd late.

Then gan triumphant trumpets sound on high,
That sent to heav'n the echoéd report
Of their new joy, and happy victory [tort,
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with
And fast imprisonéd in siegéd fort.
Then all the people, as in solemn feast,
To him assembled with one full consórt,
Rejoicing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternal bondage now they were release.

Forth came that ancient lord, and aged queen,
Array'd in ántique robes down to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseen:
A noble crew about them waited round,
Of sage and sober peers, all gravely gown'd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all able arms to sownd,
But now they laurel branches bore in hand;
Glad sign of victory and peace in all their land.

Unto that doughty conqueror they came,
And, him before, themselves prostráting low,
Their lord and patron loud did him proclaim,
And at his feet their laurel boughs did throw.
Soon after them, all dancing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with garlands dight,
As fresh as flow'rs in meadow green do grow,
When morning dew upon their leaves doth light; [hight.
And in their hands sweet timbrels all upheld on

And, them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
And to the maidens' sounding timbrels sung
In well attunéd notes a joyous lay,
And made delightful music all the way,
Until they came where that fair virgin stood:
As fair Diana in fresh summer's day
Beholds her nymphs enrang'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in crystal flood;

So she beheld those maidens' merriment
With cheerful view; who, when to her they came, [bent.
Themselves to ground with gracious humbless
And her ador'd by honorable name,

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Lifting to heav'n her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a garland green,
And crownéd her twixt earnest and twixt game:
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseen,
Did seem, such as she was, a goodly Maiden Queen.

And after all the rascal many ran,
Heapéd together in rude rabblement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admiréd as from heav'n sent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle fear did them dismay,
Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

Some fear'd and fled; some fear'd, and well it feign'd;
One, that would wiser seem than all the rest,
Warn'd him not touch, for yet perhaps remain'd
Some ling'ring life within his hollow breast,
Or in his womb might lurk some hidden nest
Of many dragonettes, his fruitful seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

One mother, whenas her foolhardy child
Did come too near, and with his talons play,
Half dead through fear, her little babe revil'd,
And to her gossips gan in counsel say;
"How can I tell, but that his talons may
Yet scratch my son, or rend his tender hand?"
So diversely themselves in vain they fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

Thus flockéd all the folk him round about;
The whiles that hoary king, with all his train,
Being arrivéd where that champion stout
After his foe's defeasaunce did remain,
Him goodly greets, and fair does entertain
With princely gifts of ivory and gold,
And thousand thanks him yields for all his pain.
Then when his daughter dear he does behold,
Her dearly doth embrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his palace he them brings,
With shawms, and trumpets, and with clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people sings,
And with their garments strews the pavéd street;
Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
Of all, that royal princes' court became;
And all the floor was underneath their feet
Bespread with costly scarlet of great name,
On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guise,
In which was nothing riotous nor vain?
What needs of dainty dishes to devise,
Of comely services, or courtly train?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contain
The large discourse of royal princes' state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plain;
For th' ántique world excess and pride did hate:
Such proud luxurious pomp is swollen up but late.

Then, when with meats and drinks of every kind
Their fervent appetites they quenchéd had,
That ancient lord gan fit occasion find,
Of strange adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travel him befallen had,
For to demand of his renownéd guest: [sad,
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance
From point to point, as is before expreat,
Discours'd his voyage long, according his request.

Great pleasure, mixt with pitiful regard,
That goodly king and queen did passionate,
Whiles they his pitiful adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his luckless state,
And often blame the too impórtune fate
That heap'd on him so many wrathful wreaks;
(For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tosséd was in fortune's cruel freaks;)
And all the while salt tears bedew'd the hearers' cheeks.

Then said that royal peer in sober wise;
"Dear son, great been the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I no'te[1] whether praise or pity more:
For never living man, I ween, so sore
In sea of deadly dangers was distrest:
But since now safe ye seizéd have the shore,
And well arrivéd are, (High God be blest!)
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest."

"Ah, dearest lord," said then that doughty Knight,
"Of ease or rest I may not yet devise;
For by the faith, which I to arms have plight,
I bounden am straight after this emprise,
(As that your daughter can ye well advise,)
Back to return to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve six years in warlike wise,
Gainst that proud Paynim king[2] that works her teen: [been."
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have

"Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
Quoth he, "the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowéd foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace.[3]
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor done undo, (for vows may not be vain,)
Soon as the term of those six years shall cease,
Ye then shall hither back return again,
The marriage to accomplish vow'd betwixt you twain:

"Which, for my part, I covet to perform,
In sort as through the world I did proclaim,
That whoso kill'd that monster most deform,
And him in hardy battle overcame,

[1] Know not.
[2] "Paynim king;" these are the wars with Philip II., above referred to, which Spenser would have celebrated had he lived.
[3] Press, remonstrate.

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Should have mine only daughter to his dame,
And of my kingdom heir apparent be:
Therefore since now to thee pertains the same,
By due desert of noble chivalry, [thee."
Both daughter and eke kingdom lo! I yield to

Then forth he calléd that his daughter fair,
The fairest Un', his only daughter dear,
His only daughter and his only heir;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheer,
As bright as doth the morning star appear
Out of the east, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing near,
And to the world does bring long-wishéd light:
So fair and fresh that Lady show'd herself in sight:

So fair and fresh, as freshest flower in May;
For she had laid her mournful stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple thrown away,
Wherewith her heavenly beauty she did hide,
Whiles on her weary journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did wear
All lily white, withouten spot or pride,
That seem'd like silk and silver woven near;
But neither silk nor silver therein did appear.

The blazing brightness of her beauty's beam,
And glorious light of her sunshiny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the stream:
My ragged rhymes are all too rude and base
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchase.
Ne wonder; for her own dear lovéd Knight,
All were she daily with himself in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seen her fair, but never so fair dight.

So fairly dight when she in presence came,
She to her sire made humble reverence,
And bowéd low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, ere he thus had said,
With flying speed, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismay'd,
A messenger with letters, which his message said.

All in the open hall amazéd stood
At suddenness of that unwary sight,
And wonder'd at his breathless hasty mood:
But he for naught would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat great humbless he did make,
And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake;

"To thee, most mighty King of Eden fair,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The woeful daughter and forsaken heir
Of that great Emperor of all the West;
And bids thee be advizéd for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter link, in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

"To me, sad maid, or rather widow sad,
He was affiancéd long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False errant Knight, infámous, and forswore!
Witness the burning altars, which he swore,
And guilty heav'ns of his bold perjury;
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgment just do fly,
And them conjure t' avenge this shameful injury!

"Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or true, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O sov'raine prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread,
Ne ween my right with strength adown to tread,
Through weakness of my widowhood or woe:
For Truth is strong her rightful cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth so.
So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend nor foe, FIDESSA."

When he these bitter biting words had read,
The tidings strange did him abashéd make,
That still he sat long time astonishéd,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
With doubtful eyes fast fixéd on his guest;
"Redoubted Knight, that for mine only sake,
Thy life and honor late adventurest; [prest.
Let naught be hid from me, that ought to be ex-

"What mean these bloody vows and idle threats,
Thrown out from womanish impatient mind?
What heav'ns? what altars? what enragéd heats,
Here heapéd up with terms of love unkind,
My conscience clear with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witness, that I guiltless am!
But if yourself, Sir Knight, ye faulty find,
Or wrappéd be in loves of former dame,
With crime do not it cover, but disclose the same."

To whom the Redcross Knight this answer sent; [may'd,
"My lord, my king; be naught hereat dis-
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbraid
With breach of love and loyalty betray'd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately travell'd, that unwares I stray'd
Out of my way, through perils strange and hard; [clar'd.
That day should fail me ere I had them all de-

"There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest dame on ground,
Most false Duessa, royal richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wily skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betray'd, when least I fearéd ill."

Then steppéd forth the goodly royal maid,
And, on the ground herself prostráting low,
With sober countenance thus to him said;
"O pardon me, my sov'raine lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have been wrought by that false sorceress:
She, only she, it is, that erst did throw
This gentle Knight into so great distress,
That death him did await in daily wretchedness.

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"And now it seems, that she subornéd hath
This crafty messenger with letters vain,
To work new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twain;
Wherein she uséd hath the practick pain
Of this false footman, cloakt with simpleness,
Whom if ye please for to discover plain,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I guess,
The falsest man alive; who tries, shall find no less."

The king was greatly movéd at her speech;
And, all with sudden indignation fraight,
Bade on that messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoons the guard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait:
Who seeming sorely chaufféd at his band,
As chainéd bear whom cruel dogs do bait,
With idle force did feign them to withstand;
And often semblance made to scape out of their hand.

But they him laid full low in dungeon deep,
And bound him hand and foot with iron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keep.
Who then would think, that by his subtile trains
He could escape foul death or deadly pains?
Thus, when that prince's wrath was pacified,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,[1]
And to the Knight his daughter dear he tied
With sacred rites and vows for ever to abide.

His own two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His own two hands, for such a turn most fit,
The housling[2] fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
At which the bushy teade[3] a groom did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenchéd day nor night,
For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnise that day:
They all perfum'd with frankincense divine,
And precious odors fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great array:
And all the while sweet music did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the palace pleasantly,
Like as it had been many an angel's voice
Singing before th' Eternal Majesty,
In their trinal triplicities[4] on high:
Yet wist no creature whence that heav'nly sweet
Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
Himself thereby reft of his senses meet,
And ravishéd with rare impression in his sprite.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemn feast proclaim'd throughout the land,
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it here by signs to understand
The usual joys at knitting of love's band.
Thrice happy man the Knight himself did hold,
Possesséd of his Lady's heart and hand;
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seem to melt in pleasures manifold.

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile jealousy,
His dear delights were able to annoy:
Yet swimming in that sea of blissful joy,
He naught forgot how he whilome had sworn,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faery Queene back to return;
The which he shortly did; and Una left to mourn.

Now, strike your sails, ye jolly mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet road,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her load,
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repairéd have her tackles spent,
And wants supplied; and then again abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her intent!

[1] Bans. [2] Sacramental. [3] Torch.

[4] In their three hierarchies, with three ranks in each hierarchy.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest not only of English but of all poets, was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, on April 23, 1564. His father was John Shakespeare, who is called, in parish record and tradition, successively a glover, a yeoman, a gentleman and freeholder, a butcher, and a dealer in wool. John Shakespeare married Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, who was a gentleman of ancient family, and a considerable proprietor of land. William Shakespeare was the third child and the first son of a family of eight. He was educated at the grammar-school of Stratford, where he learned a little Latin and less Greek. It seems probable, from the knowledge of law-terms shown in his works, that there is some truth in the tradition that he served for a while as an attorney's clerk. At the age of eighteen he was intimate with Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a yeoman living near Stratford. This woman, who was eight years older than Shakespeare, bore a daughter in May, 1583, of which Shakespeare acknowledged the paternity by marrying the mother about six months before the child was born. Nothing is known of his life for six or seven years, except that two other children were born to him. In 1589, at the age of twenty-five, he was an actor in London, where he had probably been living for three or four years. He soon began to write plays, at first in conjunction with Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe. At the age of twenty-eight he was already distinguished as a dramatist. In 1593 appeared his first published poem, "Venus and Adonis," of which five editions were called for within nine years. It was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, an amiable and accomplished nobleman, who was exceedingly kind to the author, and, it is said, at one time made him a present of a thousand pounds, a sum equivalent, in those days, to five or six thousand in ours. In 1594 Shakespeare published "Lucrece," a poem which he also dedicated to Southampton. His earliest plays, written before 1592, seem to have been "The Taming of a Shrew," "King Henry VI.," "Titus Andronicus," "Love's Labor's Lost," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "The Comedy of Errors." Between 1595 and 1596, he probably wrote in the following order: "Richard III.," "All's Well that Ends Well," "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," "King Richard II.," and "The Merchant of Venice." From 1596 to 1600 was his most productive period. In it he wrote "King John," "King Henry IV.," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "As You Like It," "Much Ado about Nothing," "King Henry V.," "Twelfth Night," and "Hamlet." In the following thirteen years he wrote probably in the following order: "Troilus and Cressida," "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Cymbeline," "Timon of Athens," "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," and "King Henry VIII." "Pericles," published in his lifetime as his, was probably the work of an inferior writer, which he undertook to improve, and which shows some marks of his latest style. He wrote in all thirty-three plays, or thirty-seven if the separate parts into which some of them are divided be counted. He also wrote "A Lover's Complaint," a charming amatory elegy, and a miscellany of minor pieces called "The Passionate Pilgrim."

His sonnets, which were published in 1609, are one hundred and fifty-four in number, and are the best in the English language, perhaps in any language, though their fame is eclipsed by the splendor of his dramatic poetry. They were dedicated by the publisher to a "Mr. W. H.," whom he styles their "only begetter," and of whom nothing is really known, though it has been conjectured that he was William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. They seem to be addressed to various persons, some of them to a beautiful young man, others to a beautiful and faithless woman. A few belong to the class which may be called "occasional." But whatever or whoever prompted them, it is certain that they give us a better insight into Shakespeare's heart and character than any thing else he has written.

At some time between 1610 and 1613 Shakespeare left London forever, and took up his abode in his native town of Stratford, where he had purchased, as his residence, the largest and best house in the town, and where he lived as "a gentleman in easy circumstances" until April 23, 1616, when he died, at the age of fifty-two, tradition says of a fever. Little more than what we have stated is known of his life. In character he was deemed honest, sweet, and gentle, by the best of his contemporaries. In person he was handsome and dignified, with a large and well-shaped head. His body was buried in the chancel of Stratford Church, where there is a monument to him with a very poor bust.

The editions of Shakespeare's plays are very numerous. The earliest, known as the first folio, was published in 1623, seven years after the poet's death. It was carelessly printed, but contains the only authentic text. One of the most recent and convenient editions is that of Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, which gives the text very carefully and judiciously. It was reprinted in one volume in New York, in 1868, by D. Appleton & Co. There are several German translations, of which Schlegel and Tieck's is singularly excellent. The best French translation is by F. Michel, and appeared in 1840.

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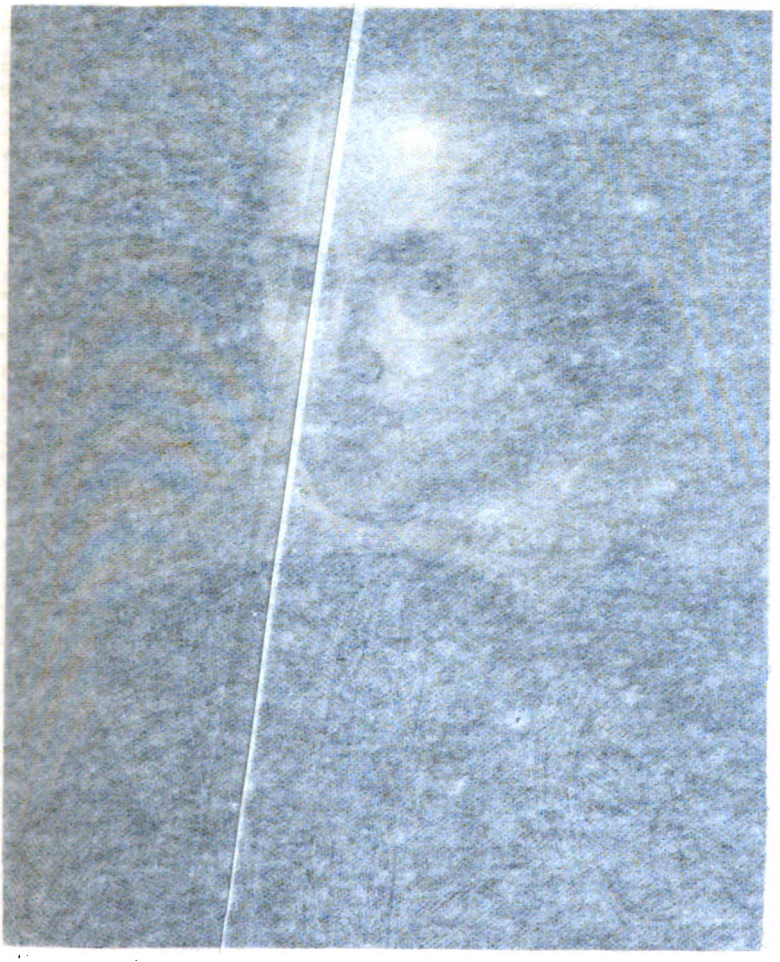

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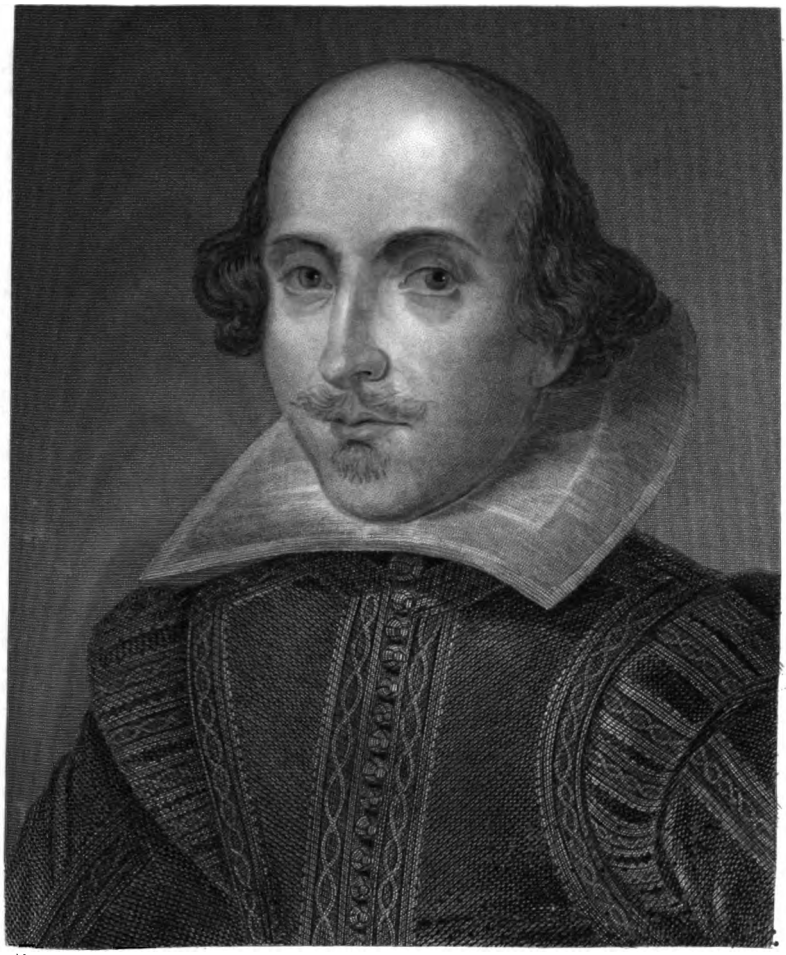

Martin Droeshout

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SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial [fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
The unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle word did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and barreness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low track, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly;
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.

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Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
  Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
  Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife:
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
  No love toward others in that bosom sits,
  That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire. [mind!
O change thy thought, that I may change my
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;
  Make thee another self, for love of me,
  That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
  She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
  Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
  And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
  Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease, [bear.
When your sweet issue your sweet form should
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honor might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold? [know
  O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you
  You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:
  Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
  Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment, [shows
That this huge stage presenteth nought but
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
  And, all in war with time, for love of you,
  As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay [rhyme?
With means more blessed than my barren

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Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset, [ers,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flow-
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion; [ing,
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in roll-
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in his huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee Time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.

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O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favor with their stars,
Of public honor and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honor most.
Great princes' favorites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

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XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
"Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy,
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honor me,
Unless thou take that honor from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?

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O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive),
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected:
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stray?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

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XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined [part:
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me; [move,
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart, to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast, [part;
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part: [laws,
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me
Till I return, of posting is no need. [thence?
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foizon of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

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LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds dis- [closes:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweeth deaths are sweetest odors made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by verse distills your truth.

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents [time.
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry, [burn
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall
The living record of your memory,
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity [room,
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill [ness,
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with ful-
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be [new
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which laboring for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child?
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?

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O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part,
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth to define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honor shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

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LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odor matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?

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Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name, [ceed?
Showing their birth, and where they did pro-
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

The glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain, [find
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behavior; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better us'd
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.

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Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter part shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say, *'tis so, 'tis true*,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate;
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight, [sworn.
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art for-
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory;
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss: [sorrow,
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force:
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

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XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But Heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expence;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;

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A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or color it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent,
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no color with his color fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words:
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone;
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

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CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what now to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection:
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favor, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up;
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

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CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings.
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge:
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time:
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:

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Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee:

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favor
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savor,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st!
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, thou delay'd, answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem;
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight,
Past reason hunted: and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream;
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.

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I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks treads on the ground;
And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure, that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigor in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake:
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckoned none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?

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In things right true my heart and eyes have
err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust.
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy
tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when
thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies:
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;)
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee;
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be;
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving;
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine impórtune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;

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I hate she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—*not you.*

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is:
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearring;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

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CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrowed from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distempered guest,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
While many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warmed:
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarmed.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

SONGS.

THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind—
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly;
Then, heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

COME AWAY, DEATH.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid!
Fly away, fly away, breath:
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh! where
Sad true-love never find my grave,
To weep there.

SONG OF THE FAIRY.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
These be rubies, fairy favors—
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

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NICHOLAS BRETON.

Nicholas Breton, whose monument may still be seen in the church of Norton, was born probably about 1555. Scarcely any thing is known of his life. He wrote many pastoral pieces, some of which are singularly sweet and pure, and several longer poems. A curious novel, in which the heroine's nose is bitten off by a rival of her husband, has also been imputed to him, but probably incorrectly. The poem here selected was printed in London in 1601. Its quaint solemnity gives it an interest which perhaps in our day, on strictly poetical grounds, it could not claim. Its original title was: "An Excellent Poem upon the Longing of a Blessed Heart, which, loathing the World, doth long to be with Christ." Breton died in 1624.

THE LONGING OF A BLESSED HEART.

What life hath he that never thinks of love?
And what such love but hath a special liking?
And what such liking but will seek to prove
The best to find the comfort of his seeking?
But while fond thoughts in Folly's pack are peeking,
Better conceited wits may easily find,
The truest wealth that may enrich the mind.

But since the difference twixt the good and bad
Is easily seen in notes of their delights;
And that those notes are needful to be had,
To see whose eyes are of the clearest sights;
Whose are the days, and whose may be the nights;
From the poor crutch unto the princely crown,
I will the difference, as I find, set down.

The worldly prince longs to increase his state,
To conquer kingdoms, and to wear their crowns,
A foreign power by forces to abate,
To make but footstools of their fairest towns;
And hates the spirits of those home-made clowns,
That will not venture life for victory:
But yet forgets that God should have the glory.

The worldly counsellor doth beat his brains,
How to advise his sovereign for the best,
And in his place doth take continual pains
To keep his prince in such a pleasing rest,
That he may still be leaning on his breast,
Thinking his hap unto a heaven so wrought;
But yet perhaps God is not in his thought.

The soldier he delighteth all in arms,
To see his colors in the field displayed;
And longs to see the issue of those harms,
That may reveal an enemy dismayed,
A fort defeated, or a town betrayed;
And still to be in action day and night,
But little thinks on God in all the fight.

The worldly scholar loves a world of books,
And spends his life in many an idle line:
Meanwhile his heart to heaven but little looks,
Nor loves to think upon a thought divine;
These thoughts of ours, alas! so low incline:
We seek to know what Nature can affect;
But unto God have small or no respect.

The poet with his fictions and his fancies,
Pleaseth himself with humorous inventions;
Which well considered are a kind of phrensies,
That carry little truth in their intentions:
While Wit and Reason falling at contentions,
Make Wisdom find that Folly's strong illusion
Brings Wit and Senses wholly to confusion.

The worldly lawyer studieth right and wrong;
But how he judgeth, there the question lies:
For, if you look for what his love doth long,
It is the profit of his plea doth rise:
There is the worldly lawyer's paradise!
He neither longs the right or wrong to see,
But to be fingering of the golden fee.

The cosmographer doth the world survey,
The hills and dales, the nooks and little crooks,
The woods, the plains, the high, and the by-way,
The seas, the rivers, and the little brooks:
All these he finds within his compast books;
And with his needle makes his measure even;
But all this while he doth not think of heaven.

Th' astronomer stands staring on the sky,
And will not have a thought beneath a star;
But by his speculation doth espy
A world of wonder, coming from afar;
And tells of times and natures, peace and war·
Of Mars his sword, and Mercury his rod;
But all this while he little thinks on God.

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The worldly merchant ventureth far and near;
And shuns nor land nor sea to make a gain;
Thinks neither travel, care, nor cost too dear,
If that his profit countervail his pain,
While so his mind is on the getting vein,
That if his ship do safely come on shore,
Gold is his God, and he desires no more.

The worldly courtier learns to crouch and creep,
Speak fair, wait close, observe his time and place,
And wake and watch, and scarcely catch a sleep,
Till he have got into some favor's grace,
And will all cunning in his course embrace,
That may unto authority advance:
But if he think on God, it is a chance.

The worldly farmer fills his barns with corn,
And ploughs, and sows, and digs, and delves, and hedges,
Looks to his cattle, will not lose a horn,
Fells down his woods and falls unto his wedges,
And grinds his axes, and doth mend their edges,
And dearly sells that he good cheap hath bought;
But all this while, God is not in his thought.

The sailor, he doth by his compass stand,
And weighs his anchor, and doth hoist his sails,
And longs for nothing but to get on land,
While many a storm his starting spirit quails,
And fear of pirates his poor heart assails:
But once on shore, carouse and casts off fear,
Yet scarcely thinks on God that set him there.

The worldly preacher talks of sacrifice,
Of sacraments, and holy mysteries:
Meanwhile he longs but for the benefice,
That should preserve his purse from beggaries,
Because he loves no worldly miseries:
For many a preacher that God's word hath taught,
Shows by his life, God lives not in his thought.

The worldly physician, that in sickness tries
The nature of the herbs and minerals,
And in his simples and his compounds spies
Which way to make the patients' funerals,
Or profit by his cures in generals;
Longs but to see how long they may endure;
But scarcely thinks on God in all the cure.

The worldly musician, that doth tune his voice,
Unto such notes as music's skill hath set;
Whose heart doth in the harmony rejoice,
Where pleasing consorts are most kindly met:
But still perhaps his spirit doth forget,
In all his hymns, and songs, and sweetest lays,
To think of God, or of his worthy praise.

The politician hath a world of plots,
In which his spirit hath especial spies;
Ties and unties a thousand sundry knots,
In which the substance of his study lies;
And many tricks his close experience tries,
How to deceive the world with many a wile;
But never thinks on God in all the while.

The traveller delighteth in the view
Of change and choice of sundry kind of creatures;
To mark the habits, and to note the hue
Of far born people and their sundry natures,
Their shapes, their speech, their gaits, their looks, their features,
And longs abroad to make his life's abode:
Yet haply never longs to be with God.

The painter in his colors takes delight,
And near the life to make the likelihood;
While only shadows do deceive the sight,
That take such pleasure in a piece of wood;
But doth not long for that same living food,
Which neither eye hath seen, nor heart conceived,
The God of truth, that never soul deceived.

The lover, he but on his lady thinketh,
And how to catch her in a kind content;
And looks, and leers, and trolls the eye, and winketh;
And seeks how thoughts in silence may be sent;
And longs to see the end of his intent:
And thinks himself a king, to get a kiss;
But where is God in all these thoughts of his?

Th' artificer that hath a work to do,
And brings his hand unto his head's device,
Longs till he see what it will come unto,
And how his pains hath profit in the price,
And having cast it over twice or thrice,
Joys in his heart: but scarcely hath a thought,
To thank his God, that him the cunning taught.

The churl that sits and champs upon his chaff,
And will not stir a foot from his barn floor,
Except it be among his bags to laugh,
He can the poor so with his purse devour,
Longs but to use the poison of his power
T' enrich himself, to bring a world to naught;
Shows that God never dwells within his thought.

As for those beggarly conditions
Of basest trades, that like to miry hogs,
Do show their spirit's dispositions,
In digging with their noses under logs
For slime and worms, or like to ravening dogs,
Long but for that which doth the belly fill,
Most of them think on God against their will.

These are the worldlings, and their world's delights,
Whose longing, God knows, is not worth the loving:
These are the objects of those evil sights,
That Virtue hath from her fair eyes removing;
These are the passions of Corruption's proving:
But they that love and long for God his sight,
In worldly trifles never take delight.

The prince, anointed with the oil of grace,
Who sits with Mercy, in the seat of peace,
Will long to see his Saviour in the face,
And all his right into his hands release;
(Whose only sight would make all sorrow cease),
And lay both crown and kingdom at his feet,
But of his presence to enjoy the sweet.

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The chancellor with heavenly grace inspired,
Where wisdom guides the lineaments of wit,
Although he hath to honor's place aspired,
His heart doth show it longs not after it;
His love desires a higher mark to hit:
For while he leaneth on his prince's breast,
His longing is, but with his God to rest.

The courtier, that is once in God his grace,
Whatever countenance in the court he bears,
His heart aspireth to a better place;
Which humble love doth long for with those tears
Which all to naught the pride of pleasure wears,
And never rests until his God he see,
With whom his soul in love doth long to be.

The soldier that hath fought the spirit's fight,
Will put off war, and long to live in peace;
And not in discord, but concord delight,
While gracious kindness makes all quarrels cease;
While patience doth all passions so appease,
That he shall find that soldier only blest,
Whose faith, in God, doth set his soul at rest.

The lawyer that hath read the laws of God,
And in his heart is touchèd with his love,
And knows the smart of the supernal rod,
Will one day work for silly souls' behove,
Who have their comfort in the heavens above,
Will leave all golden fees to see the grace,
That mercy's justice shows in Jesus' face.

The scholar that begins with Christ his cross,
And seeks good speed but in the Holy Ghost,
Finds by his book that silver is but dross,
And all his labor in his study lost;
Where faith, of mercy, cannot sweetly boast,
And love doth long for any other bliss,
Than what in God and in his graces is,

And such a poet as the psalmist was,
Who had no mind but on his master's love,
Whose muses did the world in music pass,
That only sung but of the soul's behove,
In giving glory to the God above,
Would all world's fictions wholly lay aside,
And only long but with the Lord to bide.

The cosmographer, that by rules of grace
Surveys the city of the heavenly saints,
Will never long for any earthly place,
That either pen prescribes, or painter paints;
But in the faith that never fails nor faints,
Will long to see in heaven's Jerusalem
The gracious God of glorious diadem.

The true astronomer that sees the sun,
And knows that God from whom it takes his light,
And in the course the moon and stars do run,
Finds the true guider of the day and night,
Longs but to see his only blessed sight,
Who sun, and moon, and stars their brightness gives,
And in whose face all brightness, glory, lives.

The mariner that oft hath past the seas,
And in his perils seen the power of God,
Whose only mercy doth the storms appease,
And brings the ship unto his wishèd road,
Will never long on earth to make abode;
But in the heavens to see that blessed hand,
That at his beck so rules both sea and land.

The merchant that hath cast within his mind,
How much the spirit's gain the flesh surmounts,
And by his faith in mercy's love doth find
The joyful sum of such a soul's accounts;
As to salvation of the whole amounts;
Will leave the world but on Christ's face to look,
Which all the faithful make their living book.

The farmer that hath felt his neighbor's need,
And found how God and charity are one;
And knows there is a better kind of feed,
Than grass, or corn, or flesh, or blood, or bone,
Will wish himself from his world's treasure gone,
Upon those joys to feed in mercy's bliss,
Where Christ his presence is heaven's paradise.

The true physician that doth know the natures
And dispositions of each element,
And knows that God created hath all creatures
Beneath, and eke above the firmament,
And over all hath only government,
Will only long that glorious God to know,
That gives the sickness and doth cure it so.

The soul's musician that doth find the ground
Of truest music but in God his grace,
Will think all singing but an idle sound,
Where God his praise hath not the highest place,
And only longs to see that blessed face,
Which makes the virgins, saints, and angels sing
An hallelujah to their heavenly king.

The preacher, that doth in his soul believe
The word of God, which to the world he teacheth,
And in his spirit inwardly doth grieve,
He cannot live so heavenly as he preacheth,
While faith no further than to mercy reacheth;
Would wish in soul to leave his benefice,
To make himself to Christ a sacrifice.

The politician that hath plotted much
In worldly matters, greatly to his gain;
Will find, if God do once his spirit touch,
Zaccheus' heart will have another vein
To climb aloft, and to come down again;
And leave all plots to come but to that place,
Where he might see sweet Jesus in the face.

Th' artificer that hath a work in hand,
And feels the grace of God within his heart;
And by the same doth surely understand,
How God alone perfecteth every part,
And only is the giver of all art,
Will gladly leave his work and long to be,
Where he might Christ his soul's work-master see.

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The painter that doth paint a dainty image
So near the life, as may be to the same,
And makes an ass unto an owl do homage,
While shadows bring the senses out of frame,
If God his heart once with his love inflame,
His pictures all will under foot be trod,
And he will long but for the living God.

The traveller that walks the world about,
And sees the glorious works of God on high;
If God his grace once kindly find him out,
And unto heaven do lift his humble eye,
His soul in faith will such perfections spy,
That leaving all that he on earth can see,
His love will long but with the Lord to be.

The churl that never chaunc't upon a thought
Of charity, nor what belongs thereto;
If God his grace have once his spirit brought,
To feel what good the faithful almers do,
The love of Christ will so his spirit woo,
That he will leave barns, corn, and bags of coin,
And land and life, with Jesus' love to join.

Thus from the prince unto the poorest state,
Who seems to live as void of reason's sense,
If God once come, who never comes too late,
And touch the soul with his sweet quintessence
Of mercy's gracious glorious patience,
His soul will leave whatever it doth love,
And long to live but with the Lord above.

Now to the tenure of that longing time,
That loving spirits think too long will last;
The maid new married, in her pregnant prime,
Longs till the time of forty weeks be past,
And blameth time he makes no greater haste;
Till in her arms she sweetly have received
Her comfort's fruit, within her womb conceived.

Thus forty weeks she labors all in love,
And at the last doth travail all in pain:
But shortly after doth such comfort prove,
As glads her heart, and makes all whole again;
So in her infant's pretty smiling vein,
Pleasing herself, that all her grief is gone,
When she may have her babe to look upon.

Penelope, at her dear love's departing,
In sober kindness did conceal her care;
Though in her heart she had that inward smarting,
That Time's continuance after did declare;
Where constant love did show, without compare,
A perfect passion of true virtues vain,
Longing but for Ulysses home again.

How many years the story doth set down,
In which she felt the gall of absence, grief:
When constant faith on foul effects did frown,
Which sought to be to charity a thief,
Of Nature's beauty the true honor chief:
Long languishing in absence, cruel hell;
But when she saw his presence all is well.

But if I may in holy lines begin,
To speak of Joseph, and his longing love
Unto his brethren, but to Benjamin
To note the passion Nature did approve,
Which did such tears in his affection move,
That well from thence the proverb sweet might spring,
The love of brethren is a blessed thing.

Well may I see the notes of Nature's grief,
In absence of the object of affection;
And longing for the substance of relief,
In presence find the life of love's perfection,
While eye and heart are led by one direction;
Yet all this while I do not truly prove
The blessed longing of the spirit's love.

When Mary Magdalen, so full of sin,
As made her heart a harbor of ill thought,
Felt once the grace of God to enter in,
And drive them out that her destruction sought;
Her soul was then to Jesus' love so wrought,
As that with tears in true affect did prove
The pleasing longing of the spirit's love.

In grief she went all weeping to his grave,
Longing to see him or alive or dead;
And would not cease until her love might have
Her longèd fruit, on which her spirit fed,
One blessed crumb of that sweet heavenly bread
Of angels' food, but of her Lord a sight,
Whose heavenly presence proved her soul's delight.

Midas did long for nothing else but gold,
And he was kindly chokèd for his choice;
Such longing love doth with too many hold,
Which only do in worldly dross rejoice.
But did they hearken to the heavenly voice,
Their diamonds should not so for dross be sold,
And they would long for God and not for gold.

Zaccheus, too long, longèd for such dross,
Till Jesus came, his spirit's further joy;
And then he found his vain did yield but loss,
While sin in conscience bred the soul's annoy,
And unto heaven the world was but a toy;
He left it all and climbèd up a tree,
To show his longing how but Christ to see.

And well he longed that so his love received,
Who sweetly saw, and kindly called him down:
His stature low, but his love high conceived,
Who so was graced by Mercy's glorious crown,
As having cause upon his sins to frown;
Forgave the works that did deserve damnation,
And filled his house with glory of salvation.

A blessing longing of a blessed love!
Would so all souls did love, and so did long;
And in their longing might so sweetly prove
The gracious ground of such a glorious song,
As kills all sin that doth the spirit wrong;
And sing with Simeon at his Saviour's sight,
"Oh now my soul depart in peace, delight!"

Oh blessed Simeon, blessed was thy love,
And thy love's longing for thy Saviour so,
Who wrought so sweetly for thy soul's behove,
As from thy prayers would not let thee go,
Till to thy love he did his presence show,

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Which made thee sing, when sorrows all did cease,
"Lord, let thy servant now depart in peace!"

"For I, according to thy word, have seen
The glorious substance of my soul's salvation;
Thy word, in whom my trust hath ever been,
And now hath found my comfort's confirmation!"
Thus did he make a joyful declaration
Of that sweet sight of his sweet Saviour's face,
That was the glory of his spirit's grace.

How many years he all in prayer spent,
For the beholding of his blessed love!
What was the issue of his hope's event,
And how his prayers did prevail above,
That so his God did unto mercy move,
As to his arms to send his only Son,
The story doth of all th' Apostles run!

He was well called, good Simeon, for that grace,
That God hath given the spirit of his love;
That love that longed but in his Saviour's face,
To see the blessing of his soul's behove,
And blessed prayer, that did truly prove
A blessed soul, that could not prayer cease,
Till Christ his presence came to give it peace.

So should all souls their love's chief longing have,
All souls I mean of every Christian heart,
That seek or hope both heart and soul to save
From hell, damnation, and supernal smart;
This is the love that, in the living part
Of mercy's power, shall find that blessedness,
That is the spirit's only happiness.

Nor can love look to limit out a time,
But now and then and evermore attend;
For he shall never to that comfort climb,
That will not all his life in prayer spend,
Until he see his Saviour in the end:
In whose sweet face doth all and only rest
The heavenly joy that makes the spirit blest.

Blest be the spirit that so longs and loves,
As did Zaccheus and good Simeon:
And from his faithful prayer never moves,
Until he find his life to look upon,
And in such love is all so over-gone,
That in such joy his heart and spirit dwells,
As having Christ, it cares for nothing else.

Oh blessed Christ, the essence of all bliss,
All blessed souls love's longings' chief delight!
What heart can think how that soul blessed is,
That ever hath his Saviour in his sight?
The sunny day that never hath a night?
Oh that my spirit might so ever pray,
That I might live to see that blessed day.

The day that only springeth from on high,
That high daylight wherein the heavens do live;
The life that loves but to behold that eye,
Which doth the glory of all brightness give,
And from th' enlightened doth all darkness drive:
Where saints do see, and angels know to be
A brighter light than saints or angels see.

In this light's love, oh, let me ever live!
And let my soul have never other love,
But all the pleasures of the world to give,
The smallest spark of such a joy to prove,
And ever pray unto my God above,
To grant my humble soul good Simeon's grace,
In love to see my Saviour in the face.

O face more fair than fairness can contain:
O eye more bright than brightness can declare:
O light more pure than passion can explain:
O life more blest than may with bliss compare:
O heaven of heavens where such perfections are!
Let my soul live to love, to long to be
Ever in prayer, but to look on thee!

But, oh unworthy eye of such a sight;
And all unworthy heart of such a love;
Unworthy love, to long for such a light;
Unworthy longing such a life to prove;
Unworthy life, so high a suit to move!
Thus all unworthy of so high a grace,
How shall I see my Saviour in the face?

All by the prayer of true penitence,
Where faith in tears attendeth grace's time,
My soul doth hope in mercy's patience,
My heart all cleansèd from my sinful crime,
To see the springing of Aurora's prime,
In those bright beams of that sweet blessed sun
Of my dear God, in whom all bliss begun.

And that my soul may such a blessing see,
Let my heart pray, and praying never cease,
Till heart and soul may both together be
Blest in thy sight all sorrows doth release;
And with good Simeon then depart in peace!
Oh then: but then, and only ever then,
Blest be my soul, sweet Jesus say Amen.

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SAMUEL DANIEL.

Samuel Daniel was born in Somersetshire, in 1562. He was the son of a music-master, and, under the patronage of the Pembroke family, was educated at Oxford, where he devoted himself to the study of history and poetry. He resided for some time with the Earl of Pembroke, and, after the death of Spenser, became "voluntary laureate" to Queen Elizabeth, but was soon superseded by Ben Jonson. During the reign of James he held an office about the court, and died in October, 1619. His poems are numerous, including one in six books on the "Wars of the Roses," several plays, and many short poems. They were for a long time neglected, but Wordsworth and other recent poets have praised them for their grace of language, in which respect he ranks among the best writers of his time.

TO THE LADY MARGARET, COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and weilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil!
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood, where honor, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right; the ill-succeeding Mars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails;
Justice, he sees (as if seduced), still [ill.
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be

He sees the face of right to appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colors, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires:
That the all-guiding providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appall not him, that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near allied to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as foredone.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses
And is encompassed; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceived; whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress,
And the inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes; he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepared
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learned this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compared
The best of glory with her sufferings;
By whom, I see, you labor all you can [near
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as
His glorious mansion as your powers can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment that hath carried you
Beyond the feebler limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inured to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

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Which makes that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain,
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secured within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than woman used to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better checked by being contemned,
Than being pursued; leaving to him to avenge
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemned
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all the aspects of misery
Predominate; whose strong effects are such
As he must bear, being powerless to redress;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

And how turmoiled they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence;
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and even deny
Dotage ner rest, and hardly will dispense
With death: that when ability expires,
Desire lives still—so much delight they have
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reckonings of their glory? And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepared, that fears no ill to come;
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumèd are,
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tuned mind,
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind,
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forced
From that most sweet accord, but still agree,
Equal in fortunes in equality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess;
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honored name
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

LOVE IS A SICKNESS.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that most with cutting grows,
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

Love is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And Jove hath made it of a kind,
Not well, nor full, nor fasting.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh-ho!

ODE.

Now each creature joys the other,
Passing happy days and hours;
One bird reports unto another,
In the fall of silver showers;
Whilst the Earth, our common mother,
Hath her bosom decked with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
With bright ray warms Flora's lap,
Making nights and days both even,
Cheering plants with fresher sap;
My field of flowers, quite bereaven,
Wants refresh of better hap.

Echo, daughter of the air,
Babbling guest of rocks and hills,
Knows the name of my fierce fair,
And sounds the accents of my ills:
Each thing pities my despair,
Whilst that she her lover kills.

Whilst that she, O cruel maid!
Doth me and my love despise,
My life's flourish is decayed,
That depended on her eyes;
But her will must be obeyed,
And well he ends for love who dies.

SONNET.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have a time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while,
And sport, sweet maid, in season of thee years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither,
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sighed for such a one!

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MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born in Warwickshire, in 1563, the year before Shakespeare saw the light in the same county. Very little is known of his life, except that in 1626 he was poet laureate. Nor is it known in what order his poems were published. The most important and best known is the "Polyolbion," in thirty books, describing England, her legends, antiquities, and productions. It is full of fine passages, and is so accurate as to be quoted as authority by antiquarians. Among his other works are "Harmony of the Church," a collection of hymns; "Pastorals," "The Barons' Wars," "England's Heroical Epistles," "The Legend of Great Cromwell," "The Muses' Elysium," "Nymphidia, the Court of Fairy," and "The Ballad of Agincourt." He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. An edition of his works was published in London in 1752–'53, in four volumes 8vo.

THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched toward Agincourt
In happy hour—
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power,

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun—
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain:
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear—
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone;
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses,

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With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew
And on the Frênch they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother—
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

SONNETS.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen, on either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes;
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

Love in a humor played the prodigal,
And bade my senses to a solemn feast;
Yet more to grace the company withal,
Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
No other drink would serve this glutton's turn
But precious tears distilling from mine eyne,
Which with my sighs this epicure doth burn,
Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;
Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul excess,
Straightways he plays a swaggering ruffian's part,
And at the banquet in his drunkenness,
Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest heart:
A gentle warning (friends) thus may you see,
What 't is to keep a drunkard company.

If he, from heaven that filched that living fire,
Condemned by Jove to endless torment be,
I greatly marvel how you still go free,
That far beyond Prometheus did aspire:
The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,
Which from above he craftily did take,
Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
He did bestow in temper of the mind:
But you broke into heaven's immortal store,
Where virtue, honor, wit, and beauty lay;
Which taking thence you have escaped away,
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before:
Yet old Prometheus punished for his rape:
Thus poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

Love banished heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
Wand'ring obroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess born,
Yet craved the alms of such as passèd by:
I like a man devout and charitable,
Clothed the naked, lodged this wand'ring guest.
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table
With what might make the miserable blest;
But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Enticed my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast his lodging on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel then though charity grow cold.

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Gerard Honthorst

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BEN JONSON

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BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson was the son of a clergyman in Westminster, where he was born in 1574, about a month after his father's decease. His family was originally from Scotland, whence his grandfather removed to Carlisle in the reign of Henry VIII.

Ben received his education under the learned Camden, at Westminster School; and had made extraordinary progress in his studies, when his mother, who had married a bricklayer, took him away to work under his step-father. It is said that Ben assisted at the building of Lincoln's Inn, having a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. From this humble employment he escaped by enlisting as a soldier in the army, then serving in the Netherlands against the Spaniards, where he gained some renown by killing an enemy in single combat.

On his return, Jonson entered himself at St. John's College, Cambridge, which he was shortly obliged to quit from the scanty state of his finances. He then turned his thoughts to the stage, and applied for employment at the theatres; but his talents as an actor could only procure for him admission at an obscure playhouse in the suburbs. Here he had the misfortune to kill a fellow-actor in a duel, for which he was thrown into prison. A letter from Henslowe, the manager, dated September 26, 1598, thus alludes to the affair: "Since you were with me I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly—that is Gabriel; for he is slain in Hoxton fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." During a period of sorrow and depression which followed, Jonson was converted to the Catholic faith, under which religion he continued for twelve years.

After his liberation from prison, he married, and applied in earnest to writing for the stage, in which he appears to have already made several attempts. His comedy of "Every Man in his Humor," the first of his acknowledged pieces, was performed with applause in 1596, Shakespeare being in the original cast; and thenceforth Jonson continued to furnish a play yearly, till his time was occupied by the composition of the masques and other entertainments by which the accession of James was celebrated. Dryden, in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," speaks of him as the "most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had," and gives a particular examination of his "Silent Woman," as a model of perfection. He afterward seems to make large deductions from this commendation. "You seldom (says Dryden) find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavoring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully. Humor was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanics." Jonson also composed two tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," both formed upon ancient models, and full of translations; and neither of them at first successful. But when he had thrown out from "Sejanus" the portions contributed by some associate now unknown, and remodelled the play, it was reproduced with success. Shakespeare's name as an actor appeared for the last time in the original cast of this play (1603).

In 1613 he went to France as governor to Sir Walter Raleigh's son. The "knavish youth" was too much for the poet, and on one occasion, Ben says, got him drunk, laid him on a car, and had him drawn by pioneers through the streets. In 1618 he travelled to Scotland afoot, and visited Drummond at Hawthornden.

In 1616 he published a folio volume of his works, which procured for him a grant from his majesty of the salary of poet-laureate for life, though he did not take possession of the post till three years later. As long as King James lived, he produced annually a mask for Twelfth Night. In putting these upon the stage he was assisted by Inigo Jones, the famous architect, and money was spent freely for costumes and properties. The cost of thus producing "Oberon," one of these masks, is recorded in the "Court Revels" as being £1,412 6*s.* 10*d.* With great intellectual endowments, he had many unamiable traits, having a high degree of pride and self-conceit, with a disposition to abuse and disparage every one who incurred his jealousy or displeasure. Jonson was reduced to necessitous circumstances in the latter part of his life, though he obtained from Charles I. an advance of his salary as laureate. He died in 1637, at the age of 63, being at that time considered the first of English poets. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where an inscription was placed over his grave, familiarly expressive of the reputation he had acquired among his countrymen: "O rare Ben Jonson." Aubrey says it was done "at the charge of Jack Young (afterward knighted), who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it." Six months after his death, a collection of poems to his honor, by a number of the most eminent writers and scholars in the nation, was published, with the title of "Jonsonius Virbius; or the Memory of Ben Jonson, revived by the Friends of the Muses."

Although, as a poet, Jonson for the most part is harsh, frigid, and tedious, there are some strains in which he appears with singular elegance and may be placed in competition with some of the most favored writers of that class.

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TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.

CAMDEN, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know—
(How nothing's that!) to whom my country owes
The great renown, and name wherewith she goes.
Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
More high, more holy, that she more would crave.
What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
What sight in searching the most antique springs!
What weight, and what authority in thy speech!
Man scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.
Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.
Many of thine this better could, than I,
But for their powers, accept my piety.

FROM CYNTHIA'S REVELS.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying heart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

FROM THE SILENT WOMAN

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd.
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

HAGS.

1. I HAVE been, all day, looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

2. I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad-dogs' foam, and the adders' ears;
The spurgings of a dead-man's eyes,
And all since the evening-star did rise

3. I, last night, lay all alone
O' the ground, to hear the mandrake groan,
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low,
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

4. And I ha' been choosing out this skull,
From charnel-houses, that were full;
From private grots, and public pits,
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5. Under a cradle I did creep,
By day; and, when the child was asleep,
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

7. A murderer, yonder, was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew, I clipp'd his hair,
I brought off his rags, that danc'd i' the air.

8. The screech-owl's eggs, and the feathers black
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purset, to keep Sir Cranion in.

9. And I ha' been plucking (plants among).
Hemlock, henbane, adder's tongue,
Night-shade, moon-wort, libbard's bane;
And twice by the dogs was like to be ta'en.

10. I, from the jaws of a gardener's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch,
Yet went I back to the house again,
Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

11. I went to the toad breeds under the wall
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes, I have brought (to help our vows)
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombs,
And juice, that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:
And, now, our orgies let's begin

EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she
Time shall throw his dart at thee

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ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honor, serve, and love; as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purpos'd her; that should, with even pow'rs,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she.

SONG

TO CELIA

Kiss me, sweet: the wary lover
Can your favors keep, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again: no creature comes.
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips, thus hardly sund'red,
While you breathe. First give a hundred,
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the tother
Add a thousand, and so more:
Till you equal with the store,
All the grass that Romney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars, that gild his streams,
In the silent summer nights,
When youths ply their stol'n delights
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pin'd

TO THE SAME.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear
Not of itself, but thee.

FROM THE SHEPHERD'S HOLIDAY.

NYMPH I.

Thus, thus, begin: the yearly rites
Are due to Pan on these bright nights,
His morn now riseth, and invites
To sports, to dances, and delights:
All envious and profane, away,
This is the shepherd's holiday.

NYMPH II.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground,
With every flower, yet not confound
The primrose drop, the spring's own spouse
Bright daisies, and the lips of cows,
The garden-star, the queen of May,
The rose, to crown the holiday.

NYMPH III.

Drop drop, you violets, change your hues,
Now red, now pale, as lovers use,
And in your death go out as well
As when you lived unto the smell:
That from your odor all may say
This is the shepherd's holiday

LOVE, A LITTLE BOY

FROM THE MASQUE ON LORD HADDINGTON'S MARRIAGE

FIRST GRACE.

Beauties, have ye seen this toy
Called Love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now; and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' run-away.

SECOND GRACE.

She, that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall, to-night, receive a kiss,
How, or where herself would wish:
But, who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

THIRD GRACE.

He hath of marks about him plenty:
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That being shot, like lightning, in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

FIRST GRACE.

At his sight, the Sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned;
Hell hath felt a greater heat:
Jove himself forsook his seat:
From the centre, to the sky,
Are his trophies reared high.

SECOND GRACE.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,

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Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And, if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

THIRD GRACE.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that out-brave
Dian's shafts: where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

FIRST GRACE.

Still the fairest are his fuel
When his days are to be cruel
Lovers' hearts are all his food;
And his baths their warmest blood:
Nought but wounds his hand doth season;
And he hates none like to Reason.

SECOND GRACE.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

THIRD GRACE.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys;
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

FIRST GRACE.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

SECOND GRACE.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, you'll not abide him.

THIRD GRACE.

Since ye hear his falser play;
And that he is Venus' run-away.

THOSE EYES.

Ah! do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Ah! be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Ah! do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distraught with fears—
Mine own enough betray me.

EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH L. H.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star!
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood!
Hear what late discourse of you
Love and I have had; and true.
'Mongst my muses finding me,
Where he chanced your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain:
"Sure," said he, "if I have brain,
This here sung can be no other
By description but my mother!
So hath Homer praised her hair;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise,
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows, bent like my bow.
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see!
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks of milk and roses;
Such as oft I wanton in.
And above her even chin,
Have you placed the bank of kisses
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripened with a breath more sweet
Than when flowers and west winds meet.
Nay, her white and polished neck,
With the lace that doth it deck,
Is my mother's! hearts of slain
Lovers, made into a chain!
And between each rising breast
Lies the valley called my nest,
Where I sit and proyne my wings
After flight; and put new strings
To my shafts! Her very name,
With my mother's is the same."
"I confess all," I replied,
"And the glass hangs by her side,
And the girdle 'bout her waist,
All is Venus; save unchaste.
But, alas! thou seest the least
Of her good, who is the best
Of her sex; but couldst thou, Love,
Call to mind the forms that strove
For the apple, and those three
Make in one, the same were she.
For this beauty still doth hide
Something more than thou hast spied.
Outward grace weak Love beguiles:
She is Venus when she smiles,
But she's Juno when she walks,
And Minerva when she talks."

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WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

William Drummond, who is said to have been the first Scottish poet that wrote in pure English, was born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, December 13, 1585. His family was one of the most ancient and noble in Scotland. His father, Sir John Drummond, was gentleman-usher to King James VI., and his mother was a daughter of Sir William Fowler, secretary to the queen. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and at the age of twenty-one was sent to France to study law. Four years later, in 1610, his father died, leaving him an independent fortune and the beautiful family-seat of Hawthornden. To this picturesque and romantic retreat Drummond retired, abandoning the law and devoting himself to the quiet pursuits of a country gentleman and a literary life. In 1616 he published at Edinburgh a collection of his poems, which gave him considerable reputation, and gained him the friendship of most of the leading poets of the day, among them Ben Jonson and Michael Drayton, with whom for many years he maintained a cordial and even affectionate correspondence. In the winter of 1618–'19 Ben Jonson showed his high regard for the Scottish poet by making a journey on foot of several hundred miles, expressly to visit him. Drummond made notes of the conversation of his distinguished guest, apparently merely as memoranda for his own use. The manuscript, however, was preserved and published after Drummond's death, and gave rise to much unfavorable criticism on both poets, Jonson having spoken with great freedom and some harshness of Shakespeare, Spenser, and other eminent contemporaries, while Drummond has been most absurdly censured for preserving notes of his talk, as if that were a breach of hospitality. The only fault of Drummond in the matter seems to have been that he made his notes too meagre. He might have rendered a great service to the world of letters, by recording at full length Jonson's remarks on the great authors of the Elizabethan age, with whom he was so intimately acquainted.

About this time Drummond met with a great calamity. A young and beautiful lady of honorable family, to whom he was engaged, died of a sudden fever on the day before that appointed for the wedding. His grief on this bereavement he expressed in many tender sonnets; and it has been said that he celebrated his dead mistress with more passion than many poets manifest to their living ones. To divert his sorrow he spent eight years in travel in Germany, France, and Italy, during which time he resided long in Paris and Rome. On his return he devoted himself again to letters, and wrote a history of the five Jameses of Scotland, comprising the period from 1423 to 1542. In 1630, at the age of forty-five, he married Elizabeth Logan, grand-daughter of Sir Robert Logan, a lady in whom he found or fancied a resemblance to his lost mistress. The rest of his life was spent in quiet happiness at Hawthornden, where he died December 4, 1649. His poems were collected and published at Edinburgh, in one volume, a few years after his death, and were reprinted at London in 1659. A complete collection appeared in folio in 1711. His versification is thought to resemble that of the minor poems of Milton, and his sonnets have been compared to those of Petrarch, with whose writings he was well acquainted, as he was with those of the other eminent Italian poets. They are distinguished by natural feeling, elevation of sentiment, and grace of expression. His "River of Forth Feasting," a congratulatory poem to King James on his revisiting Scotland, in 1617, at once became very popular. It has been pronounced "one of the most elegant panegyrics ever addressed by a poet to a prince."

THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
And seem to call me from my watery court?
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
Whence come these glittering throngs, these meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise;
What loadstar draweth unto us all eyes?
Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
To mock my sense with what I most desired?
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?

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Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
Then find I true what I long wished in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun does roll:
So after tempest to sea-tossèd wights,
Fair Helen's brothers show their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feathered silvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entrancèd rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
Let mother-earth now decked with flowers be seen,
And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green:
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they used to pour:
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rained when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day outweave;
May never night rise from her sable cave!
Swell proud my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are:
For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair.
Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and pray
Our floods and lakes may keep this holiday;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Ochil's snows:
Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne, tortoise-like, that flows;
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day;
Ness, smoking sulphur, Leve, with mountains crowned,
Strange Lomond for his floating isles renowned;
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
The snaky Doon, the Orr with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nith, loud bellowing Clyde,
Tweed which no more our kingdoms shall divide;
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curlèd streams,
The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their names;
To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests;
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival;
This day shall by our currents be renowned;
Our hills about shall still this day resound:
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.
To virgins flowers, to sunburnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amidst the main;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear Prince.

SONG.

Phœbus, arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red,
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Typhon's bed,
That she thy career may with roses spread,
The nightingales thy coming each where sing
Make an eternal spring.
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou was wont before,
And, emperor-like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishèd day,
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,
And fates my hopes betray,)
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair king, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise:
Nay, suns which shine as clear
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.
If that ye winds would hear
A voice surpassing, far, Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play,
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.
The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star:
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flowers are decked in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage[1] did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,

[1] Warbling: from *ramage*, French.

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Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honor doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends—
Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light—
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,
Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
May thee importune who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;
Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since Winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamored smiles on woods and flowery plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sighed forth, "I love, I love."

THE THRUSH.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winter's past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs—
Attired in sweetness—sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

SONNETS.

In Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And lively see how my best days are spent.
What clouds of care above my head are rolled,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent:
My course begun, I, wearied, do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told;
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controlled
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labor's end is grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
That only death shall be my last relief:
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In Time's great periods, shall return to naught;
The fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under Reason's power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move.
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,
Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth;
Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,
Which men divide unto the world set forth;
States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise
From frozen Tanais unto sunburnt Gange;
Gigantic frames held wonders rarely strange,
Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.
Nothing is constant but in constant change,
What's done still is undone, and when undone
Into some other fashion doth it range;
Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon;
Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,
Rise up, and steps unknown to Nature trace.

A good that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty fading like the April flowers,
A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure passing ere in thought made ours,
A honor that more fickle is than wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name;
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

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GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert, "Holy George Herbert," as he is often called, was born April 3, 1593, in the castle of Montgomery, in Wales. He was of gentle birth, and was a younger brother of Lord Edward Herbert, of Cherbury, the famous diplomatist and philosopher. George was educated at Westminster and at Cambridge, where "he consecrated the first fruits of his early age to virtue and a serious study of learning." He was chosen a fellow of Trinity College in 1615, and in 1619 was made public orator, which was then considered a very distinguished honor, much coveted by aspiring men, as it was a high-road to preferment at court.

Herbert for some years was a zealous courtier, and was high in favor with King James I., who gave him a valuable sinecure in 1623. But the death of that monarch in 1625, and of two of Herbert's most powerful friends among the high nobility, put an end to his ambitious hopes, and led him to take holy orders. The date of his ordination is not known, but in 1626 he was made prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln. About three years later he married Jane Danvers, after an acquaintance of three days, an instance of "marrying in haste" which was not accompanied by the usual result of "repenting at leisure," for the match proved an unusually happy one—"so happy," says Walton, "that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires."

In 1630 King Charles I. presented Herbert with the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury, where he remained during the rest of his life. He was a most exemplary and pious pastor, and was greatly beloved and reverenced by his flock. His career, however, was cut short by consumption, of which he died in February, 1632, at the age of thirty-nine. His life was written by Izaak Walton, the famous author of "The Complete Angler." His poems, which were very popular in his own day, are chiefly comprised in a series called "The Temple." Of this work twenty thousand copies were sold within a few years after its publication—a prodigious number for those days. This great popularity was owing not only to the poet's sweetness of fancy and vigorous sense, but to the fact that he is preeminently a poet of the Church of England. "His similes are drawn from her ceremonial; his most solemn thoughts are born of her mysteries; his tenderest lessons are taught by her prayers." During the last century his works fell into neglect; but in this more discerning age their high merits have been recognized, and George Herbert stands to-day among the foremost of the minor poets of England. His lines entitled "Virtue" are especially popular. There is a good edition of his poems, in one volume, in the Boston collection of the British poets.

MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man, to whose creation
All things are in decay?

For man is every thing,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more—
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute—
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie—
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed—
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws.
Musick and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being—to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

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Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation—
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink—above, our meat;
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In any path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sicknesse makes him pale and wan.
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast
So brave a palace built, oh dwell in it,
That it may dwell with thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit
That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,
And both thy servants be.

EASTER.

Rise, heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
Without delays
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him mayst rise—
That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art!
The cross taught all wood to resound His name
Who bore the same;
His stretched sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long!
Or since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied,
Oh, let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.

I got me flowers to strew thy way—
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And broughtst thy sweets along with thee.

The sun arising in the east,
Though he give light, and th' east perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With Thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavor?
We count three hundred, but we miss—
There is but one, and that one ever.

THE ODOR.

How sweetly doth My Master sound! — My Master!
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content
An oriental fragrancy—My Master!

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind even thrust into them both—
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master shall I speak? Oh, that to Thee
My servant were a little so
As flesh may be;
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more;
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet
My servant, as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweet'ning me,
(As sweet things traffick when they meet)
Return to Thee;
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring—
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivelled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown,
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power:
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour,
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is—
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

Oh, that I once past changing were—
Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline;
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone

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Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn
And the least frown of Thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again—
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing; O my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love—
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye!
Thy root is ever in its grave—
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie!
Thy music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
Because Thou art
My power and wisdom! Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that sweeps, Thy dust that calls!

Thou art the Lord of glory—
The deed and story
Are both Thy due; but I a silly fly,
That live or die
According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not Thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life; or let Thy gracious power,
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

AFFLICTION.

When first Thou didst entice to Thee my heart,
I thought the service brave;
So many joys I writ down for my part!
Besides what I might have
Out of my stock of natural delights,
Augmented with Thy gracious benefits.

I lookèd on Thy furniture so fine,
And made it fine to me.
Thy glorious household stuff did me intwine,
And 'tice me unto Thee.
Such stars I counted mine: both heaven and earth
Paid me my wages in a world of mirth.

What pleasure could I want, whose King I served?
Where joys my fellows were?
Thus argued into hopes, my thoughts reserved
No place for grief or fear:
Therefore my sudden soul caught at the place,
And made her youth and fierceness seek Thy face.

At first Thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way:
My days were strewed with flowers and happiness:
There was no month but May:
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, Thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses,
Thus does Thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here; what Thou wilt do with me,
None of my books will show:
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree;
For sure then I should grow
To fruit, or shade; at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet though Thou troublest me, I must be meek;
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change the service, and go seek
Some other master out.
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

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EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born at Coleshill, Hertfordshire, March 3, 1605. He was of an ancient and wealthy family, and his mother was a sister of the celebrated John Hampden. During his infancy his father died, leaving him an estate of £3,500 a year. He was educated at Cambridge, and entered Parliament at the age of eighteen. At twenty-six he married a London heiress, who died soon after. He then paid court to Lady Dorothea Sydney, to whom he addressed innumerable poems, in which he gives her the name of "Sacharissa," and also to Lady Sophia Murphy, whom he styled "Amoret." These suits being unsuccessful, he speedily sought and found a second wife elsewhere. In politics, as in love, Waller adapted himself to circumstances with the utmost facility. In the Long Parliament he acted with the party of Hampden, and was one of the commissioners to negotiate with the king; then he was won over by the royalists, and joined in a conspiracy to raise an open and armed resistance to Parliament, for which he was fined £10,000 and banished, after he had made an abject confession which sent three of his colleagues to the gallows. He spent ten years in France, living by the sale of his wife's jewels, and was then permitted to return. He at once became a flatterer of Cromwell; and after the restoration was quite as melodious in praise of Charles II. He reëntered Parliament, and remained in it until his eightieth year, one of its wittiest and most forcible debaters. He died at Beaconsfield, October 21, 1687. Waller was about the earliest of our poets who, without great genius, gave to their conceits and amorous strains something of the gracefulness of modern verse. One of the most striking and frequently quoted of Byron's images is borrowed from him; it is contained in the last of the poems here selected.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know,
What you unto Thyrsis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.
Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine.
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendor wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how easily I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly scal'd) does know!
Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to Heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavors to be priz'd:

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For women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppreat,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppreat
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigor here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise, and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear.
That these her guard of eunuchs were;
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame rememb'ring that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He strait resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind

OF THE

MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

Design or Chance make others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame,
And measure out this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy:
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow,
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death, that proffers love.
Ah! Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us:
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

A PANEGYRIC

TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

Of the Present Greatness, and Joint Interest, of his Highness and this Nation.

While with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits, still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your highness, rais'd above the rest
Storms of ambition, tossing us, represt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom

The sea's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law
To balance Europe, and her states to awe,)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succor, at your court;
And then your highness, not for ours alone
But for the world's protector shall be known

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land, that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And every coast may trouble, or relieve:
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

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As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So, what our Earth, and what our Heaven, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs,
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plow the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry, flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet: a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honor to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall, so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favor find the Irish, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;
While by your valor, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbor princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing, and to punish, loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both:
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
The only cure, which could from Heaven come down
Was so much power and piety in one.

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again, that well-born men may shine:
The meanest in your nature, mild and good;
The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage,
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage

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So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won,
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse:
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing.
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbor princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last, in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties, which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope;
And all an English pen can hope;
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate.
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty, if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love

THE STORY OF

PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE

APPLIED.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues;
With numbers, such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase, when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now, approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong
Attend his passion, and approve his song..
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays

SONG.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet, and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span

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Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to Heaven does climb:
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherd you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

ON A GIRDLE.

That, which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

TO ZELINDA.

Fairest piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth;
The power which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a prince!—Alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall!
Nor all appear, among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew
The sap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, through all the boughs is spread
But virtues, which in parent shine,
Make not like progress through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
The place does oft those graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps, or herd, had led;
He,* that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth:
They blow those sparks, and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies.
To the old heroes hence was given
A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven.
Of mortal seed they were not held,
Which other mortals so excell'd.
And beauty too, in such excess
As yours, Zelinda! claims no less.
Smile but on me, and you shall scorn,
Henceforth, to be of princes born.
I can describe the shady grove,
Where your lov'd mother slept with Jove,
And yet excuse the faultless dame,
Caught with her spouse's shape and name:
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd

* Alexander.

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JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in London, December 9, 1608. His father, who was descended from a wealthy Catholic family, had been disinherited for embracing Protestantism, and thereafter followed the occupation of a scrivener. He had considerable musical talent, and composed the psalm-tunes "York" and "Norwich." John was thoroughly educated, first by a private tutor, then at St. Paul's School, London, and finally at Cambridge, where he received the degree of Master of Arts in 1632. At the university he was noted for his skill in composing Latin verses. He then spent five years in retirement at his father's house in Horton, Buckinghamshire, studying the Greek and Latin classics. Here his best poems—"Lycidas," "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus"—were written. The last named was performed in 1634, at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then Lord-President of Wales.

In 1638 Milton travelled in France, Italy, and Switzerland. At Naples he was entertained by Manso, Marquis of Villa, the patron of Tasso. At Geneva he made the acquaintance of Spanheim and Diodati. He returned to England in 1639, and set up a private school in London. Two years later he engaged in the current controversies, and in 1642 published his treatises on reformation and church government.

In 1643 he married Mary Powell, daughter of a royalist of Oxfordshire, who found his studious life and quiet home a severe contrast to her former freedom and gayety. At the end of the honeymoon she went back to her father's for a visit, and refused to return. Thereupon Milton repudiated her, and published a treatise on "Divorce," and one on "The Four Chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage." He then began paying his addresses to a young lady, but an unexpected meeting with his wife ended in a reconciliation.

In 1649 he published a work justifying the execution of King Charles, and soon after he was appointed Latin secretary to the Council of State. In 1653, his wife died, leaving three daughters, and in 1656 he married a second, who lived but little more than a year. In memory of her he wrote the sonnet included among the selections which follow.

The learned Frenchman, Claude de Saumaire, having been employed to write a work in favor of the royal cause, Milton answered it by his "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," in which he displayed a command of logic and a genius for abuse which at once made him famous, both at home and abroad. The government made him a present of £1,000 for the service, while Saumaire's book was suppressed by the government of Holland, where it had been printed. Milton was an enthusiastic admirer of Cromwell, and remained true to him to the last, for which he has been severely criticised. After the restoration, his "Defensio" and "Eikonoklastes" (a reply to the famous "Eikon Basilike") were burned by the hangman.

About 1654 he became totally blind, the result of excessive study. On the publication of the Act of Oblivion, he married a third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and retired to a house in Artillery Park, where he set about the execution of a design he had long cherished and had confidently announced—that of writing a great poem which would be considered one of the glories of his country. He first contemplated writing it in the form of a mystery, then of a drama, and considered subjects drawn from British history, but finally concluded to make it a regular epic, on the fall of man; and "Paradise Lost" was the result. It was published in 1667, and he received £5 for it, with the promise of an equal sum when the sale should reach 1,300 copies.

The poem made its way slowly, but in the course of half a century had gained recognition as an English classic. Forty-five years after its publication, Addison analyzed and lauded it in a series of articles in the *Spectator*. In 1825 Macaulay made his *début* as an essayist with an elaborate eulogy on Milton and his poetry, especially praising "Paradise Lost."

On the other hand, the wits of the time laughed at the cumbrous epic. Waller remarked: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath written a tedious poem on the fall of man; which, if its great length be not accounted for a merit, it hath no other." In our own day, it has been taken in hand by M. Taine, who treats it with a true Frenchman's acuteness and lack of reverence. He says: "This Adam entered Paradise *via* England. There he learned respectability, and there he studied moral speechifying. Let us hear this man before he has tasted of the tree of knowledge. A bachelor of arts, in his introductory address, could not utter more fitly and nobly a greater number of pithless sentences. . . . This Miltonic Deity is only a schoolmaster, who, foreseeing the fault of his pupil, tells him beforehand the grammar rule, so as to have the pleasure of scolding him without discussion. Moreover, like a good politician, he had a second motive, just as with his angels, 'For state, as sovran king; and to inure our prompt obedience.' The word is out; we see what Milton's heaven is; a Whitehall filled with bedizened footmen. . . . Milton describes the tables, the dishes, the wine, the vessels. It is a popular festival. I miss the fireworks, the bell-ringing, as in London, and I can fancy that all would drink to the health of the new king. . . . What a heaven! It is enough to disgust one with paradise. We have orders of the day, a hier-

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archy, exact submission, extra duties, disputes, regulated ceremonials, prostrations, etiquette, furbished arms, arsenals, depots of chariots and ammunition. Was it worth while leaving earth to find in heaven carriage-works, buildings, artillery, a manual of tactics, the art of salutations, and the Almanac de Gotha?" In Disraeli's "Amenities of Literature" (vol. i.) some very striking resemblances between "Paradise Lost" and a work by Cædmon, a Saxon poet, are pointed out.

That Milton was a genuine poet is not to be doubted; neither is it to be disputed that in writing "Paradise Lost" he was overburdened with learning, and would have done far better if he had never heard of the "Iliad" and the "Æneid." With some fine passages, it is, on the whole, but a mass of absurdities which no license could justify and no genius could make beautiful.

In 1671 he published "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." The former he considered superior to "Paradise Lost." His last days were spent in poverty and domestic discomfort, and he died November 8, 1674, and was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate. A cenotaph was erected in Westminster Abbey in 1737.

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn, [holy!
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
Find out some uncouth cell, [wings,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles.
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;
And, if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free.
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern-gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighboring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savory dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

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Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade,
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong day-light fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she sed;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-laborers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold.
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give
Mirth, with thee I mean to live

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay notes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue,
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way:
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,

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Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Museus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortal good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high-embowered roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:
And, with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme. 10
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destin'd urn; 20
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose, at evening bright, 30
Toward Heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.

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Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fawns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn: 40
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows:
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? 51
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament, 60
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind) 71
To scorn delights and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove; 81
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea; 90
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain, 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs! 121
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed:
But that two-handed engine at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, 142
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the laureate herse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd.
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth

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Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head, 169
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing in their glory, move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more; 180
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals grey;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay: 191
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

COMUS.

THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.
COMUS, with his crew.
THE LADY.
FIRST BROTHER.
SECOND BROTHER.
SABRINA, the Nymph.

The chief persons, who presented, were

The lord Brackley;
Mr. Thomas Egerton, his brother;
The lady Alice Egerton.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT *descends* or *enters*.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted care
Confin'd and pester'd in this pinfold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants, 10
Amongst the enthron'd gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove 20
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep:
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30
A nobler peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted sceptre: but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood.
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40
But that by quick command from sovran Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard:
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe, 50
The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine?)
This nymph, that gaz'd upon his clustering locks
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd
Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60
At last betakes him to this ominous wood;
And, in thick shelter of black shades embower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drought of Phœbus; which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst:)
Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear, 70
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before;
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stye.
Therefore when any, favor'd of high Jove,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80
I shoot from Heaven, to give him safe convoy,

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As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky-robes spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid 90
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps; I must be viewless now.

COMUS *enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

COMUS

The Star, that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing towards the other goal 100
Of his chamber in the east
Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head.
Strict Age and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie. 110
Ye, that are of purer fire,
Imitate the starry quire,
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering morrice move;
And, on the tawny sands and shelves,
Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves,
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim, 120
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep;
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come, let us our rites begin;
'Tis only daylight that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report:—
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! to whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame, 130
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon woom
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air;
Stay the cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out;
Ere the babbling eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep, 140
And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.—
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees
Our number may affright: some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art) 149
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well-stocked with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course:
I, under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesy
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

THE LADY *enters.*

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds;
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swill'd insolence,
Of such late wassailers; yet, O! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favor of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed, 189
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labor of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish Night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That Nature hung in Heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find
What this might be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,

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Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And aery tongues, that syllable men's names 208
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honor unassail'd. 220
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new-enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell, 231
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the lovelorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where, 240
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment? 245
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night, 250
At every fall smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.—I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan; by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood
Lad. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo 275
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Com. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lad. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.
Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280
Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lad. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.
Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
Lad. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need
Lad. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom? 289
Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Com. Two such I saw, what time the labor'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came
And the swink'd hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colors of the rainbow live, 300
And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck
And, as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven,
To help you find them.
Lad. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Com. Due west it rises from this shrubby point
Lad. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet. 310
Com. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray attendants be yet lodg'd, 315
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,
I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.
Lad. Shepherd, I take thy word
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
In courts of princes, where it first was nam'd 325
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.—
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength.—Shepherd, lead on.
[*Exeunt*]

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Enter The Two Brothers.

El. Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair Moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades; 335
Or, if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
Of some clay habitation, visit us
With thy long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Sec. Br. Or, if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops, 345
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
In this close dungeon of innumerous boughs.
But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears. 355
What, if in wild amazement and affright?
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

El. Br. Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils:
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear
How bitter is such self-delusion. 365
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not,)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude; 376
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he, that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon. 385

Sec. Br. 'Tis most true,
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon-watch, with unenchanted eye, 395
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.
Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not;
I fear the dread events that dog them both, 405
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister.

El. Br. I do not, brother,
Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
Secure, without all doubt or controversy;
Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly banish squint suspicion.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength, 415
Which you remember not.

Sec. Br. What hidden strength.
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

El. Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:
She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbor'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity, 425
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very Desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades.
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meager hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time, 435
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone
But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is saintly Chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants

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Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence, 460
Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres 471
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.
Sec. Br. How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
El. Br. List, list; I hear
Some far-off halloo break the silent air. 481
Sec. Br. Methought so too; what should it be?
El. Br. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some neighbor woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber, calling to his fellows.
Sec Br. Heaven keep my sister. Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.
El Br. I'll halloo
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

[*Enter the* Attendant Spirit, *habited like a shepherd.*]

That halloo I should know; what are you? speak;
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.
Spir What voice is that? my young lord? speak again. 492
Sec. Br. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.
El. Br. Thyrsis? Whose artful strains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
And sweeten'd every musk-rose of the dale?
How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram
Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy 502
As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering wolf: not all the fleecy wealth,
That doth enrich these downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my virgin lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
El. Br. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
El. Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee briefly show.
Spir I'll tell ye: 'tis not vain or fabulous.
(Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance,)
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal verse,
Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520
Immur'd in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face: this have I learnt 530
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'en their supper on the savory herb 541
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sat me down to watch upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,
Till fancy had her fill; but, ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance; 550
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsy frighted steeds,
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd Sleep;
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was 'ware, and wish'd she might
Deny her nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear, 560
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death; but O! ere long,
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honor'd lady, your dear sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear
And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place, 570
Where that damn'd wisard, hid in sly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew,) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent lady, his wish'd prey;
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbor villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further know I not.
Sec. Br. O night, and shades! 580
How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot
Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?
El. Br. Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely; not a period

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Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,—
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd: 590
Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness; when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consum'd: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And Earth's base built on stubble.—But come, let's on.
Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven 600
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
With all the grisly legions that troop
Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise; 610
But here thy sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those, that quell the might of hellish charms:
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

El. Br. Why pr'ythee, shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
As to make this relation?

Spir. Care, and utmost shifts,
How to secure the lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing;
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out; 630
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
Unknown, and light esteem'd, and the dull swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly,
That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave;
He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition. 641
I pur'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true: for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you,
As (I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood, 650
And brandish'd blade, rush on him; break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground,
But seize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

El. Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee
And some good angel bear a shield before us

The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the* Lady *set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

COMUS.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster, 660
And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lad. Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

Com. Why are you vex'd, lady? Why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures,
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season. 671
And first, behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrops mix'd;
Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent 680
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
But you invert the covenants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms;
Scorning the unexempt condition,
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted; but, fair virgin,
This will restore all soon.

Lad. 'Twill not, false traitor! 690
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty,
That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falsehood and base forgery?
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute? 700
Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things:
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Com. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth 710
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green-shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk,
To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hutch'd the all-worshipt ore, and precious gems,
To store her children with: if all the world 720
Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd:
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
And strangled with her waste fertility;
The Earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark'd with plumes, 730
The herds would over-multitude their lords,
The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,
And so bestud with stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
List lady: be not coy, and be not cosen'd
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof 740
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavory in the enjoyment of itself;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
Beauty is nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply 750
The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts;
Think what, and be advis'd; you are but young yet.

Lad. I had not thought to have unlock'd my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler
Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false rules prank'd in reason's garb.
I hate when Vice can bolt her arguments, 760
And Virtue has no tongue to check her pride.—
Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
If every just man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly pamper'd Luxury 770
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid: for swinish Gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast
But with besotted base ingratitude
Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares 780
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery,
That must be uttered to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity;
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790
That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd:
Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear 800
Her words set off by some superior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,
To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more.
This is mere moral babble, and direct,
Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
I must not suffer this: yet 'tis but the lees
And settlings of a melancholy blood: 810
But this will cure all straight: one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise and taste.

The Brothers *rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance; but are all driven in. The* Attendant Spirit *comes in.*

SPIRIT

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape
O ye mistook, ye should have snatch'd his wand.
And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless: 819
Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
The soothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;

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Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen, 830
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers, strew'd with asphodel;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she reviv'd, 840
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river: still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals;
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils. 851
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
If she be right invok'd in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse

SONG

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting 860
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save.
Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By the Earth-shaking Neptune's mace.
And Tethy's grave majestic pace, 870
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wisard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Syrens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb, 880
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen, and save.

SABRINA *rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank, 890
Where grows the willow, and the ozier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request, 900
I am here
Sp. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile,
Of unblest enchanter vile
Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnared chastity:
Brightest lady, look on me. 910
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops, that from my fountain pure
I have kept, of precious cure;
Thrice upon thy finger's tip
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble venom'd seat,
Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:—
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste, ere morning hour, 920
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

Sabrina *descends, and the* Lady *rises out of her seat*

Sp. Virgin, daughter of Locrine,
Sprung of old Anchises' line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills,
That tumble down the snowy hills:
Summer drought, or singed air,
Never scorch thy tresses fair,
Nor wet October's torrent flood 930
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
May thy billows roll ashore
The beryl and the golden ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.
Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursed place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice 940
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needless sound,
Till we come to holier ground;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide
And not many furlongs thence
Is your father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish'd presence; and beside 950
All the swains, that there abide,
With jigs and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer:
Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky

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The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow town and the president's castle; then come in country dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, *with the two* Brothers, *and the* Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back, shepherds, back; enough your play,
Till next sun-shine holiday:
Here be, without duck or nod, 960
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise,
With the mincing Dryades,
On the lawns and on the leas

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble lord, and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth, 970
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual Folly and Intemperance.

The dances [being] ended, the Spirit *epilogueizes.*

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air 980
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing, 990
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can show;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound 1000
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd.
After her wandering labors long,
Till free consent the Gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010
Youth and Joy: so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb 1020
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The first Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his angels now falling into Hell described here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos: here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall; Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report in Heaven; for, that angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme

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And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favor'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty power,
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquish'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath! for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate,
At once, as far as angels' ken, he views
The dismal situation, waste and wild;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of wo,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell; hope never comes,
That comes to all: but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsum'd:
Such place eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began.
"If thou beest he; but O, how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy realms of light,
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin: into what pit thou seest
From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind
And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome;
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall: since by fate the strength of gods
And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven."
So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair:
And him thus answer'd soon his bold compeer
"O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual king
And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate
Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigor soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.
But what if he our conqueror (whom I now
Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpower'd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being

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To undergo eternal punishment?"
Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied,
"Fall'n cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labor must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil;
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destin'd aim.
But see, the angry victor hath recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of Heaven receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbor there;
And reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our enemy; our own loss how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what resolution from despair."
Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd; his other parts besides,
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretch'd out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head; but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others; and, enrag'd, might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy, shown
On Man by him seduc'd; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire;
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him follow'd his next mate:
Both glorying to have 'scap'd the Stygian flood
As gods, and by their own recover'd strength,
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.
"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime."
Said then the lost arch-angel, "this the seat
That we must change for Heaven: this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
Who now is Sovran, can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is best,
Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells. Hail horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor, one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"
So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
Thus answer'd; "Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth."
He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé

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Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On Heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire:
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'er-threw
Busiris, and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded. "Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of Heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chos'n this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
T' adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern
Th' advantage, and, descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf,
Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n." [sprung
They heard, and were abas'd, and up they
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake;
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires,
Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain.
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities,
And powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the Earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And devils to adore for deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand
While the promiscuous cloud stood yet aloof.
The chief were those, who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix
Their seats long after next the seat of God.
Their altars by his altar, gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
Abominations; and with cursed things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that pass'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipt in Rabba and her watry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next, Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
And Eleälé to th' Asphaltic pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; lust hard by hate;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who, from the bord'ring flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth; those male,

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These feminine: for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Astoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, queen of Heaven, with crescent horns,
To whose bright image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his worshippers:
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold!
A leper once he lost, and gain'd a king;
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;
Jehovah, who in one night, when he pass'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might:
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue; held
Gods, yet confess'd later than Heaven and Earth.
Their boasted parents: Titan, Heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
So Jove usurping reign'd: these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of bold Olympus, rul'd the middle air,
Their highest Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Doric land: or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
And o'er the Celtic roam'd the utmost isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to 'ave found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard; that proud honor claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurl'd
The imperial ensign; which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up-sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colors waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable; anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and instead of rage
Deliberate valor breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat:
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,

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From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil: and now
Advanc'd in view they stand; a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield;
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their visages and stature as of gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength
Glories: for never, since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes: though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander: he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness; nor appear'd
Less than arch-angel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the Sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the Moon.
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the arch-angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain:
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heaven, and from eternal splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth: at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

"O myriads of immortal spirits, O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change,
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet believe, though after loss
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custom; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall
Henceforth his might we know and know our own:
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favor equal to the sons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption; thither or elsewhere;
For this infernal pit shall never hold
Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
Full counsel must mature: peace is despair'd;
For who can think submission? War, then, war.
Open or understood, must be resolv'd."

He spake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke: the rest entire
Shone with a glossy scurf; undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
The work of sulphur. Thither, wing'd with speed
A numerous brigade hasten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with spade and pick-ax arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on:
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treasures, better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
And strength and art, are easily outdone
By spirits reprobate, and in an hour

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What in an age they with incessant toil
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluic'd from the lake, a second multitude
With wonderous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scumm'd the bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
By strange conveyance, fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to enshrine
Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fix'd her stately height: and straight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
And level pavement; from the arched roof
Pendent by subtle magic many a row
Of starry lamps and blazing cresets, fed
With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect; his hand was known
In Heaven by many a tower'd structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes; whom the supreme king
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos the Ægean isle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
By all his engines, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.
Meanwhile the winged heralds, by command
Of sovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
A solemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium; the high capital
Of Satan and his peers; their summons call'd
From every band and squared regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
Attended: all access was throng'd: the gates
And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the best of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were straiten'd; till, the signal given
Behold a wonder! They but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduce their shapes immense, and were at large
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferior to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honored and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence: and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires

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Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven, and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus display'd.
"Powers and dominions, deities of Heaven;
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heaven for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven,
Did first create your leader; next, free choice,
With what besides, in counsel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loss,
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in Hell
Precedence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Sdrer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assur'd us; and, by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak."
He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, scepter'd king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength; and rather than be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake.
"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumn not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat; descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late.
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
The event is fear'd; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd: what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,
We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which, to the height enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To less than gods. On th' other side uprose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Tim'rous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with persuasive accent thus began.
"I should be much for open war, O peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are fill'd
With arm'd watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light: yet our great enemy
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure.

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To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,
Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds; or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth
All these our motions vain sees, and derides;
Not more almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these torments? better these than worse,
By my advice; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us not offending, satisfied
With what is punish'd; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapor; or, inur'd, not feel;
Or, chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reason's garb
Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake.

"Either to disenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be best, or to regain
Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter: for what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord supreme
We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
And publish grace to all, on promise made
Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc'd Halleluiahs; while he lordly sits
Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrosial odors and ambrosial flowers,
Our servile offerings? This must be our task
In Heaven, this our delight! how wearisome
Eternity so spent, in worship paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state
Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create; and in what place soe'er
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
Through labor and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscur'd,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements; these piercing fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite

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To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and were; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark by chance
Or pinnace anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempest: such applause was heard
As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another field
They dreaded worse than Hell: so much the fear
Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
Wrought still within them, and no less desire
To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin: sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake.
"Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal virtues: or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtless; while we dream,
And know not that the king of Heaven hath doom'd
This place our dungeon; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under the inevitable curb, reserv'd
His captive multitude: for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
Irreparable: terms of peace yet none
Vouchsaf'd or sought; for what peace will be given
To us enslav'd, but custody severe
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven
Err not) another world, the happy seat
Of some new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
In power and excellence, but favor'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That shook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
Or substance, how endued, and what their power
And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmost border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset; either with Hell fire
To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: for whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal states, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
"Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate
Synod of gods, and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which, from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighboring arms
And opportune excursion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven: or else in some mild zone
Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air,
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world? whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy isle? What strength what art can then

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Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict senteries and stations thick
Of angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for, on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies."
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts and each
In other's countenance read his own dismay
Astonish'd: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
"O progeny of Heaven, empyreal thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demur
Seiz'd us, though undismay'd. Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light:
Our prison strong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
These pass'd, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?
But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
And this imperial sovranty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honor, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honor'd sits? Go therefore, mighty powers,
Terror of Heaven, though fall'n; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd;
And, so refus'd, might in opinion stand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose:
Their rising all at once, was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men! devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
That, day and night, for his destruction wait.
The Stygian council thus dissolv'd; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers;
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seem'd
Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less
Than Hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
And godlike imitated state: him round
A globe of fiery seraphim enclos'd,
With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their session ended they bid cry
With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Towards the four winds four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him, perplex'd where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conquest, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,

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And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th' Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthral to force or chance.
Their song was partial; but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense,)
Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy:
Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; or else deep snow and ice.
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But Fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, the adventurous bands
With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death,
A universe of death; which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three-folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring Moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd
For each seem'd either: black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began.
"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape

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That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven."
To whom the goblin full of wrath replied,
'Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons
Conjúr'd against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.
"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."
She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd.
"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee."
To whom thus the portress of Hell-gate replied,
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy gainst Heaven's King,
All on a sudden, miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth: till, on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All the host of Heaven; back they recoil'd afraid
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamor'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd
(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyréan; down they fell
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I also; at which time, this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy! I fled, and cried out *Death!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*
I fled, but he pursued, (though more, it seems,
Inflam'd with lust than rage,) and, swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Engendering with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.'
She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth
"Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys

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Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
The unsounded deep, and through the void immense
To search with wondering quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the purlieus of Heaven, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Lest Heaven, surcharg'd with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this or aught
Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odors: there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."
He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd; and blest his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire.
"The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."
Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost, where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage: for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with small,) that when Bellona storms
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city; or less than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathoms deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury stay'd,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail
As when a gryphon, through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.
At length a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,

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Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthron'd
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon! Rumor next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroil'd,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: "Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm; but, by constraint
Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
Confine with Heaven; or if some other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound: direct my course;
Directed, no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway,
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient Night:
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge."
Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd. "I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I saw and heard: for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep,
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and Heaven-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep residence: if all I can will serve
That little which is left so to defend,
Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first Hell,
Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell:
If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go, and speed;
Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."
He ceas'd; and Satan staid not to reply,
But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse, and, through the shock
Of fighting elements, on all sides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beset
And more endanger'd, than when Argo pass'd
Through Bosporus, betwixt the justling rocks!
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steer'd
So he with difficulty and labor hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labor he;
But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endur'd a bridge of wondrous length,
From Hell continued reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God, and good angels, guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn: here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmost works a broken foe
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude close by the Moon
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a cursed hour he hies.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his tempter, yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine justice: Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man: the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the angels to adore him: They obey, and hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering, he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes

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to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on mount Niphates.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.
Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure empyréan where he sits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye
His own works and their works at once to view:
About him all the sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
Beatitude past utterance; on his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son; on earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivall'd love,
In blissful solitude; he then survey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night
In the dun air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.
"Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversary? whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main abyss
Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems
On desperate revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,
Directly towards the new-created world,
And Man there plac'd, with purpose to essay
If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,
By some false guile pervert; and shall pervert;
For Man will hearken to his glozing lies
And easily transgress the sole command,
Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall
He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?
Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me
All he could have, I made him just and right
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
Such I created all the ethereal powers
And spirits, both them who stood, and them who fail'd;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,
Where only what they needs must do appear'd
Not what they would? what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When will and reason (reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
Made passive both, had serv'd necessity,
Not me? They therefore, as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge, and what they choose for so
I form'd them free: and free they must remain.
Till they enthral themselves; I else must change
Their nature, and revoke the high decree

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Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd
Their freedom; they themselves ordain'd their fall.
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
Self-tempted, self-deprav'd: Man falls, deceiv'd
By the other first: Man therefore shall find grace,
The other none: in mercy and justice both,
Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel:
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All Heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious: in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace,
Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:
"O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heaven and Earth shall high extol
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man,
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest son,
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though join'd
With his own folly? That be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
His malice, and thy goodness bring to nought,
Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish'd, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
Abolish thy creation, and unmake
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence."
To whom the great Creator thus replied.
"O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will;
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaf'd; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit, and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe;
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
All his deliverance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
Elect above the rest; so is my will:
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
The incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endeavor'd with sincere intent,
Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide,
My umpire, Conscience; whom if they will hear,
Light after light, well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste
But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not done; Man disobeying,
Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
Affecting godhead, and, so losing all,
To expiate his treason hath nought left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,
He, with his whole posterity, must die,
Die he, or justice must; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?"
He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
"Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost;
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring:
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreak all his rage
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die: yet, that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive, maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile
While, by thee rais'd, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcass glut the grave
Then, with the multitude of my redeem'd,
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return.

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Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,
Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied.
"O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrath! O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear
To me are all my works, nor Man the least,
Though last created; that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
Their nature also to thy nature join;
And be thyself man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
By wonderous birth: be thou in Adam's room
The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restor'd
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,
Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new light. So man, as is most just,
Shall satisfy for man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
Godlike fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man
Anointed universal King: all power
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, princedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
Thy summoning arch-angels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal: forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they, arraign'd, shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth.
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods
Adore him, who to compass all this dies:
Adore the Son, and honor him as me."
No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold:
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heaven remov'd where first it grew, there grows
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil d.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.
Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and, through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes
Thee next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines
Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heaven of Heavens and all the powers therein
By thee created; and by thee threw down
The aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
Thou drov'st of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,

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To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on man: him, through their malice fall'n,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pity inclin'd,
He to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For Man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love nowhere to be found less than divine!
Hail, Son of God, Savior of Men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin.
Thus they in Heaven, above the starry sphere,
Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
Of this round world, whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior orbs, inclos'd
From Chaos, and the inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatening storms
Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,
Though distant far, some small reflection gains
Of glimmering air, less vex'd with tempest loud:
Here walk'd the fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a vulture on Imaus bred,
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,
On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams;
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light:
So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
Walk'd up and down alone, bent on his prey;
Alone, for other creature in this place,
Living or lifeless, to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the Earth
Up hither like aëreal vapors flew
Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
With vanity had fill'd the works of men;
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or the other life;
All who have their reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, empty as their deeds;
All the unaccomplish'd works of Nature's hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mix'd,
Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here;
Not in the neighboring Moon, as some have dream'd;
Those argent fields more likely habitants,
Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
Hither of ill-join'd sons and daughters born
First from the ancient world those giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd:
The builders next of Babel on the plain
Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build
Others came single; he, who to be deem'd
A god, leap'd fondly into Ætna flames,
Empedocles; and he, who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the sea,
Cleombrotus; and many more too long,
Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.
Here pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek
In Golgotha him dead, who lives in Heaven;
And they, who to be sure of Paradise,
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominic,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguis'd;
They pass the planets seven, and pass the fix'd.
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talk'd, and that first mov'd:
And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems
To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues away
Into the devious air: then might ye see
Cowls, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
And flutter'd into rags; then reliques, beads,
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
The sport of winds: all these, upwhirl'd aloft,
Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
Into a Limbo large and broad, since call'd
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown
Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.
All this dark globe the fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wander'd, till at last a gleam
Of dawning light turn'd thitherward in haste
His travell'd steps: far distant he descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a structure high;
At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellish'd; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on Earth
By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, "This is the gate of Heaven
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flow'd
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from Earth, sailing arriv'd,
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which open'd from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promis'd Land, to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes
On high behests his angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land

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Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scal'd by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seiz'd, though after Heaven seen,
The spirit malign, but much more envy seiz'd,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds;
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He staid not to inquire: above them all
The golden Sun, in splendor likest Heaven,
Allur'd his eye; thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far; they, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb
Through his glaz'd optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compar'd with aught on Earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire;
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that, which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
Drain'd through a limbec to his native form.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run
Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
The arch-chymic Sun, so far from us remote,
Produces, with terrestrial humor mix'd,
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of color glorious, and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall: and the air,
Nowhere so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far, whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the Sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid;
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
Lay waving round; on some great charge employ'd
He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,
His journey's end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd:
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a color'd plume, sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd.
Admonish'd by his ear, and straight was known
The arch-angel Uriel, one of the seven
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land; him Satan thus accosts.
"Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honor to obtain, and as his eye
To visit oft this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wonderous works, but chiefly Man
His chief delight and favor, him for whom
All these his works so wonderous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the quires of cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell
That I may find him, and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces pour'd

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That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise;
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of Men
To serve him better: wise are all his ways."
So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heaven and Earth:
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though regent of the Sun, and held
The sharpest-sighted spirit of all in Heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus return'd.
"Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorify
The great Work-master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
Contented with report, hear only in Heaven:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep?
I saw when at his word the formless mass,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to their several quarters hasted then
The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire;
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That roll'd orbicular, and turn'd to stars
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course;
The rest in circuit walls this universe.
Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines:
That place is Earth, the seat of Man; that light
His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
Night would invade; but there the neighboring Moon
(So call that opposite fair star) her aid
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heaven,
With borrow'd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten th' Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot, to which I point, is Paradise,
Adam's abode; those lofty shades, his bower.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."
Thus said, he turn'd; and Satan, bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in Heaven,
Where honor due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel;
Nor staid, till on Niphates' top he lights.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sunbeam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve, sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O for that warning voice, which he, who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Woe to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scap'd,
Haply so 'scap'd his mortal snare: for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell:
Yet, not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The Hell within him; for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place: now conscience wakes despair,
That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view

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Lay pleasant, his griev'd look he fixed sad;
Sometimes towards Heaven, and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his meridian tower:
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began.
"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King:
Ah, wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I'sdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burthen then?
O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
O, then, at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore? Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign,
As Man ere long, and this new world, shall know
Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face,
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envy, and despair
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld.
For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calm,
Artificer of fraud; and was the first
That practis'd falsehood under saintly show,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge:
Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more than could befall
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanor, then alone,
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and over-head up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighboring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colors mix'd:
On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore

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Of Araby the blest; with such delay [league
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a
Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend,
Who came their bane: though with them better pleas'd
Than Asmodēus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamor'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
Satan had journey'd on, pensive and slow;
But further way found none, so thick entwin'd,
As one continued brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
All path of man or beast that pass'd that way.
One gate there only was, and that look'd east
On the other side: which when the arch-felon saw,
Due entrance he disdain'd; and, in contempt,
At one slight bound high over-leap'd all bound
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barr'd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
Thereby regain'd, but sat devising death
To them who liv'd; nor on the virtue thought
Of that life-giving plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had been the pledge
Of immortality. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
To all delight of human sense expos'd,
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted: Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden-mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears,
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers: thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspir'd
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye
Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
Mount Amara, though this by some suppos'd
True Paradise under the Ethiop line
By Nilus' head, inclos'd with shining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valor form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd

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Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd,
Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair,
That ever since in love's embraces met:
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down: and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labor than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of the Earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gamboll'd before them; the unwieldy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the Sun,
Declin'd, was hastening now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd sad.

"O Hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc'd
Creatures of other mould, Earth-born perhaps,
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath pour'd.
Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secur'd.
Long to continue, and this high seat your Heaven
Ill fenc'd for Heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn
Though I unpitied: league with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense: yet such
Accept your Maker's work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give: Hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings; there will be room
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wrong'd
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
Honor and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.'

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one.
Now other, as their shape serv'd best his end
Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn
By word or action mark'd: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close, then rising, changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
Grip'd in each paw: when Adam first of men
To first of women Eve thus moving speech,
Turn'd him all ear to hear new utterance flow

"Sole partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left,
Among so many signs of power and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,

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To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers.
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."
To whom thus Eve replied. "O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to Him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as the expanse of Heaven; I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me; 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platane; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half-embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her beauty, and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus 'plain'd

"Sight hateful, sight tormenting, thus these two
Imparadis'd in one another's arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire
Among our other torments not the least
Still unfulfill'd, with pain of longing pines.
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From their own mouths: all is not theirs, it seems
One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of Heaven by fountain side
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learn'd. Live while ye may
Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."
So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting Sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, pil'd up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd heroic games
The unarm'd youth of Heaven, but nigh at hand
Celestial armory, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sun-beam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the air, and shows the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste
"Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.
This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,
God's latest image: I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his aery gait;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscur'd:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade

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Lost sight of him: one of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep to raise
New troubles; him thy care must be to find.'
To whom the winged warrior thus return'd.
"Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sit'st,
See far and wide: in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here plac'd, but such as come
Well known from Heaven; and since meridian hour
No creature thence: if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleap'd these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."
So promis'd he; and Uriel to his charge
Return'd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath the Azores; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither roll'd
Diurnal, or this less volúbil Earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve. "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labor and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways,
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen.
And at our pleasant labor to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile. as Nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd.
"My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower
Glistering with dew: fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?'
To whom our general ancestor replied.
"Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the Earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total Darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life,
In Nature, and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.'
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bower: it was a place
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf: on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower.
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin, [wrought:
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more color'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
Espous'd Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed;
And heavenly quires the hymenean sung,

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What day the genial angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus, at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, Earth, and Heaven,
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."
This said unanimous, and other rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower
Handed they went; and, eas'd the putting off
These troublesome disguises which we wear,
Straight side by side were laid; nor turn'd, I ween,
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
Mysterious of connubial love refus'd:
Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man?
Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous Lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept,
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.
Now had Night measur'd with her shadowy cone
Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
And from their ivory port the cherubim,
Forth issuing at the accustom'd hour, stood arm'd
To their night watches in warlike parade;
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake.
"Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north
Our circuit meets full west." As flame they part
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear
From these two strong and subtle spirits he call'd
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
"Ithuriel and Zephon, with wing'd speed
Search through this garden, leave unsearch'd no nook;
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
This evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd,
Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) escap'd
The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt:
Such, where ye find seize fast, and hither bring."
So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the Moon; these to the bower direct
In search of whom they sought: him there they found
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surpris'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun some magazine to store
Against a rumor'd war, the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the air:
So started up in his own shape the fiend.
Back stept those two fair angels, half amaz'd
So sudden to behold the grisly king;
Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.
"Which of those rebel spirits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison? and, transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait,
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?"
"Know ye not then," said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
"Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar:
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng; or if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain."
To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn.
"Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminish'd brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright and pure
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, be sure, shall give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm."
So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace

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Invincible: abash'd the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely; saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impair'd; yet seem'd
Undaunted. "If I must contend," said he,
"Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost." "Thy fear," said Zephon bold,
"Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against the wicked, and thence weak."
The fiend replied not, overcome with rage;
But, like a proud steed rein'd, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb: to strive or fly
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismay'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron join'd,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriël, from the front thus call'd aloud.
"O friends! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor seems the prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours."
He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd,
And brief related whom they brought, where found,
How busied, in what form and posture couch'd.
To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake.
"Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?"
To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow.
"Gabriel! thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question ask'd
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doom'd? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
Dole with delight, which in this place I sought;
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,
But evil hast not tried: and wilt object
His will who bound us? Let him surer bar
His iron gates, if he intends our stay
In that dark durance: thus much what was ask'd.
The rest is true, they found me where they say;
But that implies not violence or harm."
Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied.
"O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
And now returns him from his prison scap'd,
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicens'd from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd;
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However, and to 'scape his punishment!
So judge thou still, presumptuous! till the wrath,
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok'd.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they
Less hardy to endure? courageous chief!
The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."
To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:
"Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,
Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behoves
From hard assays and ill successes past
A faithful leader, not to hazard all
Through ways of danger by himself untried.
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new-created world, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on Earth, or in mid air;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight."
To whom the warrior-angel soon replied,
"To say and straight unsay, pretending first
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
Argues no leader but a liar trac'd,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
Was this your discipline and faith engag'd
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?
And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilely ador'd
Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
But mark what I aread thee now: Avaunt!
Fly thither whence thou fledst! If from this hour
Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,
Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
The facile gates of Hell too slightly barr'd."
So threaten'd he; but Satan to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied.
"Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
Proud limitary cherub! but ere then
Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,
Us'd to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the road of Heaven star-pav'd."
While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, as thick as when a field
Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind
Sways them; the careful plowman doubting stands

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Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremov'd:
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat Horror plum'd; nor wanted in his grasp
What seem'd both spear and shield: now dreadful deeds
Might have ensued, nor only Paradise
In this commotion, but the starry cope
Of Heaven perhaps, or all the elements
At least had gone to wrack, disturb'd and torn
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
Wherein all things created first he weigh'd,
The pendulous round Earth with balanc'd air
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms: in these he put two weights,
The sequel each of parting and of fight:
The latter quick up-flew, and kick'd the beam;
Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend.
"Satan I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;
Neither our own, but given: what folly then
To boast what arms can do! since thine no more
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign;
Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how weak
If thou resist." The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day-labors: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described; his coming discerned by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; their discourse at table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd; for his sleep
Was aery-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapors bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he, on his side,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamor'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: "Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight!
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her colors, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake.
"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My glory, my perfection! glad I see
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night
(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,
If dream'd, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksome night: methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice; I thought it thine: it said,
'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song: now reigns
Full-orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things; in vain,
If none regard: Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire?
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.'
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not;
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge: fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day:
And, as I wondering look'd, beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heaven
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distill'd
Ambrosia; on that tree he also gaz'd;
And 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharg'd
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
Nor God, nor Man? Is knowledge so despis'd?
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good; why else set here?'
This said, he paus'd not, but with venturous arm
He pluck'd, he tasted; me damp horror chill'd
At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold:
But he thus, overjoy'd; 'O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt
Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
For gods, yet able to make gods of men:
And why not gods of men; since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honor'd more?

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Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve
Partake thou also; happy though thou art
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be:
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyself a goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the air, as we, sometimes
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd: the pleasant savory smell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondering at my flight and change
To this high exaltation: suddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
And fell asleep; but O, how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream!" Thus Eve her night
Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad.
"Best image of myself, and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbor none,
Created pure. But know, that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief, among these Fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things,
Which the five watchful senses represent,
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell, when nature rests.
Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams;
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange: yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,
That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
And let us to our fresh employments rise
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,
Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store."
So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd;
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who, scarce up-risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd, or sung
Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began.
"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet those declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven.
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky, or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the World's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise
Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That singing up to Heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise
Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!"
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon, and wonted calm
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flowers; where any row

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Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employ'd beheld
With pity Heaven's high King, and to him call'd
Raphaël, the sociable spirit, that deign'd
To travel with Tobias, and secur'd
His marriage with the seventimes-wedded maid.
"Raphaël," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan, from Hell 'scap'd through the darksome gulf,
Hath rais'd in Paradise; and how disturb'd
This night the human pair; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retir'd,
To respite his day-labor with repast,
Or with repose: and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal
His danger, and from whom; what enemy,
Late fall'n himself from Heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;
But by deceit and lies: this let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd."
So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfill'd
All justice: nor delay'd the winged saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand celestial ardors, where he stood
Veil'd with his gorgeous wings up springing light
Flew through the midst of Heaven; the angelic quires,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road; till, at the gate
Of Heaven arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sovran Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interpos'd, however small, he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crown'd
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd lands and regions in the Moon:
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air; till, within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phœnix, gaz'd by all, as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his relics in the Sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph wing'd: six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colors dipt in Heaven, the third his feet
Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the band
Of angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honor rise;
For on some message high they guess'd him bound.
Their glittering tents he pass'd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odors, cassia, nard, and balm;
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
Him through the spicy forest onward come
Adam discern'd, as in the door he sat
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs:
And Eve within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner savory fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam call'd.
"Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; some great behest from Heaven
To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
And, what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
Abundance, fit to honor and receive
Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestow'd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare."
To whom thus Eve. "Adam, Earth's hallow'd mould,
Of God inspir'd! small store will serve, where store
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
To entertain our angel-guest as he
Beholding shall confess, that here on Earth
God hath dispers'd his bounties as in Heaven."
So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to choose for delicacy best,
What order so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth, all bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinóus reign'd, fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels press'd
She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold

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Wants her fit vessels pure; then strows the ground
With rose and odors from the shrub unfum'd.
Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmear'd with gold,
Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
Nearer his presence Adam, though not aw'd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior nature, bowing low,
Thus said. "Native of Heaven, for other place
None can than Heaven such glorious shape contain;
Since, by descending from the thrones above,
Those happy places thou hast deign'd awhile
To want, and honor these, vouchsafe with us
Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more cool decline."
Whom thus the angelic virtue answer'd mild.
"Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though spirits of Heaven,
To visit thee; lead on then where thy bower
O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge
They came, that like Pomona's arbor smil'd,
With flowerets deck'd, and fragrant smells; but Eve,
Undeck'd save with herself more lovely fair
Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feign'd
Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven; no veil
She needed, virtue-proof; no thought infirm
Alter'd her cheek. On whom the angel Hail
Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve.
"Hail, Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heap'd this table."—Rais'd of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn, pil'd, though Spring and Autumn here
Danc'd hand in hand. Awhile discourse they hold;
No fear lest dinner cool; when thus began
Our author. "Heavenly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
The Earth to yield; unsavory food perhaps
To spiritual natures; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all."
To whom the angel. "Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food; and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustain'd and fed: of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapors not yet into her substance turn'd.
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the Ocean. Though in Heaven the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of theologians; but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
Minister'd naked, and their flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
Enamor'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
Was understood, the injur'd lover's Hell.
Thus when with meats and drinks they had suffic'd
Not burthen'd nature, sudden mind arose
In Adam, not to let the occasion pass
Given him by this great conference to know
Of things above his world, and of their being
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so far; whose radiant forms,
Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far
Exceeded human: and his wary speech
Thus to the empyreal minister he fram'd.
"Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favor, in this honor done to man;
Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsaf'd
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?"
To whom the winged hierarch replied.
"O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Endued with various forms, various degree
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
But more refin'd, more spirituous, and pure
As nearer to him plac'd, or nearer tending
Each in their several active spheres assign'd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportion'd to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aery, last the bright consummate flower
Spirits odórous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
To vital spirits aspire, to animal.

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To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being,
Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
To proper substance. Time may come, when men
With angels may participate, and find
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and, wing'd, ascend
Ethereal, as we: or may, at choice,
Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire,
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happy state
Can comprehend, incapable of more."

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied.
"O favorable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
From centre to circumference; whereon,
In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution join'd, If ye be found
Obedient? Can we want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert,
Who form'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the angel. "Son of Heaven and Earth,
Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself.
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
This was that caution given thee, be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere
He left it in thy power; ordain'd thy will
By nature free, not over-rul'd by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose?
Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happy state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
On other surety none: freely we serve,
Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heaven to deepest Hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"

To whom our great progenitor. "Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
Divine instructer, I have heard, than when
Cherubic songs by night from neighboring hills
Aërial music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free;
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our Maker, and obey him whose command
Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me, and still assure: though what thou tell'st
Hath pass'd in Heaven, some doubts within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
Hath finish'd half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great zone of Heaven.'

Thus Adam made request: and Raphaël,
After short pause assenting, thus began.

"High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard: for how shall I relate
To human sense the invisible exploits
Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispens'd; and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best; though what if Earth
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on Earth is thought?

"As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
Reign'd where these Heavens now roll, where Earth now rests
Upon her centre pois'd; when on a day
(For time, though in eternity, applied
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future,) on such day
As Heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host
Of angels by imperial summons call'd,
Innumerable before the Almighty's throne,
Forthwith, from all the ends of Heaven, appear'd
Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanc'd,
Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,
By whom in bliss embosom'd sat the Son,
Amidst as from a flaming mount, whose top
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

"'Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers,
Hear my decree, which unrevok'd shall stand.
This day I have begot whom I declare
My only Son and on this holy hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord
Under his great vicegerent reign abide
United, as one individual soul,
For ever happy: him who disobeys,
Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulf'd his place
Ordain'd without redemption, without end.'

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
All seem'd well pleas'd; all seem'd, but were not all
That day, as other solemn days, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred hill:
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere

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Of planets, and of fix'd, in all her wheels
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem;
And in their motions Harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted. Evening now approach'd,
(For we have also our evening and our morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need;)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous; all in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With angel's food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.
On flowers repos'd and with fresh flowerets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy, secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who shower'd
With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had chang'd
To grateful twilight, (for night comes not there
In darker veil,) and roseate dews dispos'd
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest;
Wide over all the plain, and wider far
Than all this globous Earth in plain outspread,
(Such are the courts of God,) the angelic throng
Dispers'd in bands and files, their camp extend
By living streams among the trees of life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden rear'd,
Celestial tabernacles, where they slept [course
Fann'd with cool winds; save those, who, in their
Melodious hymns about the sovran throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heaven; he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power,
In favor and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honor'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd.
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey'd, the throne supreme,
Contemptuous; and his next subordinate
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:
"'Sleep'st thou, companion dear? What sleep can close
Thy eyelids? and remember'st what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath pass'd the lips
Of Heaven's Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one: how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seb'st impos'd;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new counsels, to debate
What doubtful may ensue: more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banners wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.'
"So spake the false archangel, and infus'd
Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate: he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers,
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night
Now ere dim night had disencumber'd Heaven
The great hierarchal standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integrity: but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of their great potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his decree in Heaven,
His countenance, as the morning-star that guides
The starry flock, allur'd them, and with lies
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's host.
Meanwhile the Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
And from within the golden lamps that burn
Nightly before him, saw without their light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high decree;
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said.
"'Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of deity or empire: such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north:
Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
In battle, what our power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all employ
In our defence; lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.'
"To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear
Lightening divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. 'Mighty Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
Laugh'st at their vain designs and tumults vain,
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
Illustrates, when they see all regal power
Given me to quell their pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven."
"So spake the Son; but Satan, with his powers
Far was advanc'd on winged speed; an host
Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they pass'd, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
In their triple degrees; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretch'd into longitude; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the north
They came; and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers

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From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold;
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted,) which not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd;
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending, so commanded, to consult
About the great reception of their king,
Thither to come, and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:
"'Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;
If these magnific titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself engross'd
All power, and us eclips'd under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult how we may best,
With what may be devis'd of honors new,
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!
Too much to one! but double how endur'd,
To one, and to his image now proclaim'd?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of Heaven possess'd before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
Who can in reason then, or right, assume
Monarchy over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendor less,
In freedom equal? or can introduce
Law and edict on us, who without law
Err not? much less for this to be our lord,
And look for adoration, to the abuse
Of those imperial titles, which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve.'
"Thus far his bold discourse without control
Had audience: when among the seraphim
Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal ador'd
The Deity, and divine commands obey'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.
"'O argument blasphémous, false and proud!
Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
In place thyself so high above thy peers.
Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
The just decree of God, pronounc'd and sworn,
That to his only Son, by right endued
With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven
Shall bend the knee, and in that honor due
Confess him rightful king? unjust, thou say'st,
Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
And equal over equals to let reign,
One over all with unsucceeded power.
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute
With him the points of liberty, who made [Heaven
Thee what thou art, and form'd the powers of
Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd their being?
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
And of our good and of our dignity
How provident he is; how far from thought
To make us less, bent rather to exalt
Our happy state, under one head more near
United. But to grant it thee unjust,
That equal over equals monarch reign:
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,
Or all angelic nature join'd in one,
Equal to him begotten son? by whom,
As by his word, the Mighty Father made
All things, even thee; and all the spirits of Heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crown'd them with glory, and to their glory nam'd
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers
Essential powers; nor by his reign obscur'd,
But more illustrious made; since he the head
One of our number thus reduc'd becomes;
His laws our laws; all honor to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease
The incensed Father, and the incensed Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.'
"So spake the fervent angel; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash: whereat rejoic'd
The apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied.
That we were form'd then, say'st thou? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferr'd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrine which we would know whence learn'd, who saw
When this creation was? remember'st thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
By our own quickening power, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native Heaven, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own: our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt the almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to the anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'
"He said; and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite host: nor less for that
The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answer'd bold
"'O alienate from God, O spirit accurs'd,
Forsaken of all good! I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment; henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsaf'd; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall:
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know

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"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence feared aught;
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud towers to swift destruction doom'd."

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphaël continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described: Satan and his powers retire under night: he calls a council; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan: yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory: he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down, with horror and confusion, into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

"All night the dreadless angel, unpursued,
Through Heaven's wide champain held his way; till Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where Light and Darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the Heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here: and now went forth the Morn,
Such as in highest Heaven, array'd in gold
Empyreal; from before her vanish'd Night,
Shot through with orient beams; when all the plain,
Cover'd with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
War he perceiv'd, war in procinct; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mix'd
Among those friendly powers, who him receiv'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fall'n yet one,
Return'd not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard.
"'Servant of God, well done; well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintain'd
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms;
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though worlds
Judg'd thee perverse: the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return.
Than scorn'd thou didst depart; and to subdue
By force, who reason for their law refuse,
Right reason for their law, and for their king
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,
And thou, in military prowess next,
Gabriël, lead forth to battle these my sons
Invincible; lead forth my armed saints,
By thousands and by millions, rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that godless crew
Rebellious: them with fire and hostile arms
Fearless assault; and, to the brow of Heaven
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
Into their place of punishment, the gulf
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
His fiery Chaos to receive their fall.'
"So spake the Sovran Voice, and clouds began
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
Of wrath awak'd; nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow:
At which command the powers militant
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate join'd
Of union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence their bright legions, to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breath'd
Heroic ardor to adventurous deeds
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,
Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides
Their perfect ranks: for high above the ground
Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread; as when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summoned over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of Heaven they march'd, and many a province wide
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last,
Far in the horizon to the north appear'd
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretch'd
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portray'd,
The banded powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they ween'd
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the Envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the midway: though strange to us it seem'd
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father: but the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought
High in the midst exalted as a God.

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The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

"'O Heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reëlty [might
Remain not: wherefore should not strength and
There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
Unsound and false: nor is it aught but just,
That he, who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.'

"So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth-stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defied. [reach'd

"'Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd, at the terror of thy power
Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain
Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
Who out of smallest things could, without end,
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
Unaided, could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
All are not of thy train there be, who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.'

"Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance,
Thus answered. 'Ill for thee, but in wish'd hour
Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st
From flight, seditious angel! to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd since first that tongue,
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the gods, in synod met
Their deities to assert; who, while they feel
Vigor divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest: this pause between,
(Unanswer'd lest thou boast,) to let thee know,
At first I thought that liberty and Heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song!
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove

"To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied.
'Apostate! still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote:
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or nature: God and nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthrall'd;
Yet lewdly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom; let me serve
In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd;
Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect: meanwhile
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

"So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept: ten paces huge
He back recoil'd; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid; as if on Earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see [shout,
Thus foil'd their mightiest; ours joy fill'd, and
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle: whereat Michaël bid sound
The archangel trumpet; through the vast of Heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest: nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamor, such as heard in Heaven till now
Was never; arms on armor clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd; dire was the noise
Of conflict; over-head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven
Resounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder? where
Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield
These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions: how much more of power
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,
From his strong hold of Heaven, high over-rul'd
And limited their might; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host; in strength each armed hand
A legion; led in fight, yet leader seem'd
Each warrior single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed

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That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory: deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite; for wide was spread
That war, and various, sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,
Tormented all the air; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in Heaven, the arch-foe subdued
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflam'd first thus began.

"'Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now proved false! But think not here
To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out
From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell;
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance, wing'd from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.'

"So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary. 'Nor think thou with wind
Of aery threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd, easier to transact with me [threats
That thou should'st hope, imperious, and with
To chase me hence? err not, that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell
Thou fablest; here however to dwell free,
If not to reign: meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

"They ended parley, and both address'd for fight
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Liken on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles: two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror: from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, Nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound
Together both with next to Almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention: but the sword
Of Michael from the armory of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor staid,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shar'd
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him: but the ethereal substance clos'd,
Not long divisible; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed
And all his armor stain'd, erewhile so bright
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war: there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense; and, as they please,
They limb themselves, and color, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

"Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king: who him defied,
And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphémous; but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramelech, and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their flight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted, overthrew
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort.

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In might though wond'rous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy: yet to glory aspires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame,
Therefore eternal silence be their doom. [swerv'd,
"And now, their mightiest quell'd, the battle
With many an inroad gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiver'd armor strown, and on a heap
Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery-foaming steeds; what stood, recoil'd
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd, and sense of pain,
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sin of disobedience; till that hour
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
Far otherwise the inviolable saints,
In cubic phalanx firm, advanc'd entire,
Invulnerable, impenetrably arm'd;
Such high advantages their innocence
Gave them above their foes; not to have sinn'd,
Not to have disobey'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd [mov'd.
By wound, though from their place by violence
"Now Night her course began, and, over Heaven
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of war:
Under her cloudy covert both retir'd,
Victor and vanquish'd: on the foughten field
Michaël and his angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in guard their watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on the other part,
Satan with his rebellious disappear'd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd; and, void of rest,
His potentates to council call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
"'O now in danger tried, now known in arms
Not to be overpower'd, companions dear,
Found worthy not of liberty alone,
Too mean pretence! but what we more affect,
Honor, dominion, glory, and renown,
Who have sustain'd one day in doubtful fight
(And if one day, why not eternal days?)
What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endur'd and pain,
Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemn'd;
Since now we find this our empyreal form
Incapable of mortal injury,
Imperishable, and though pierc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigor heal'd.
Of evil then so small, as easy think
The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them superior, while we can preserve
Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.'
"He sat; and in the assembly next upstood
Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap'd from cruel fight,
Sore toil'd, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake
"'Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
For gods, and too unequal work we find,
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
Against unpain'd, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails [pair
Valor or strength, though matchless, quell'd with
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
All patience. He, who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
No less than for deliverance what we owe.'
"Whereto with look compos'd Satan replied.
'Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Believ'st so main to our success, I bring.
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heaven, adorn'd
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold,
Whose eye so superficially surveys
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touch'd
With Heaven's ray, and temper'd, they shoot forth
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
These in their dark nativity the deep
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
Which into hollow engines, long and round,
Thick ramm'd, at the other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces, and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt
Nor long shall be our labor; yet ere dawn
Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel join'd
Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.'
"He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
Enlighten'd, and their languish'd hope reviv'd.
The invention all admir'd, and each, how he
To be the inventor miss'd; so easy it seem'd
Once found which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race
In future days, if malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With devilish machination, might devise
Like instrument to plague the sons of men
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
None arguing stood; innumerable hands
Were ready; in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
The originals of nature in their crude
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd:

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Part hidden veins digg'd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
Whereof to found their engines and heir balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespied.
"Now when fair morn orient in Heaven appear'd,
Up rose the victor-angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion: back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:
"'Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.'
"So warn'd he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward mov'd embattled: when behold!
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginery, impal'd
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud.
"'Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however witness Heaven!
Heaven, witness thou anon! while we discharge
Freely our part: ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear!'
"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd;
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple-mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels, (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd,)
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we, suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long; for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all Heaven appear'd
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Embowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That, whom they hit, none on their feet might stand
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel on archangel roll'd;
The sonner for their arms; unarm'd, they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their serried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd.
"'O friends! why come not on these victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.'
"To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood,
'Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.'
"So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory: Eternal Might
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale.)
Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands: amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd
Till on those cursed engines' triple row

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They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions arm'd;
Their armor help'd their harm, crush'd in and bruis'd
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan;
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest, in imitation, to like arms
Betook them, and the neighboring hills uptore.
So hills amid the air encounter'd hills,
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire;
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise! war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar; horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose: and now all Heaven
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread;
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
Shrin'd in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honor his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
The assessor of his throne, he thus began.
"'Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son, in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity I am;
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence! two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,
Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore hath been their fight,
As likeliest was, when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd; which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins
With mountains, as with weapons, arm'd; which makes
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it; and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare;
And, this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things; to be Heir, and to be King
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might;
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake Heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh;
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all Heaven's bounds into the utter deep.
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah, his anointed king.'

"He said, and on his son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;
And thus the filial godhead answering spake.
"'O Father, O Supreme of heavenly thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best; thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son; I always thee,
As is most just: this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou, in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever; and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Arm'd with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebell'd;
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and the undying worm;
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from the impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'
"So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rush'd with whirl wind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colors of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
First seen: them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in Heaven;
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd.
At his command the uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obsequious; Heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smil'd
This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdur'd.
And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.

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In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent?
They, harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy; and, aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last; and now
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake.

"'Stand still in bright array, ye saints; here stand,
Ye angels arm'd; this day from battle rest:
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done,
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints:
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honor'd me, according to his will,
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves: they all,
Or I alone against them; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.'

"So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His countenance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the Four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night: under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostráte,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd; and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among the accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigor left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven:
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors, and with furies, to the bounds
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep: the monstrous sight
Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind: headlong themselves they threw
Down from the verge of Heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

"Hell heard the unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell: confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Encumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd
Hell their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heaven rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes,
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd:
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign: He, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high; who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

"Thus measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth,
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human race been hid;
The discord which befell, and war in Heaven
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebell'd
With Satan; he who envies now thy state,
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereav'd of happiness, thou may'st partake
His punishment eternal misery;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress."

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six

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days: the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

Descend from Heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st; but, heavenly-born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
Thou with eternal Wisdom didst converse.
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presum'd,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime,)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere;
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
To rapture, till the savage clamor drown'd
Both harp and voice: nor could the Muse defend
Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.
Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphaël,
The affable archangel, had forewarn'd
Adam, by dire example, to beware
Apostacy, by what befell in Heaven
To those apostates; lest the like befall
In Paradise to Adam or his race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted tree,
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obey'd amid the choice
Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,
The story heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration and deep muse, to hear
Of things so high and strange; things, to their thought
So unimaginable, as hate in Heaven,
And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
With such confusion: but the evil, soon
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung; impossible to mix
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart arose: and now
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
What nearer might concern him, how this world
Of Heaven and Earth conspicuous first began;
When, and whereof created: for what cause,
What within Eden, or without, was done
Before his memory: as one whose drought
Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current stream,
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest.
"Great things, and full of wonder in our ears
Far differing from this world, thou hast reveal'd,
Divine interpreter! by favor sent
Down from the empyréan, to forewarn
Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach
For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
Receive with solemn purpose to observe
Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsaf'd
Gently, for our instruction, to impart
Things above earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps avail us known,
How first began this Heaven which we behold
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd
Innumerable; and this which yields or fills
All space, the ambient air wide interfus'd
Embracing round this florid Earth? what cause
Mov'd the Creator in his holy rest
Through all eternity so late to build
In Chaos; and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd; if unforbid thou may'st unfold
What we, not to explore the secrets, ask
Of his eternal empire, but the more
To magnify his works, the more we know.
And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race though steep; suspense in Heaven
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, and the rising birth
Of Nature from the unapparent deep:
Or if the star of evening and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence; and Sleep, listening to thee, will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."
Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought:
And thus the godlike angel answer'd mild.
"This also thy request, with caution ask'd,
Obtain; though to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorify the Maker, and infer
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing; such commission from above
I have receiv'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond, abstain
To ask; nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which the invisible King,
Only Omniscient, hath suppress'd in night;
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Enough is left besides to search and know.
But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her temperance over appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain;
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.
"Know then, that, after Lucifer from Heaven
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host
Of angels, than that star the stars among)
Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd

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Victorious with his saints, the Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his throne beheld
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake:
"'At least our envious foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deity supreme, us dispossess'd,
He trusted to have seiz'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom their place knows here no more:
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
Their station; Heaven, yet populous, retains
Number sufficient to possess her realms
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
With ministeries due, and solemn rites:
But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost; and in a moment will create
Another world, out of one man a race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here; till, by degrees of merit rais'd,
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tried; [Earth,
And Earth be chang'd to Heaven, and Heaven to
One kingdom, joy and union without end.
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of Heaven;
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform; speak thou, and be it done!
My overshadowing spirit and might with thee
I send along; ride forth, and bid the deep
Within appointed bounds be Heaven and Earth;
Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
Though I, uncircumscrib'd myself, retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not, necessity and chance
Approach not me, and what I will is fate.'
"So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake
His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
Than time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven,
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will;
Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
And the habitations of the just; to him
Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create; instead
Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to worlds and ages infinite.
"So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub, and seraph, potentates, and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armory of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord! Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood: and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole
"'Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou deep peace,
Said then the omnific Word; 'your discord end!'
Nor staid; but, on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World!'
Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd the abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like; the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And Earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung.
"'Let there be light,' said God; and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep; and from her native east
To journey through the aery gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided: light the Day, and darkness Night,
He nam'd. Thus was the first day even and morn
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth, with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning prais'd
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn
"Again, God said, 'Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters;' and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule

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Of Chaos far remov'd; lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heaven he named the Firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.
"The Earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main ocean flow'd, not idle; but, with warm
Prolific humor softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture; when God said,
Be gather'd now ye waters under Heaven
Into one place, and let dry land appear.'
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd,
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry:
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift floods: as armies at the call
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard; so the watery throng,
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, Earth; and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he call'd Seas:
And saw that it was good; and said, 'Let the Earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth.'
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd
Opening their various colors, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet: and, these scarce blown,
Forth flourish'd thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side;
With borders long the rivers: that Earth now
Seem'd like to Heaven a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was; but from the Earth a dewy mist
Went up, and water'd all the ground, and each
Plant of the field; which, ere it was in the Earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem: God saw that it was good:
So even and morn recorded the third day.

"Again the Almighty spake, 'Let there be lights
High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide
The day from night and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain,
Their office in the firmament of Heaven,
To give light on the Earth;' and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern; and made the stars.
And set them in the firmament of Heaven
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the Sun
A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the Moon
Globose and every magnitude of stars,
And sow'd with stars the Heaven, thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light; firm to retain
Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heaven's high road; the grey
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night, then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth day.
"And God said, 'Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
And let fowl fly above the Earth, with wings
Display'd on the open firmament of Heaven.'
And God created the great whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds;
And every bird of wing after his kind;
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying
'Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill:
And let the fowl be multiplied on the Earth.'
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,
Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single, or with mate,
Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray; or, sporting with quick glance,
Show to the Sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend

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Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food
In jointed armor watch: on smooth the seal,
And bended dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young; but feather'd soon and fledge
They summ'd their pens; and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build:
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays:
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aëreal sky: others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
Adorns him, color'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

"The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harps and matin; when God said,
'Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the Earth,
Each in their kind.' The Earth obey'd, and straight
Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures; perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd; now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of Earth, upheav'd
His vastness: fleec'd the flocks and bleating rose,
As plants: ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm: those wav'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green
These, as a line, their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future; in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty: swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them names,
Needless to thee repeated: nor unknown
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

"Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course: Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake.

"'Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul
Male he created thee; but thy consort
Female, for race; then bless'd mankind, and said
'Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And every living thing that moves on th' Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st,
He brought thee into this delicious grove,
This garden, planted with the trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee; all sorts are here that all the Earth yields.

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Variety without end; but of the tree,
Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest;
Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
And govern well thy appetite; lest Sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.'
"Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode
Thence to behold this new-created world,
The addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering his great idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation, and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies; the Earth, the air
Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st,)
The Heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station listening stood,
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
'Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung,
'Open, ye Heavens! your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days' work, a world;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
Delighted; and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung
The glorious train ascending: he through Heaven,
That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powder'd with stars. And now on Earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the Sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of Heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead fix'd for ever firm and sure,
The filial Power arriv'd, and sat him down
With his great Father! for he also went
Invisible, yet staid, (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence,) and the work ordain'd,
Author and End of all things; and, from work
Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six days' acts they sung:
'Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite [tongue
Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or
Relate thee? Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnified; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
Thou hast repell'd; while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good
Witness this new-made world, another Heaven
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
Their seasons: among these the seat of men,
Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc'd!
Created in his image there to dwell
And worship him; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright!'
"So sung they, and the empyréan rung
With halleluiahs: thus was sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this world and face of things began,
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning; that posterity,
Inform'd by thee, might know: if else thou seek'st
Aught not surpassing human measure, say."

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve: his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully replied.
"What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allay'd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsaf'd
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable; now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of Heaven and Earth consisting; and compute
Their magnitudes; this Earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compar'd
And all her number'd stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible, for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal,) merely to officiate light
Round this opacious Earth, this punctual spot,

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One day and night; in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated; while the sedentary Earth,
That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble than herself, attains
Her end without least motion, and receives,
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."
So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress:
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip
Not words alone pleas'd her. O! when meet now
Such pairs, in love and mutual honor join'd?
With goddess-like demeanor forth she went,
Not unattended; for on her, as queen,
A pomp of winning graces waited still,
And from about her shot darts of desire
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt propos'd,
Benevolent and facile thus replied.
"To ask or search, I blame thee not; for Heaven
Is as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:
This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reckon right; the rest
From man or angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or, if they list to try
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter; when they come to model Heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb:
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run,
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit: consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence: the Earth,
Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there first receiv'd,
His beams, unactive else, their vigor find.
Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries
Officious; but to thee, Earth's habitant.
And for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretch'd out so far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own,
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a small partition; and the rest
Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual: me thou think'st not slow,
Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
In Eden; distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Plac'd Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun
Be centre to the world; and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest; and what if seventh to these
The planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrary with thwart obliquities;
Or save the Sun his labor, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night; which needs not thy belief,
If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the Sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous air,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a star,
Enlightening her by day as she by night
This Earth? reciprocal if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants: her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her soften'd soil, for some to eat
Allotted there: and other suns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry
Communicating male and female light;
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stor'd in each orb perhaps with some that live.
For such vast room in Nature unpossess'd
By living soul, desert, and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light, convey'd so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not
Whether the Sun, predominant in Heaven,
Rise on the Earth; or Earth rise on the Sun;
He from the east his flaming road begin;
Or she from west her silent course advance

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With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid;
Leave them to God above; him serve, and fear!
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac'd, let him dispose; joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve; Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there; be lowly wise:
Think only what concerns thee, and thy being;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree;
Contented that thus far hath been reveal'd
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven."

To whom thus Adam, clear'd of doubt, replied.
"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of Heaven, angel serene!
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us; unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain.
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Uncheck'd, and of her roving is no end;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle; but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom: what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence:
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful; whence, haply, mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favor deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance: now, hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard;
And day is not yet spent: till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise;
Inviting thee to hear while I relate;
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply.
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labor at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answer'd heavenly meek.
"Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image fair:
Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
Attends thee; and each word, each motion, forms;
Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth
Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
Gladly into the ways of God with Man:
For God, we see, hath honor'd thee, and set
On Man his equal love: say therefore on;
For I that day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell;
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work;
Lest he, incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt;
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King; and to inure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of light
Ere sabbath-evening: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less than thou with mine

So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire.
"For Man to tell how human life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new-wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till, rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigor led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?—
Not of myself;—by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.'—
While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none return'd,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: one came, methought, of shape divine
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordain'd
First father! call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the Garden of Bliss, thy seat prepar'd.'
So saying, by the hand he took me, rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth-sliding without step, last led me up

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A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
Planted, with walks, and bowers; that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree,
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
My wandering, had not he, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss: he rear'd me, and 'Whom thou sought'st [I am,'
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal; and this happy state
Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
'Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air; beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee feälty
With low subjection; understand the same
Of fish within their watery residence,
Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
Their element, to draw the thinner air.'
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
Approaching two and two; these cowering low
With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them as they pass'd, and understood
Their nature, with such knowledge God endued
My sudden apprehension: but in these
I found not what methought I wanted still;
And to the heavenly vision thus presum'd.

"'O, by what name, for thou above all these,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpassest far my naming; how may I
Adore thee, Author of this universe,
And all this good to Man? for whose well-being
So amply, and with hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things: but with me
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?'
Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied.

"'What call'st thou solitude? Is not the Earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenish'd, and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly: with these
Find pastime, and bear rule: thy realm is large.'
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering: I, with leave of speech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus replied.

"'Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
Which must be mutual, in proportion due
Given and receiv'd; but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek, fit to participate
All rational delight: wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.

"Whereto the Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
'A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice
Of thy associates, Adam; and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?'
He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd. 'To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not so is Man,
But in degree; the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though one:
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied.
In unity defective; which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication; yet, so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deified:
I, by conversing, cannot these erect
From prone; nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom used
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice divine.

"'Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself;
Expressing well the spirit within thee free.
My image, not imparted to the brute:
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee

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Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike;
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone;
And no such company as then thou saw'st
Intended thee; for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.'

"He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood:
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh: wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands:
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.

"'This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me: woman is her name; of man
Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.'

"She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retir'd,
The more desirable; or, to say all
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turn'd:
I followed her; she what was honor knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn: all Heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill,
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odors from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star
On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.
Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As, us'd or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire: these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd; here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind
And inward faculties, which most excel.
In outward also her resembling less
His image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that dominion given
O'er other creatures: yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her
Loses discountenanc'd, and like Folly shows;
Authority and Reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and Nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd."

To whom the angel with contracted brow.
"Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine; and be not diffident
Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh
By attributing over-much to things
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
For, what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love;
Not thy subjection; weigh with her thyself,
Then value: oft-times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well-manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
And to realities yield all her shows:
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honor thou may'st love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
Is propagated, seem such dear delight

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Beyond all other; think the same vouchsaf'd
To cattle and each beast; which would not be
To them made common and divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The soul of man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her society thou find'st
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not: Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause,
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."
To whom thus, half abash'd, Adam replied.
"Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem,)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
From all her words and actions mix'd with love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair
More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing: yet, still free,
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love, thou blam'st me not; for Love, thou say'st,
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask:
Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love
Express they? by looks only? or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"
To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,
Answered: "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happy, and without love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence; and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars;
Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
Total they mix, union of pure with pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
But I can now no more; the parting Sun
Beyond the Earth's green cape and verdant isles
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.
Be strong, live happy, and love! but, first of all,
Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command: take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught, which else free will
Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,
The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware!
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.
Perfect within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel."
So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus
Follow'd with benediction. "Since to part,
Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore!
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honor'd ever
With grateful memory: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return!"
So parted they; the angel up to Heaven
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise; enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labors, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each laboring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking; with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now; the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof: Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her: and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or angel guest
With Man, as with his friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast; permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd. I now must change
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt
And disobedience: on the part of Heaven
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery
Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek, and Cytherea's son;
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbering; or inspires
Easy my unpremeditated verse:
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleas'd me long choosing, and beginning late;

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Not sedulous by nature to indite
Wars, hitherto the only argument
Heroic deem'd; chief mastery to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabled knights
In battles feign'd; the better fortitude
Of patience and heroic martyrdom
Unsung; or to describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazon'd shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament; then marshall'd feast
Serv'd up in hall with sewers and seneschals;
The skill of artifice or office mean,
Not that which justly gives heroic name
To person or to poem. Me, of these
Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument
Remains; sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depress'd; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers, who brings it nightly to my ear.
The Sun was sunk, and after him the star
Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter
Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
Night's hemisphere had veil'd the horizon round:
When Satan, who late fled before the threats
Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By night he fled, and at midnight return'd
From compassing the Earth; cautious of day,
Since Uriel, regent of the Sun, descried
His entrance, and forewarn'd the cherubim
That kept their watch; thence full of anguish driv'n,
The space of seven continued nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the equinoctial line
He circled; four times cross'd the car of night
From pole to pole traversing each colúre;
On the eighth return'd; and on the coast averse
From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change,
Where Tigris at the foot of Paradise,
Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a fountain by the tree of life:
In with the river sunk, and with it rose
Satan, involv'd in rising mist; then sought
Where to lie hid; sea he had search'd, and land,
From Eden over Pontus and the pool
Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob;
Downward as far antarctic; and in length,
West from Orontes to the ocean barr'd
At Darien; thence to the land where flows
Ganges and Indus: thus the orb he roam'd
With narrow search; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his wiles; and found
The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
Him, after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for, in the wily snake
Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtlety
Proceeding; which, in other beasts observ'd,
Doubt might beget of diabolic power
Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward grief
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd.
"O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferr'd
More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what god, after better, worse would build?
Terrestrial Heaven, danc'd round by other Heavens
That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
Light above light, for thee alone as seems,
In thee concentring all their precious beams
Of sacred influence! as God in Heaven
Is centre, yet extends to all; so thou,
Centring, receiv'st from all those orbs: in thee,
Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth
Of creatures animate with gradual life
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walk'd thee round,
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries: all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heaven
To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme
Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound:
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and, him destroy'd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him link'd in weal or woe;
In woe then; that destruction wide may range:
To me shall be the glory sole among
The infernal powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he, Almighty styl'd, six nights and days
Continued making; and who knows how long
Before had been contriving? though perhaps
Not longer than since I, in one night, freed
From servitude inglorious well nigh half
The angelic name, and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers: he, to be aveng'd,
And to repair his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such virtue spent of old now fail'd
More angels to create, if they at least
Are his created, or, to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A creature form'd of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this world, and Earth his seat,
Him lord pronounc'd; and, O indignity!
Subjected to his service angel-wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthly charge: of these the vigilance
I dread: and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and pry
In every bush and brake, where hap may find
The serpent sleeping; in whose mazy folds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd

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Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspir'd!
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils:
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envy, this new favorite
Of Heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker rais'd
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid."
So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on
His midnight-search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-roll'd,
His head the midst, well stor'd with subtle wiles:
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
Nor nocent yet; but, on the grassy herb,
Fearless, unfear'd he slept: in at his mouth
The Devil enter'd; and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspir'd
With act intelligential; but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close the approach of morn.
Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things, that breathe,
From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the quire
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs:
Then commune, how that day they best may ply
Their growing work: for much their work outgrew
The hands' dispatch of two gardening so wide,
And Eve first to her husband thus began.
"Adam, well may we labor still to dress
This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
Our pleasant task enjoin'd; but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labor grows,
Luxurious by restraint; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides,
Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,
Or bear what to my mind first thoughts present:
Let us divide our labors; thou, where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The woodbine round this arbor, or direct
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I,
In yonder spring of roses intermix'd
With myrtle, find what to redress till noon:
For, while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on; which intermits
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearn'd?"
To whom mild answer Adam thus return'd.
"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living creatures dear!
Well hast thou motion'd, well thy thoughts employ'd,
How we might best fulfil the work which here
God hath assign'd us; nor of me shall pass
Unprais'd: for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labor, as to debar us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between.
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow,
To brute denied, and are of love the food;
Love, not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,
He made us, and delight to reason join'd.
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: but, if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield:
For solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou know'st
What hath been warn'd us, what malicious foe,
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder;
Hopeless to circumvent us join'd, where each
To other speedy aid might lend at need:
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envy more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects
The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."
To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus replied.
"Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth's Lord!
That such an enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learn,
And from the parting angel overheard,
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of evening flowers.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fear'st not, being such
As we, not capable of death or pain,
Can either not receive, or can repel.
His fraud is then thy fear; which plain infers
Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduc'd;
Thoughts, which how found they harbor in thy breast,
Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear?"
To whom with healing words Adam replied.
"Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!
For such thou art; from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
The attempt itself, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonor foul; suppos'd
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labor to avert
From thee alone, which on us both at once

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The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;
Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels; nor think superfluous other's aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
Access in every virtue; in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were,
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reach'd,
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd, unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"
So spake domestic Adam in his care
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought
Less attributed to her faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd.
"If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straiten'd by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence, wherever met;
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe,
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integrity: his foul esteem
Sticks no dishonor on our front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunn'd or fear'd
By us? who rather double honor gain
From his surmise prov'd false; find peace within,
Favor from Heaven, our witness, from the event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassay'd
Alone, without exterior help sustain'd?
Let us not then suspect our happy state
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd.
Frail is our happiness, if this be so,
And Eden were no Eden, thus expos'd."
To whom thus Adam fervently replied.
"O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordain'd them: his creating hand
Nothing imperfect or deficient left
Of all that he created, much less Man,
Or aught that might his happy state secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power:
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will; for what obeys
Reason, is free; and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect;
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surpris'd,
She dictate false; and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
That I should mind thee oft: and mind thou me
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.
Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience; the other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may find
Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
Go; for thy stay not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, rely
On what thou hast of virtue; summon all!
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."
So spake the patriarch of mankind; but Eve
Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied.
"With thy permission then, and thus forewarn'd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touch'd only; that our trial, when least sought,
May find us both perhaps far less prepar'd,
The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew; and, like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves; but Delia's self
In gait surpass'd, and goddess-like deport,
Though not as she with bow and quiver arm'd,
But with such gardening tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had form'd, or angels brought
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorn'd,
Likest she seem'd, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceiv'd, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Found'st either sweet repast, or sound repose;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,
Waited with hellish rancor imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoil'd of innocence, of faith, of bliss!
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come;
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purpos'd prey.
In bower and field he sought where any tuft
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,
Their tendance, or plantation for delight;
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate; he wish'd, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc'd; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veil'd in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round
About her glow'd, oft stooping to support
Each flower of slender stalk, whose head, though gay
Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,
Hung drooping unsustain'd; them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
Nearer he drew, and many a walk travérs'd
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen,
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
Imborder'd on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Spot more delicious than those gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd Adonis, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son;
Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse

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Much he the place admir'd, the person more.
As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look sums all delight:
Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
Thus early, thus alone: her heavenly form
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, overaw'd
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the evil-one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
Stupidly good; of enmity disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
But the hot Hell that always in him burns,
Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure, not for him ordain'd: then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.
"Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us! hate, not love; nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
Foe not informidable! exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath Hell debas'd, and pain
Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approach'd by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feign'd;
The way which to her ruin now I tend."
So spake the enemy of mankind, inclos'd
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
Address'd his way: not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear,
Circular base of rising folds, that tower'd
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnish'd neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
And lovely; never since of serpent-kind
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria chang'd
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;
He with Olympias; this with her who bore
Scipio, the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye; she, busied, heard the sound
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as us'd
To such disport before her through the field,
From every beast; more duteous at her call,
Than at Circean call the herd disguis'd.
He, bolder now, uncall'd before her stood,
But as in gaze admiring: oft he bow'd
His turret crest, and sleek enamell'd neck,
Fawning; and lick'd the ground whereon she trod
His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The eye of Eve, to mark his play; he, glad
Of her attention gain'd, with serpent-tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.
"Wonder not, sovran mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst who art sole wonder! much less arm
Thy looks, the Heaven of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate; I thus single; nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
With ravishment beheld! there best beheld,
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except, [seen
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should be
A goddess among gods, ador'd and serv'd
By angels numberless, thy daily train."
So gloz'd the tempter, and his proem tun'd:
Into the heart of Eve his words made way
Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,
Not unamaz'd, she thus in answer spake. [nounc'd
"What may this mean? language of man pro-
By tongue of brute, and human sense express'd?
The first, at least, of these I thought denied
To beasts; whom God, on their creation-day,
Created mute to all articulate sound:
The latter I demur; for in their looks
Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears
Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endued;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due."
To whom the guileful tempter thus replied.
"Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!
Easy to me it is to tell thee all [obey'd
What thou command'st; and right thou shouldst be
I was at first as other beasts that graze
The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food; nor aught but food discern'd
Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till, on a day roving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly tree far distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colors mix'd,
Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughs a savory odor blown,
Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
Of ewe or goat, dropping with milk at even

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Unsuck'd of lamb or kid; that tend their play
To satisfy the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair apples, I resolv'd
Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful persuaders, quicken'd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keen.
About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
For, high from ground, the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
All other beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spar'd not; for, such pleasure till that hour,
At feed or fountain, never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of reason in my inward powers; and speech
Wanted not long; though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heaven,
Or Earth, or Middle; all things fair and good:
But all that fair and good in thy divine
Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,
United I beheld; no fair to thine
Equivalent or second: which compell'd
Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sovran of creatures, universal dame!"
So talk'd the spirited sly snake; and Eve,
Yet more amaz'd, unwary thus replied.
"Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The virtue of that fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?
For many are the trees of God that grow
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us; in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of fruit untouch'd,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to their provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her birth."
To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad
"Empress, the way is ready, and not long;
Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
Of blowing myrrh and balm: if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."
"Lead then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the night
Condenses, and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool;
There swallow'd up and lost, from succor far:
So glister'd the dire snake, and into fraud
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.
"Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee;
Wondrous indeed if cause of such effects.
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to ourselves; our reason is our law."
To whom the tempter guilefully replied.
"Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declar'd of all in Earth or Air?"
To whom thus Eve, yet sinless. "Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"
She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and, as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuates disturb'd, yet comely and in act
Rais'd, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renown'd,
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourish'd, since mute! to some great cause address'd,
Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue;
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height up grown,
The tempter, all impassion'd, thus began.
"O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deem'd however wise.
Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die:
How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me
Me, who have touch'd and tasted; yet both live,
And life more perfect have attain'd than Fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass? and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounc'd, whatever thing death be,
Deterr'd not from achieving what might lead
To happier life, knowledge of good and evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunn'd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God: not fear'd then, nor obey'd:
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
Why then was this forbid? Why, but to awe;
Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers? He knows that in the day
Ye eat thereof, your eyes, that seem so clear,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Open'd and clear'd, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.
That ye shall be as gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet;
I, of brute, human; ye, of human, gods.
So ye shall die, perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on gods; death to be wish'd,
Though threaten'd, which no worse than this can bring.
And what are gods, that man may not become
As they, participating godlike food?
The gods are first, and that advantage use

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On our belief, that all from them proceeds:
I question it; for this fair Earth I see,
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind;
Them, nothing: if they all things, who inclos'd
Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
The offence, that man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
Impart against his will, if all be his?
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts?—These, these, and many more
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."
He ended; and his words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won:
Fix'd on the fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth;
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell
So savory of that fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Solicited her longing eye; yet first
Pausing awhile, thus to herself she mus'd.
"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
Though kept from man, and worthy to be admir'd;
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The tongue not made for speech, to speak thy praise:
Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste! but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown sure is not had; or, had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die!
How dies the serpent? he hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational, till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us denied
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd?
For beasts it seems: yet that one beast which first
Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then? rather, what know to fear
Under this ignorance of good and evil,
Of God or death, of law or penalty?
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat!
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
The guilty serpent; and well might; for Eve,
Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else
Regarded; such delight till then, as seem'd,
In fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledge; nor was godhead from her thought
Greedily she engorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating death; satiate at length,
And heighten'd as with wine, jocund and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.
"O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees
In Paradise! of operation blest
To sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
Created; but henceforth my early care,
Not without song, each morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all;
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature
In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know;
Though others envy what they cannot give.
For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe.
Best guide: not following thee, I had remain'd
In ignorance; thou open'st wisdom's way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret Heaven is high,
High, and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
About him. But to Adam in what sort
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with me, or rather not,
But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
Without copartner? so to add what wants
In female sex, the more to draw his love,
And render me more equal; and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, sometime
Superior: for, inferior, who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And death ensue? then I shall be no more!
And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think! Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."
So saying, from the tree her step she turn'd;
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
Waiting désirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labors crown;
As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd:
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; he the faltering measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted: by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smil'd,
New gather'd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt;
Which, with bland words at will, she thus address'd
"Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay?
Thee I have miss'd, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence; agony of love till now

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Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear:
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste;
And hath been tasted such: the serpent wise,
Or not restrain'd as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit; and is become,
Not dead, as we are threaten'd, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense.
Reasoning to admiration; and with me
Persuasively hath so prevail'd, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond; opener mine eyes
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to godhead; which for thee
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss;
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
May join us, equal joy, as equal love;
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
Deity for thee when Fate will not permit."
Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd.
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd;
From his slack hand the garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.
"O fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote!
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred fruit forbidden! Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee! how forego
Thy sweet convérse, and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn!
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart: no, no! I feel
The link of Nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."
So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturb'd
Submitting to what seem'd remediless,
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turn'd.
"Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous Eve,
And peril great provok'd, who thus hast dar'd,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done, undo?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate; yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact
Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,
Profan'd first by the serpent, by him first
Made common, and unhallow'd, ere our taste:
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as Man,
Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain
Proportional ascent; which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labor lose;
Not well conceiv'd of God, who, though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would he loth
Us to abolish, lest the adversary
Triumph, and say; 'Fickle their state whom God
Most favors; who can please him long? Me first
He ruin'd, now Mankind; whom will he next?'
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
However I with thee have fix'd my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of Nature draw me to my own;
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine:
Our state cannot be sever'd; we are one,
One flesh: to lose thee were to lose myself."
So Adam; and thus Eve to him replied.
"O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate; but, short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,
One heart, one soul in both; whereof good proof
This day affords, declaring thee resolv'd,
Rather than death, or aught than death more dread
Shall separate us, link'd in love so dear,
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit;
Whose virtue, (for of good still good proceeds;
Direct, or by occasion,) hath presented
This happy trial of thy love, which else
So eminently never had been known.
Were it I thought death menac'd would ensue
This my attempt, I would sustain alone
The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy peace; chiefly, assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful, love unequall'd: but I feel
Far otherwise the event; not death, but life
Augmented, open'd eyes, new hopes, new joys,
Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
Hath touch'd my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds."
So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept; much won that he his love
Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
In recompense (for such compliance bad
Such recompense best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd

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But fondly overcome with female charm.
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs; and Nature gave a second groan;
Sky lour'd; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completing of the mortal sin
Original: while Adam took no thought,
Eating his fill: nor Eve to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her lov'd society; that now,
As with new wine intoxicated both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings,
Wherewith to scorn the earth: but that false fruit
Far other operation first display'd,
Carnal desire inflaming: he on Eve
Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move.
"Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of sapience no small part;
Since to each meaning savor we apply
And palate call judicious; I the praise
Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd.
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting; if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidd'n, it might be wish'd,
For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
But come, so well refresh'd, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious fare;
For never did thy beauty, since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so inflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever: bounty of this virtuous tree!"
So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent; well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seiz'd; and to a shady bank,
Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinths; Earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin: till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
That with exhilarating vapor bland
About their spirits had play'd, and inmost powers
Made err, was now exhal'd; and grosser sleep,
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
Encumber'd, now had left them; up they rose
As from unrest; and each the other viewing,
Soon found their eyes how open'd, and their minds
How darken'd: innocence, that as a veil
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gone;
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honor, from about them, naked left
To guilty shame; he cover'd, but his robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the Danite strong,
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
Of Philistéan Dalilah, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength, they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as strucken mute:
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abash'd,
At length gave utterance to these words constrain'd.
"O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
False in our promis'd rising; since our eyes
Open'd we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got;
Bad fruit of knowledge; if this be to know;
Which leaves us naked thus, of honor void,
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
Our wonted ornaments now soil'd and stain'd.
And in our faces evident the signs
Of foul concupiscence. whence evil store
Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
Be sure then.—How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright. O! might I here
In solitude live savage; in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!—
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sew'd
And girded on our loins, may cover round
Those middle parts; that this new comer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean."
So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
The fig-tree; not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
They gather'd, broad as Amazonian targe;
And, with what skill they had, together sew'd,
To gird their waist; vain covering, if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame! O, how unlike
To that first naked glory! Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With feather'd cincture, naked else, and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
Thus fenc'd, and, as they thought, their shame in part
Cover'd, but not at rest or ease of mind,
They sat them down to weep; nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise. high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord; and shook sore
Their inward state of mind calm region once
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent:
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore; both in subjection now
To Sensual Appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason claim'd
Superior sway: from thus distemper'd breast,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alter'd style,
Speech intermitted thus to Eve renew'd.
"Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and stay'd
With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
I know not whence possess'd thee; we had then

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Remain'd still happy; not, as now, despoil'd
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable!
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail."

To whom, soon mov'd with touch of blame, thus Eve.

"What words have pass'd thy lips, Adam severe!
Imput'st thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows
But might as ill have happen'd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmity between us known,
Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay;
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
Hadst thou been firm and fix'd in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with me."

To whom, then first incens'd, Adam replied.

"Is this the love, is this the recompense
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve! Express'd
Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I;
Who might have liv'd, and joy'd immortal bliss,
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force;
And force upon free-will hath here no place.
But confidence then bore thee on; secure
Either to meet no danger, or to find
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
I also err'd, in over-much admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him, who, to worth in women overtrusting,
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of their vain contest appear'd no end.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known; the guardian-angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors, who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the Sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from Hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolement of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Meanwhile the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise; and how
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in Heaven; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the mind
Of Man, with strength entire, and free-will, arm'd
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd,
The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying
Incurr'd (what could they less?) the penalty;
And, manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste
The angelic guards ascend, mute, and sad,
For Man; for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stol'n
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news
From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeas'd
All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
That time celestial visages, yet, mix'd
With pity, violated not their bliss.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
How all befell; they towards the throne supreme
Accountable, made haste, to make appear
With righteous plea their utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd; when the Most High
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

"Assembled angels, and ye powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismay'd,
Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent.

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Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this tempter cross'd the gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
On his bad errand; Man should be seduc'd,
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch'd with lightest moment of impulse
His free-will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fall'n he is; and now
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
On his transgression,—death denounc'd that day?
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bounty scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee,
Vicegerent Son? To thee I have transferr'd
All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.
Easy it may be seen that I intend
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
Man's friend, his Mediator, his design'd
Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n."
So spake the Father; and, unfolding bright
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded deity. he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd mild.
"Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
Mine, both in Heaven and Earth, to do thy will
Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son belov'd,
May'st ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors; but thou know'st,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on me must light,
When time shall be; for so I undertook
Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
On me deriv'd; yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
Are to behold the judgment, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
Conviction to the serpent none belongs."
Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory. Him thrones, and powers,
Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,
Accompanied to Heaven-gate; from whence
Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes wing'd.
Now was the Sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came the mild judge, and intercessor both,
To sentence Man: the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd; they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God,
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud.
"Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unsought:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains?—Come forth!"
He came; and with him Eve, more loth, though first
To offend; discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd
Love was not in their looks, either to God,
Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answer'd brief.
"I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself." To whom
The gracious Judge without revile replied.
"My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd
But still rejoic'd; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"
To whom thus Adam sore beset replied.
"O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my judge; either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint: but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.—
This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied.
"Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
Were such, as under government well seem'd;
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."
So having said, he thus to Eve in few.
"Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"
To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd
Confessing soon, yet not before her judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied.
"The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat."
Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on the accus'd
Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer
The guilt on him, who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation; justly then accurs'd,
As vitiated in nature: more to know
Concern'd not Man, (since he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best:
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall.
"Because thou hast done this, thou art accurs'd

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Above all cattle, each beast of the field;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel."
So spake this oracle, then verified
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from Heaven
Prince of the air; then, rising from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and powers, triumph'd
In open show; and, with ascension bright,
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan, long usurp'd;
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
Ev'n he, who now foretold his fatal bruise:
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule."
On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd.
"Because thou hast hearken'd to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying, 'Thou shalt not eat thereof:'
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."
So judg'd he Man, both judge and savior sent;
And the instant stroke of death, denounc'd that day,
Remov'd far off; then, pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume;
As when he wash'd his servants' feet; so now,
As father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies:
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arraying, cover'd from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd
In glory, as of old; to him appeas'd,
All, though all-knowing, what had pass'd with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile, ere thus was sinn'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening; who thus now to Death began.
O son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides
For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driven
By his avengers; since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large,
Beyond this deep: whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity, things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along:
For Death from Sin no power can separate
But, lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious; let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from Hell to that new world,
Where Satan now prevails; a monument
Of merit high to all the infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct."
Whom thus the meagre shadow answer'd soon
"Go whither Fate, and inclination strong,
Leads thee; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading; such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savor of death from all things there that live
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."
So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lur'd
With scent of living carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloody fight:
So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
His nostril wide into the murky air;
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out Hell-gates, into the waste
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse; and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagin'd way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigor not to move;
And with Asphaltic slime, broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep high-arch'd, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immovable of this now fenceless world,
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourg'd with many a stroke the indignant waves,
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent rock,

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Over the vex'd abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of Chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable! And now in little space
The confines met of empyréan Heaven,
And of this world; and, on the left hand, Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to Earth they had descried,
To Paradise first tending; when, behold!
Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose:
Disguis'd he came; but those his children dear
Their parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduc'd, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by; and, changing shape,
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband; saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled; not hoping to escape, but shun
The present; fearing, guilty, what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
By night, and listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gather'd his own doom; which understood
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd;
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increas'd.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke

"O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies! which thou view'st as not thine own;
Thou art their author, and prime architect:
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd,
My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet,
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy looks
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee, with this thy son;
Such fatal consequence unites us three;
Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track:
Thou hast achiev'd our liberty, confin'd
Within Hell-gates till now; thou us empower'd
To fortify thus far, and overlay,
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world; thy virtue hath won
What thy hands builded not; thy wisdom gain'd
With odds what war hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foil in Heaven; here thou shalt monarch reign,
There dідst not; there let him still victor sway,
As battle hath adjudg'd; from this new world
Retiring, by his own doom alienated;
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,
His quadrature, from thy orbicular world;
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the prince of darkness answer'd glad.
"Fair daughter, and thou son and grand-child both,
High proof ye now have given to be the race
Of Satan, (for I glory in the name,
Antagonist of Heaven's Almighty King,)
Amply have merited of me, of all
The infernal empire, that so near Heaven's door
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine, with this glorious work; and made one realm
Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
To my associate powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoice;
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;
There dwell, and reign in bliss; thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise and in the air,
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declar'd;
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
My substitutes I send ye, and create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from me: on your joint vigor now
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell
No detriment need fear; go, and be strong!"

So saying, he dismiss'd them; they with speed
Their course through thickest constellations held,
Spreading their bane; the blasted stars look'd wan
And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
Then suffer'd. The other way Satan went down
The causey to Hell-gate: on either side
Disparted Chaos over-built exclaim'd,
And with rebounding surge the bars assail'd,
That scorn'd his indignation: through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan pass'd,
And all about found desolate; for those,
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world; the rest were all
Far to the inland retir'd, about the walls
Of Pandemonium; city and proud seat
Of Lucifer, so by allusion call'd
Of that bright star to Satan paragon'd;
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent; so he
Departing gave command, and they observ'd.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Tauris or Casbeen: so these, the late
Heaven-banish'd host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark league, reduc'd in careful watch
Round their metropolis; and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search
Of foreign worlds; he through the midst unmark'd,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, pass'd; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne; which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was plac'd in regal lustre. Down awhile
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen:
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appear'd, or brighter; clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: all amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng

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Bent their aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Their mighty chief return'd: loud was the acclaim:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting peers,
Rais'd from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him; who with hand
Silence, and with these words, attention won.
"Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers;
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now; return'd
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accurs'd, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native Heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achiev'd. Long were to tell
What I have done; what suffer'd; with what pain
Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion; over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toil'd out my uncouth passage, forc'd to ride
The untractable abyss, plung'd in the womb
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild;
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely oppos'd
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting Fate supreme; thence how I found
The new created world, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection! therein Man
Plac'd in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator; and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat
Offended, worth your laughter! hath given up
Both his beloved Man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labor, or alarm;
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd.
True is, me also he hath judg'd, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
Man I deceiv'd: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain?—Ye have the account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliss?"
So having said, awhile he stood, expecting
Their universal shout and high applause,
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn; he wonder'd, but not long
Had leisure, wondering at himself now more;
His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare;
His arms clung to his ribs; his legs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vain; a greater power
Now ruled him, punish'd in the shape he sinn'd,
According to his doom: he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
To forked tongue; for now were all transform'd
Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
To his bold riot: dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters head and tail,
Scorpion, and asp, and amphisbæna dire,
Cerastes horn'd, hydrus, and elops drear,
And dipsas; (not so thick swarm'd once the soil
Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
Ophiusa,) but still greatest he the midst,
Now dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
Engender'd in the Pythian vale or slime,
Huge Python, and his power no less he seem'd
Above the rest still to retain; they all
Him follow'd, issuing forth to the open field,
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
Heaven-fall'n, in station stood or just array;
Sublime with expectation when to see
In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief;
They saw, but other sight instead! a crowd
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell,
And horrid sympathy; for, what they saw,
They felt themselves, now changing; down their arms,
Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast,
And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
Catch'd, by contagion; like in punishment,
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant,
Turn'd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change
His will who reigns above, to aggravate
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve
Us'd by the tempter: on that prospect strange
Their earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
For one forbidden tree a multitude
Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;
Yet, parch'd with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain;
But on they roll'd in heaps, and up the trees
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
That curl'd Megæra: greedily they pluck'd
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flam'd:
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceiv'd: they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew'd bitter ashes, which the offended taste
With spattering noise rejected: oft they assay'd,
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugg'd as oft,
With hatefullest disrelish writh'd their jaws,
With soot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as Man [plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once laps'd. Thus were they
And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resum'd;
Yearly enjoin'd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash their pride, and joy, for Man seduc'd.
However, some tradition they dispers'd
Among the Heathen, of their purchase got,
And fabled how the serpent, whom they call'd
Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus; thence by Saturn driven
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.
Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arriv'd; Sin, there in power before,
Once actual; now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her Death,
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse: to whom Sin thus began.
"Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death

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What think'st thou of our empire now, though earn'd
With travel difficult, not better far
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thyself half-starv'd?"
Whom thus the Sin-born monster answer'd soon.
"To me, who with eternal famine pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven;
There best, where most with ravine I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corps.
To whom the incestuous mother thus replied.
"Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish and fowl;
No homely morsels! and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspar'd;
Till I, in Man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect
And season him thy last and sweetest prey."
This said, they both betook them several ways
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing
From his transcendent seat the saints among
To those bright orders uttered thus his voice.
"See, with what heat these dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created; and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me; so doth the prince of Hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly: and, conniving, seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule;
And know not that I call'd, and drew them thither,
My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure; till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh burst
With suck'd and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning Grave, at last,
Through Chaos hurl'd, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then Heaven and Earth renew'd shall be made pure
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain:
Till then, the curse pronounc'd on both precedes."
He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;
Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,
Destin'd Restorer of mankind, by whom
New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from Heaven descend."—Such was their song;
While the Creator, calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter; from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc Moon
Her office they prescribed; to the other five
Their planetary motions, and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign; and taught the fix'd
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous; to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aëreal hall.
Some say he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of Earth, twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle; they with labor push'd
Oblique the centric globe: some say, the Sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
Like distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the tropic Crab: thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime; else had the spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant flow'rs,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low Sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west; which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit
The Sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else, how had the world
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?
These changes in the Heavens, though slow, produc'd
Like change on sea and land; sideral blast,
Vapor, and mist, and exhalation hot,
Corrupt and pestilent: now, from the north
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn,
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds
From Serraliona; thwart of these, as fierce,
Forth rush the Lévant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
Death introduc'd, through fierce antipathy:
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish: to graze the herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of man, but fled him: or, with countenance grim,
Glar'd on him passing. These were from without
The growing miseries, which Adam saw
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandon'd, but worse felt within;
And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint
"O miserable of happy! Is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd, of blessed? hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness!—Yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings; but this will not serve.
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,

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is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
Delightfully, *Increase and multiply;*
Now death to hear! for what can I increase,
Or multiply, but curses on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but, feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure,
For this we may thank Adam! but his thanks
Shall be the execration: so, besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;
On me, as on their natural centre, light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust;
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd; unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms, whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and, though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
Prove disobedient; and, reprov'd, retort,
'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not:'
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! How glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
Of life that sinn'd; what dies but what had life
And sin? The body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man, whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? That were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held; as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
In punish'd Man, to satisfy his rigor,
Satisfied never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law.
By which all causes else, according still
To the reception of their matter, act;
Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward; which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me: and so last
To perpetuity:—Ay me! that fear
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both Death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single; in me all
Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt; both mind and will deprav'd
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me? How can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction: first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath! fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden, heavier than the Earth to bear;
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desir'st,
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future;
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
O Conscience! into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
Through the still night; not now, as ere Man fell,
Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
Accompanied; with damps, and dreadful gloom;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror: on the ground
Outstretch'd he lay, on the cold ground; and oft
Curs'd his creation; Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution since denounc'd
The day of his offence. 'Why comes not Death,'
Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice Divine not hasten to be just?
But Death comes not at call; Justice Divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!
With other echo late I taught your shades
To answer, and resound far other song."—
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.
"Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thyself as false

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And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and color serpentine, may show
Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee
I had persisted happy; had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,
Though by the Devil himself; him overweening
To over-reach; but, with the serpent meeting,
Fool'd and beguil'd; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side; imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;
And understood not all was but a show,
Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister, from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."
He added not, and from her turn'd; but Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,
As join'd in injuries, one enmity
Against a foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel serpent: on me exercise not
Thy hatred for this misery befall'n;
On me already lost, me than myself
More miserable! Both have sinn'd; but thou
Against God only; I against God and thee;
And to the place of judgment will return,
There with my crimes importune Heaven; that all
The sentence, from thy head remov'd, may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe;
Me, me only, just object of his ire!"
She ended weeping; and her lowly plight,
Immovable, till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd in Adam wrought
Commiseration: soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight.
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so fair his reconcilement seeking.
His counsel, whom she had displeas'd, his aid.
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.
"Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou know'st not, who desir st
The punishment all on thyself; alas!
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
His full wrath, whose thou feel'st as yet least part.
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers
Could alter high decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited;
Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
To me committed, and by me expos'd.
But rise;—let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere; but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burthen, in our share of woe;
Since this day's death denounc'd, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac'd, evil;
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed!) deriv'd."
To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied.
"Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous; thence by just event
Found so unfortunate: nevertheless,
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devour'd
By Death at last; and miserable it is,
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain: so Death
Shall be deceiv'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire; which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread:
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek Death;—or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves:
Why stand we longer shivering under fears,
That show no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"—
She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest: so much of death her thoughts

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Had entertain'd, as dy'd her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing sway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Laboring had rais'd; and thus to Eve replied.
"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee; and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounc'd; doubt not but God
Hath wisdier arm'd his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear lest death,
So snatch'd, will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather, such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live: then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head; piteous amends! unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe,
Satan; who, in the serpent, hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed! which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou proposest: so our foe
Shall 'scape his punishment ordain'd, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against ourselves; and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope; and savors only
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard, and judg'd,
Without wrath or reviling; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day; when lo! to thee
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth; soon recompens'd with joy,
Fruit of thy womb: on me the curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground; with labor I must earn
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;
My labor will sustain me; and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath, unbesought, provided; and his hands
Cloth'd us unworthy, pitying while he judg'd;
How much more if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow?
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To show us in this mountain; while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumb'd, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected may with matter sere foment;
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds
Justling, or push'd with winds, rude in their shock,
Tine the slant lightning; whose thwart flame, driven down,
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine;
And sends a comfortable heat from far
Which might supply the Sun: such fire to use
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, than, to the place
Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
Before him reverent; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg; with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek?
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure; in whose looks serene,
When angry most he seem'd and most severe,
What else but favor, grace, and mercy, shone?"
So spake our father penitent; nor Eve
Felt less remorse: they, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent; and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd; with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them: God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them; but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs; he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits; the angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had remov'd
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable; which the spirit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory: yet their port
Not of mean suitors; nor important less
Seem'd their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drown'd, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne: them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began.
"See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in Man; these sighs

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And prayers, which in this golden censer, mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing savor, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd ere fall'n
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs, though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me, his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good, or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
Accept me; and, in me, from these receive
The smell of peace toward mankind: let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd though sad; till death his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse,)
To better life shall yield him: where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss;
Made one with me, as I with thee am one."
To whom the Father, without cloud, serene.
"All thy request for Man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree:
But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to Nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him, tainted now; and purge him off,
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
And mortal food; as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd; with happiness,
And immortality: that fondly lost,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe;
Till I provided death: so death becomes
His final remedy; and, after life,
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renew'd.
But let us call to synod all the blest,
Through Heaven's wide bounds: from them I will not hide
My judgments; how with mankind I proceed,
As how with peccant angels late they saw,
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirm'd."
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright minister that watch'd; he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
Fill'd all the regions: from their blissful bowers
Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high:
And took their seats: till from his throne supreme
The Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran will.
"O sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got;
Happier! had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him; longer than they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain,
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
"Michael, this my behest have thou in charge
Take to thee from among the cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise;
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair;
From hallow'd ground the unholy; and denounce
To them, and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
(For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
Bewailing their excess,) all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten; intermix
My covenant in the woman's seed renew'd:
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,
Cherubic watch; and of a sword the flame
Wide-waving; all approach far off to fright,
And guard all passage to the tree of life:
Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey;
With whose stol'n fruit man once more to delude.
He ceas'd; and the archangelic power prepar'd
For swift descent; with him the cohort bright
Of watchful cherubim: four faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their shape
Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
To re-salute the world with sacred light,
Leucothea wak'd; and with fresh dews embalm'd
The Earth; when Adam and first matron Eve
Had ended now their orisons, and found
Strength added from above; new hope to spring
Out of despair; joy, but with fear yet link'd;
Which thus to Eve his welcome words renew'd.
"Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
The good which we enjoy, from Heaven descends
But, that from us aught should ascend to Heaven
So prevalent as to concern the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will prayer
Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
By prayer the offended Deity to appease;
Kneel'd, and before him humbled all my heart;
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew
That I was heard with favor; peace return'd
Home to my breast, and to my memory
His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe;
Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, mother of all mankind,
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live; and all things live for Man."

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To whom thus Eve with sad demeanor meek.
"Ill-worthy I such title should belong
To me transgressor; who, for thee ordain'd
A help, became thy snare; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am grac'd
The source of life; next favorable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsaf'st,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labor calls us, now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless night; for see! the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling: let us forth;
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoin'd
Laborious till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content."
So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve; but Fate
Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd
On bird, beast, air; air suddenly eclips'd,
After short blush of morn: nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind:
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observ'd, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd, to Eve thus spake.
"O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heaven, by these mute signs in Nature, shows
Forerunners of his purpose; or to warn
Us, haply too secure, of our discharge
From penalty, because from death releas'd
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows? or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more?
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?"
He err'd not; for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd Adam's eye.
Not that more glorious, when the angels met
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
The field pavilion'd with his guardians bright;
Nor that, which on the flaming mount appear'd
In Dothan, cover'd with a camp of fire,
Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
War unproclaim'd. The princely hierarch
In their bright stand there left his powers, to seize
Possession of the garden; he alone,
To find where Adam shelter'd, took his way,
Not unperceiv'd of Adam: who to Eve,
While the great visitant approach'd, thus spake.
"Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
Of us will soon determine, or impose
New laws to be observ'd; for I descry,
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
One of the heavenly host; and, by his gait,
None of the meanest; some great potentate
Or of the thrones above; such majesty
Invests him coming! yet not terrible,
That I should fear; nor sociably mild,
As Raphaël, that I should much confide;
But solemn and sublime; whom not to offend,
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire."
He ended; and the archangel soon drew nigh
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof,
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glistering zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread; and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he, kingly, from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.
"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard; and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress.
Defeated of his seizure many days
Given thee of grace; wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord, appeas'd,
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim,
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not: to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil
He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death:
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world; to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"
Whom thus the angel interrupted mild.
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound,
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."
Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd.
"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest; for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes! gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,

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And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes! all places else
Inhospitable appear, and desolate;
Nor knowing us, nor known: and, if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries:
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed countenance: here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence Divine; and to my sons relate,
'On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages; and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers:
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory; and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael with regard benign.
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth;
Not this rock only; his Omnipresence fills
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warm'd:
All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise, or Eden: this had been
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
All generations; and had hither come
From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,
God is, as here; and will be found alike
Present; and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine.
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirm'd
Ere thou from hence depart; know, I am sent
To show thee what shall come in future days
To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad
Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow; equally inur'd
By moderation either state to bear,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes.—Ascend
This hill; let Eve (for I have drench'd her eyes)
Here sleep below; while thou to foresight wak'st;
As once thou slept'st, while she to life was form'd."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied.
"Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path.
Thou lead'st me; and to the hand of Heaven submit,
However chastening; to the evil turn
My obvious breast; arming to overcome
By suffering, and earn rest from labor won
If so I may attain."—So both ascend
In the visions of God. It was a hill,
Of Paradise the highest; from whose top
The hemisphere of Earth, in clearest ken,
Stretch'd out to the amplest reach of prospect lay
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
Whereon, for different cause, the Tempter set
Our second Adam, in the wilderness;
To show him all Earth's kingdoms, and their glory.
His eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern fame, the seat
Of mightiest empire, from the destin'd walls
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,
To Paquin of Sinæan kings; and thence
To Agra and Lahor of great Mogul,
Down to the golden Chersonese; or where
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
In Hispahan; or where the Russian ksar
In Mosco; or the sultan in Bizance,
Turchestan born; nor could his eye not ken
The empire of Negus to his utmost port
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings
Mombaza, ond Quiloa, and Melind,
And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
Of Congo, and Angola farthest south;
Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,
The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;
On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,
And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
Of Atabalipa; and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons
Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
Michael from Adam's eyes the film remov'd,
Which that false fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred; then purg'd with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve, for he had much to see;
And from the well of life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these ingredients pierc'd,
Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That Adam, now enforc'd to close his eyes,
Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranc'd;
But him the gentle angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

"Adam, now ope thine eyes; and first behold
The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee; who never touch'd
The excepted tree; nor with the snake conspir'd;
Nor sinn'd thy sin; yet from that sin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds."

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New reap'd; the other part sheep-walks and folds
I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood
Rustic, of grassy sord; thither anon
A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought
First-fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand; a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,

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Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd:
His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steam;
The other's not, for his was not sincere;
Whereat he only rag'd, and, as they talk'd,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life! he fell; and, deadly pale,
Groan'd out his soul with gushing blood effus'd
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd, and thus in haste to the angel cried.
"O teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?"
To whom Michael thus, he also mov'd, replied.
"These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins; the unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd; and the other's faith, approv'd,
Lose no reward; though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore." To which our sire,
"Alas! both for the deed, and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"
To whom thus Michael. "Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on Man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance, than within.
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die;
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou may'st know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men." Immediately a place
Before his eyes appear'd, sad, noisome, dark;
A lazar-house it seem'd; wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd: all maladies
Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs
Intestine stone and ulcer, colic-pangs,
Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick busiest from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess;
And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renew'd.
"O miserable mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end here unborn. Why is life given
To be thus wrested from us? rather, why
Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down;
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can this
The image of God in Man, created once
So goodly and erect, though faulty since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt?"
"Their Maker's image," answer'd Michael, "then
Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
To serve ungovern'd Appetite; and took
His image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
Therefore so abject is their punishment,
Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own;
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac'd;
While they pervert pure Nature's healthful rules
To lothesome sickness; worthily, since they
God's image did not reverence in themselves."
"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"
"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe
The rule of *Not too much;* by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So may'st thou live; till like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature:
This is Old Age; but then, thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty; which will change
To wither'd, weak, and grey; thy senses then,
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life." To whom our ancestor.
"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest of this cumbrous charge;
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution." Michael replied.
"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long, or short, permit to Heaven:
And now prepare thee for another sight."
He look'd, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hue; by some, were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,
Was heard, of harp and organ; and, who mov'd
Their stops and chords, was seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Laboring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted, (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of Earth; thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth; or whether wash'd by stream
From under-ground;) the liquid ore he drain'd
Into fit moulds prepar'd; from which he form'd
First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,

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But on the hither side, a different sort
From the high neighboring hills, which was their seat,
Down to the plain descended; by their guise
Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve
Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
Long had not walk'd, when from the tents, behold!
A bevy of fair women, richly gay
In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on;
The men, though grave, ey'd them; and let their eyes
Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net
Fast caught, they lik'd; and each his liking chose;
And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
Love's harbinger, appear'd; then, all in heat
They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage rites invok'd:
With feast and music all the tents resound.
Such happy interview, and fair event
Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
And charming symphonies, attach'd the heart
Of Adam, soon inclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of nature, which he thus express'd.
"True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest;
Much better seems this vision, and more hope
Of peaceful days portends, than those two past;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse;
Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends."
To whom thus Michael. "Judge not what is best
By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holy and pure, conformity divine.
Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant, were the tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
Who slew his brother: studious they appear
Of arts that polish life, inventors rare;
Unmindful of their Maker, though his spirit
Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.
Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Woman's domestic honor and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists; and now swim in joy,
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep."
To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft.
"O pity and shame, that they, who to live well
Enter'd so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin."
"From man's effeminate slackness it begins,"
Said the angel, "who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superior gifts receiv'd.
But now prepare thee for another scene."
He look'd, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between;
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise,
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle rang'd
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood.
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastur'd late, now scatter'd lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguin'd field,
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamp'd; by battery, scale, and mine,
Assaulting; others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire,
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd heralds call
To council, in the city-gates: anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mix'd
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon,
In factious opposition; till at last,
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands;
Had not a cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turn'd full sad: "O! what are these,
Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren; men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"
To whom thus Michael. "These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st;
Where good with bad were match'd, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mix'd,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admir'd,
And valor and heroic virtue call'd;
To overcome in battle, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory; and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.
Thus fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth;
And what most merits fame, in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come
To judge them with his saints: him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to show thee what reward
Awaits the good: the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

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He look'd, and saw the face of things quite chang'd;
The brazen throat of war had ceas'd to roar:
All now was turn'd to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance;
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allur'd them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declar'd,
And testified against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals; and to them preach'd
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison, under judgments imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his tents far off:
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;
Measur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and height;
Smear'd round with pitch; and in the side a door
Contriv'd; and of provisions laid in large,
For man and beast; when lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens and pairs; and enter'd in as taught
Their order: last the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south-wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under Heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapor, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rush'd the rain
Impetuous; and continued, till the Earth
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelm'd, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water roll'd; sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum embark'd.
How didst thou grieve, then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till, gently rear'd
By the angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last;
Though comfortless; as when a father mourns
His children, all in view destroy'd at once;
And scarce to the angel utter'dst thus thy plaint.
"O visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future! so had borne
My part of evil only, each day's lot
Enough to bear; those now, that were dispens'd
The burden of many ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold, what shall befall
Him or his children; evil he may be sure,
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent;
And he the future evil shall no less
In apprehension than in substance feel,
Grievous to bear: but that care now is past,
Man is not whom to warn: those few escap'd
Famine and anguish will at last consume,
Wandering that watery desert: I had hope
When violence was ceas'd, and war on Earth,
All would have then gone well; peace would have crown'd
With length of happy days the race of Man;
But I was far deceived; for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste
How comes it thus? unfold, celestial guide,
And whether here the race of Man will end.'
To whom thus Michael. "Those, whom last thou saw'st
In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits, but of true virtue void;
Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby
Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey;
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth
Surfeit, and lust; till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquer'd also, and enslav'd by war,
Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose
And fear of God; from whom their piety feign'd
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders; therefore, cool'd in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy; for the Earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tried:
So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd;
Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurement, custom, and a world
Offended: fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish; and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
And full of peace; denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observ'd
The one just man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,
To save himself, and household, from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he, with them of man and beast
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodg'd,
And shelter'd round; but all the cataracts
Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour
Rain, day and night; all fountains of the deep,
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds; till inundation rise
Above the highest hills: then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now, what further shall ensue, behold."
He look'd, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated; for the clouds were fled,
Driven by a keen north-wind, that, blowing dry,
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decay'd;
And the clear Sun on his wide watery glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole

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With soft foot towards the deep; who now had stopt
His sluices, as the Heaven his windows shut.
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
Fast on the top of some high mountain fix'd.
And now the tops of hills, as rocks, appear;
With clamor thence the rapid currents drive,
Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A dove sent forth once and again to spy
Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light:
The second time returning, in his bill
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign:
Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
The ancient sire descends, with all his train:
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
Conspicuous with three listed colors gay,
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
Greatly rejoic'd; and thus his joy broke forth
"O thou, who future things canst represent
As present, heavenly instructor! I revive
At this last sight; assur'd that Man shall live,
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
Far less I now lament for one whole world
Of wicked sons destroy'd, than I rejoice
For one man found so perfect, and so just,
That God vouchsafes to raise another world
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those color'd streaks in Heaven
Distended, as the brow of God appeas'd?
Or serve they as a flowery verge, to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the Earth?"
To whom the archangel. "Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd;
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way; yet, those remov'd,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood; nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds; nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beast; but, when he brings
Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-color'd bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant: day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course; till fire purge all things new,
Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell."

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT.

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain, who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall; his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey bates at noon
Though bent on speed; so here the archangel paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes
"Thus thou hast seen one world begin, and end,
And Man, as from a second stock, proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail: objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense.
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
"This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Laboring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil; and, from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblam'd; and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the Earth;
Hunting (and men not beasts shall be his game)
With war, and hostile snare, such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous:
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord; as in despite of Heaven,
Or from Heaven, claiming second sovranty;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under-ground, the mouth of Hell
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven
And get themselves a name; lest, far dispers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be lost;
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heaven-towers; and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase
Quite out their native language; and, instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown:
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,
Among the builders; each to other calls
Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mock'd they storm: great laughter was in Heaven,
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,

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And hear the din: thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work *Confusion* nam'd."
Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd.
O execrable son! so to aspire
Above his brethren; to himself assuming
Authority usurp'd, from God not given.
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation; but man over men
He made not lord; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud
Stays not on man; to God his tower intends
Siege and defiance: wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither, to sustain
Himself and his rash army; where thin air
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"
To whom thus Michael. "Justly thou abhorr'st
That son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being.
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires,
And upstart passions, catch the government
From reason; and to servitude reduce
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits
Within himself unworthy powers to reign
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
Subjects him from without to violent lords;
Who oft as undeservedly enthral
His outward freedom: tyranny must be;
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annex'd,
Deprives them of their outward liberty;
Their inward lost: witness the irreverent son
Of him who built the ark; who, for the shame
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
Servant of servants, on his vicious race
Thus will this latter, as the former world,
Still tend from bad to worse; till God at last,
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy eyes; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to their own polluted ways;
And one peculiar nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A nation from one faithful man to spring:
Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
Bred up in idol-worship: O, that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the patriarch liv'd, who 'scap'd the flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods! Yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
To call by vision, from his father's house,
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him; and from him will raise
A mighty nation; and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest: he straight obeys;
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes:
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude;
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighboring plain
Of Moreh: there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south;
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd;)
From Hermon east to the great western sea;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea; each place behold
In prospect, as I point them; on the shore
Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the Earth
Shall in his seed be blessed: by that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grand-child, leaves;
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown:
The grand-child, with twelve sons increas'd, departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea: to sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth; a son, whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that realm
Of Pharaoh: there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation; and, now grown,
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests [slaves
Too numerous; whence of guests he makes them
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males:
Till by two brethren, (these two brethren call
Moses and Aaron,) sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory, and spoil, back to their promis'd land.
But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by signs and judgments dire;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turn'd;
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loth'd intrusion, and fill all the land;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people; thunder mix'd with hail,
Hail mix'd with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the Earth, devouring where it rolls
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days;
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as ice
More harden'd after thaw; till, in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host; but them lets pass,
As on dry land, between two crystal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided, till his rescued gain their shore.
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend

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Though present in his angel; who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire;
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire;
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues:
All night he will pursue; but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot-wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea; the sea his rod obeys;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war: the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way;
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarm'd,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrain'd in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness: there they shall found
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordain'd:
God from the mount of Sinai, whose grey top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,
Ordain them laws; part, such as appertain
To civil justice; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice; informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destin'd Seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access,
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears; to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus, laws and rights
Establish'd, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle;
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell:
By his prescript a sanctuary is fram'd
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant; over these
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
Of two bright cherubim; before him burn
Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing
The heavenly fires; over the tent a cloud
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night;
Save when they journey, and at length they come,
Conducted by his angel, to the land
Promis'd to Abraham and his seed:—the rest
Were long to tell; how many battles fought;
How many kings destroy'd; and kingdoms won;
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heaven stand still
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand;
And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,
Till Israel overcome!' So call the third
From Abraham, son of Isaac; and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."
Here Adam interpos'd. "O sent from Heaven,
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveal'd; those chiefly, which concern
Just Abraham and his seed: now first I find
Mine eyes true-opening, and my heart much eas'd
Erewhile perplex'd with thoughts, what would become
Of me and all mankind: but now I see
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest;
Favor unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth
So many and so various laws are given.
So many laws argue so many sins
Among them; how can God with such reside?"
To whom thus Michael. "Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;
And therefore was law given them, to evince
Their natural pravity, by stirring up
Sin against law to fight: that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
Some blood more precious must be paid for man;
Just for unjust; that in such righteousness
To them by faith imputed, they may find
Justification towards God, and peace
Of conscience; which the law by ceremonies
Cannot appease: nor man the moral part
Perform; and, not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect; and but given
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better covenant; disciplin'd
From shadowy types to truth; from flesh to spirit
From imposition of strict laws to free
Acceptance of large grace; from servile fear
To filial: works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly belov'd, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary-serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long-wander'd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan plac'd,
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings; of whom
The second, both for piety renown'd
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
All prophesy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A Son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations; and to kings foretold, of kings
The last; for of his reign shall be no end.
But first, a long succession must ensue;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom fam'd,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him, as shall be register'd
Part good, part bad: of bad the longer scroll;
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heap'd to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,

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Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion; Babylon thence call'd.
There in captivity he lets them dwell
The space of seventy years; then brings them back,
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
To David, stablish'd as the days of Heaven.
Return'd from Babylon by leave of kings
Their lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God
They first re-edify; and for a while
In mean estate live moderate; till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow:
But first among the priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the altar, and should most
Endeavor peace: their strife pollution brings
Upon the temple itself: at last they seize
The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;
Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed king Messiah might be born
Barr'd of his right; yet at his birth a star,
Unseen before in Heaven, proclaims him come;
And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:
His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron'd angels hear his carol sung.
A virgin is his mother, but his sire
The power of the Most High: he shall ascend
The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."

He ceas'd, discerning Adam with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief been dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words; which these he breath'd.

"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steadiest thoughts have search'd in vain;
Why our great Expectation should be call'd
The seed of woman: virgin mother, hail,
High in the love of Heaven; yet from my loins
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
Of God Most High; so God with man unites.
Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal pain: say where and when
Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel."

To whom thus Michael. "Dream not of their fight,
As of a duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled, not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Savior, shall recure,
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, impos'd
On penalty of death, and suffering death;
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high Justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life, and cursed death;
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption; and that his obedience,
Imputed, becomes their's by faith; his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seiz'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurs'd, nail'd to the cross
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind with him there crucified,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction: so he dies,
But soon revives; Death over him no power
Shall long usurp: ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offer'd life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this godlike act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their stings
Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems; a death, like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life.
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth, than certain times to appear
To his disciples, men who in his life
Still follow'd him; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his salvation; them who shall believe
Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
Salvation shall be preach'd, but to the sons
Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend
With victory triumphing through the air
Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
Through all his realm, and there confounded leave
Then enter into glory, and resume
His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heaven; and thence shall come
When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick and dead
To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
Whether in Heaven or Earth; for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the archangel Michaël; then paus'd,
As at the world's great period; and our sire,
Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied.

"O Goodness infinite! Goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good; more wonderful
Than that which by creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By me done, and occasion'd; or rejoice
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring

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To God more glory, more good-will to men
From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven
Must reascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide
His people, who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?"
"Be sure they will," said the angel; "but from Heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth: and also arm
With spiritual armor, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death; against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompens'd,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit,
Pour'd first on his Apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven: at length
Their ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power; though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promis'd alike, and given
To all believers; and, from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; laws which none shall find
Left them enroll'd, or what the spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
His consort Liberty? what, but unbuild
His living temples, built by faith to stand,
Their own faith, not another's? for, on Earth,
Who against faith and conscience can be heard
Infallible? yet many will presume:
Whence heavy persecution shall arise
On all, who in the worship persevere
Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
To good malignant, to bad men benign;
Under her own weight groaning; till the day
Appear of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid,
The woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Savior and thy Lord;
Last, in the clouds, from Heaven to be reveal'd
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heavens, new Earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love:
To bring forth fruits, joy, and eternal bliss."
He ended; and thus Adam last replied.
"How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
Measur'd this transient world, the race of time,
Till time stand fix'd! Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;
Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill
Of knowledge what this vessel can contain;
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God; to walk
As in his presence; ever to observe
His providence; and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek: that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
And, to the faithful, death, the gate of life;
Taught this by his example, whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."
To whom thus also the angel last replied.
"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in Heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come call'd charity, the soul
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier far.—
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of speculation; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence; and see! the guards,
By me encamp'd on yonder hill, expect
Their motion; at whose front a flaming sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round:
We may no longer stay: go, waken Eve;
Her also I with gentle dreams have calm'd
Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd
To meek submission: thou, at season fit,
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard;
Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
The great deliverance by her seed to come
(For by the woman's seed) on all mankind:
That ye may live, which will be many days,
Both in one faith unanimous, though sad,
With cause for evils past; yet much more cheer'd
With meditation on the happy end."
He ended, and they both descend the hill,
Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
Lay sleeping, ran before: but found her wak'd:
And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd.
"Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep; and dreams advise,
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;

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In me is no delay; with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd Seed shall all restore."
So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not: for now, too nigh
The archangel stood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel,
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd,
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime; whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your prelate lord,
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,
To seize the widowed whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classic hierarchy
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,
That so the Parliament,
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,
And succor our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love; oh, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied,
I fondly ask? But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

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ON HIS WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espousèd saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old law did save;
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war: new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endureth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

ON SHAKESPEARE, 1630.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones—
The labor of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou of such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For while to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

ON THE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.

Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

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ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley was born at London, in 1618. His father, who was a grocer by trade, died before his birth; but his mother procured his admission into Westminster School, as a king's scholar. He has represented himself as so deficient in memory as to have been unable to retain the common rules of grammar: it is, however, certain that, by some process, he became an elegant and correct classical scholar. He early displayed a taste for poetry; and while yet at school, in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, he published a collection of verses, under the appropriate title of "Poetical Blossoms."

In 1636 he was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. In this favorable situation he obtained much praise for his academical exercises; and he again appeared as an author, in a pastoral comedy, called "Love's Riddle," and a Latin comedy, entitled "*Naufragium Joculare;*" the last of which was acted before the university, by the members of Trinity College. He continued to reside at Cambridge till 1643, and was a Master of Arts when he was ejected from the university by the puritanical visitors. He thence removed to Oxford, and fixed himself in St. John's College. Here he engaged actively in the royal cause, and was present in several of the king's journeys and expeditions, but in what quality does not appear. He ingratiated himself, however, with the principal persons about the court, and particularly with Lord Falkland.

When the events of the civil war obliged the queen-mother to quit the kingdom, Cowley accompanied her to France, and obtained a settlement at Paris, in the family of the Earl of St. Alban's. During an absence of nearly ten years from his native country, he took various journeys into Jersey, Scotland, Holland, and Flanders; and it was principally through his instrumentality that a correspondence was maintained between the king and his consort. The business of ciphering and deciphering their letters was intrusted to his care, and often occupied his nights as well as his days. It is no wonder that, after the Restoration, he long complained of the neglect with which he was treated. In 1656, having no longer any affairs to transact abroad, he returned to England; still, it is supposed, engaged in the service of his party, as a medium of secret intelligence. Soon after his arrival, he published an edition of his poems, containing most of those which now appear in his works. In a search for another person, he was apprehended by the messengers of the ruling powers, and committed to custody; but was soon released on bail.

After the death of Cromwell, Cowley returned to France, and resumed his station as an agent in the royal cause, the hopes of which now began to revive. The Restoration reinstated him, with other royalists, in his own country; and he naturally expected a reward for his long services. He had been promised, both by Charles I. and Charles II., the mastership of the Savoy, but was unsuccessful in both his applications. He had also the misfortune of displeasing his party by his revived comedy of "The Cutter of Coleman Street," which was construed as a satire on the Cavaliers. At length, through the interest of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Alban's, he obtained a lease of a farm at Chertsey, held under the queen, by which his income was raised to about three hundred pounds sterling per annum.

Cowley took up his abode first at Barn-elms, on the banks of the Thames; but this place not agreeing with his health, he removed to Chertsey. Here his life was soon brought to a close. According to his biographer, Dr. Sprat, the fatal disease was an affection of the lungs, the consequence of staying too late in the fields among his laborers. Dr. Warton, however, from the authority of Mr. Spence, gives a different account of the matter. He says that Cowley, with his friend Sprat, paid a visit on foot to a gentleman in the neighborhood of Chertsey, which they prolonged, in free conviviality, till midnight; and that missing their way on their return, they were obliged to pass the night under a hedge, which gave to the poet a severe cold and fever, which terminated in his death. He died on July 28, 1667, and was interred, with a most honorable attendence of persons of distinction, in Westminster Abbey, near the remains of Chaucer and Spenser. King Charles II. pronounced his eulogy, by declaring that "Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England."

At the time of his death, Cowley certainly ranked as the first poet in England; for Milton lay under a cloud, nor was the age qualified to appreciate him. And, although a large portion of Cowley's celebrity has since vanished, there still remains enough to raise him to a considerable rank among the British poets. M. Taine says: "He was a well-governed, reasonable, instructed, polished, well-trained man, fertile in general reflections and ideas"—in short, a literary man, rather than a poet, the first who, in England, was really deserving to be called an author by profession. He possessed the ability to say what he pleased, but had really nothing to say. His poetry is contorted and artificial, and therefore soon wearies us. It may be proper here to add that, as a prose-writer, particularly in the department of essays, there are few who can compare with him in elegant simplicity.

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THE MOTTO.

TENTANDA VIA EST, ETC.

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall, like beasts or common people, die,
Unless you write my elegy;
While others great, by being born, are grown;
Their mothers' labor, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does lie,
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on. What sound is 't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can
Raise up the buried man.
Unpast Alps stop me; but I 'll cut them all,
And march, the Muses' Hannibal.
Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way!
Hence, the desire of honors or estate,
And all that is not above Fate!
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
Which intercepts my coming praise!
Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on;
'T is time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagyrite! and teach me now
All I was born to know:
Thy scholar's victories thou dost far outdo;
He conquered the earth, the whole world you.
Welcome, learned Cicero! whose blest tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
Thou art the first of orators; only he
Who best can praise thee, next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
To be like one of you!
But you have climbed the mountain's top, there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And, while with wearied steps we upward go,
See us, and clouds, below.

HONOR.

She loves, and she confesses too;
There 's then, at last, no more to do;
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin;
Iö, triumphe! enter in.

What 's this, ye gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honor stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?
Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made,
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy!
Unlike to every other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men to fright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

OF MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honor I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
Th' unknown are better than ill known:
Rumor can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space:
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

Margarita first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke

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And still new favorites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess dy'd,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid;
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possest
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell,)
Than Holingshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign

ANACREONTICS:

OR,

SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

Translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon.

I. LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings,
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muse! but lo! the strings
To my great song rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These, sure, (said I) will me obey;
These, sure, heroic notes will play.
Straight I began with thundering Jove,
And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
Love smil'd, and from m' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love and soft desire.
Farewell, then, heroes! farewell, kings
And mighty numbers, mighty things!
Love tunes my heart just to my strings

II. DRINKING.

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck-in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III. BEAUTY.

LIBERAL Nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence;
And some she arms with sinewy force,
And some with swiftness in the course
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
And some with horns or tusked jaws:

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And some with scales, and some with wings,
And some with teeth, and some with stings.
Wisdom to man she did afford,
Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armor, has sh' assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armor, can compare?
What steel, what gold, or diamond,
More impassable is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning, o'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart
Like porcupines from every part.
Who can, alas! their strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

IV. AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old.
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects, I do not know;
This I know, without being told
'Tis ume to live, if I grow old;
'Tis time short pleasures now to take
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake

V. GOLD.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood
Gold alone does passion move.
Gold monopolizes love.
A curse on her, and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in love
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

VI. THE EPICURE.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here·
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow

VII. ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'erflowing.
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love; nay, fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be
Why do we precious ointments show'r?
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

VIII. THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
The country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire,
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know,
But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

IX. THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do.

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With thy tuneless serenade?
Well't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscover'd nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise,
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou hast ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream, that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOKED BY A GRAPE STONE.

SPOKEN BY THE GOD OF LOVE.

How shall I lament thine end,
My best servant and my friend?
Nay, and, if from a deity
So much deified as I,
It sound not too profane and odd,
Oh, my master and my god!
For 'tis true, most mighty poet!
(Though I like not men should know it)
I am in naked Nature less,
Less by much, than in thy dress.
All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves or sparrows,
Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,
Or their riper following blisses;
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round
All with Venus' girdle bound;
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy style,
The smooth-pac'd hours of every day
Glided numerously away.
Like thy verse each hour did pass;
Sweet and short, like that, it was.
Some do but their youth allow me,
Just what they by Nature owe me,
The time that's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown:
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too busy, or too wise, for me.
Thou wert wiser, and didst know
None too wise for love can grow;
Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Close as heat with fire is join'd;
A powerful brand prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More inflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy silver hairs yielded me more
Than even golden curls before.

Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,
Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
My creatures should be all like thee,
'Tis thou should'st their idea be:
They, like thee, should thoroughly hate
Business, honor, title, state;
Other wealth they should not know
But what my living mines bestow;
The pomp of kings, they should confess,
At their crownings, to be less
Than a lover's humblest guise,
When at his mistress' feet he lies.
Rumor they no more should mind
Than men safe landed do the wind;
Wisdom itself they should not hear,
When it presumes to be severe;
Beauty alone they should admire,
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire.
Nor ask what parents it can show;
With dead or old 't has nought to do.
They should not love yet all, or any.
But very much and very many:
All their life should gilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety;
Well remembering and applying
The necessity of dying.
Their cheerful heads should always wear
All that crowns the flowery year:
They should always laugh, and sing,
And dance, and strike th' harmonious string
Verse should from their tongues so flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow,
As swiftly answering their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand.
And whilst I do thus discover
Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake
I of the grape no mention make.
Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Cursed Plant! I lov'd thee well;
And 'twas oft my wanton use
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Cursed Plant! 'tis true, I see,
The old report that goes of thee—
That with giants' blood the Earth
Stain'd and poison'd gave thee birth;
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron, Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worse than his tigers, he delights;
In all our Heaven I think there be
No such ill-natur'd god as he.
Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine!
To be the Muses' friend and mine:
With love and wit thou dost begin,
False fires, alas! to draw us in;
Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to madness or to sleep:
Sleep were well, thou'st learn't a way
To death itself now to betray.
It grieves me when I see what fate
Does on the best of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poesy
Can arm, against Death's smallest dart,
The poet's head or lover's heart;

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But when their life, in its decline,
Touches th' inevitable line.
All the world's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men;
Nay, in Death's hand, the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

ODE, FROM CATULLUS.

ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

WHILST on Septimius' panting breast
(Meaning nothing less than rest)
Acme lean'd her loving head;
Thus the pleas'd Septimius said:

"My dearest Acme, if I be
Once alive, and love not thee
With a passion far above
All that e'er was called love;
In a Libyan desert may
I become some lion's prey;
Let him, Acme, let him tear
My breast, when Acme is not there."

The god of love, who stood to hear him,
(The god of love was always near him,)
Pleas'd and tickled with the sound,
Sneez'd aloud; and all around
The little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and blest the augury.
Acme, inflam'd with what he said,
Rear'd her gently-bending head;
And, her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious boy,
Twice (and twice could scarce suffice)
She kiss'd his drunken rolling eyes.

"My little life, my all! (said she)
So may we ever servants be
To this best god, and ne'er retain
Our hated liberty again!
So may thy passion last for me,
As I a passion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much than can
Be conceiv'd by thee a man!
Into my marrow is it gone,
Fixt and settled in the bone;
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through every part."
She spoke; the god of love aloud
Sneez'd again; and all the crowd
Of little Loves, that waited by,
Bow'd, and bless'd the augury.

This good omen thus from Heaven
Like a happy signal given,
Their loves and lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor Septimius (who did now
Nothing else but Acme grow)
Acme's bosom was alone
The whole world's imperial throne;
And to faithful Acme's mind
Septimius was all human-kind.

If the gods would please to be
But advis'd for once by me,
I'd advise them, when they spy
Any illustrious piety,
To reward her, if it be she—
To reward him, if it be he—
With such a husband, such a wife,
With Acme's and Septimius' life

THE COMPLAINT.

IN a deep vision's intellectual scene
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green
Mixt with the mourning willow's careful grey
Where reverend Cham cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay.
And lo! a Muse appear'd to's closed sight,
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play,)
Body'd, array'd, and seen, by an internal light.
A golden harp with silver strings she bore;
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colors and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That art can never imitate;
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair Ismenus' stream,
Pindar, her Theban favorite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.
She touch'd him with her harp, and rais'd him from the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And Winter marches on so fast?
But, when I meant t'adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their dearest children done,
When I resolv'd t'exalt thy anointed name,
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou, changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Would'st into courts and cities from me go;
Would'st see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there:
Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,
And business thou would'st find, and would'st create;
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things hate
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

"Go, renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
Thou thought'st, if once the public storm were past,

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All thy remaining life should sunshine be;
Behold! the public storm is spent at last,
The sovereign's toat at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore.
But, whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
Thou, still alone, alas! dost gaping stand
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand!

"As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our king;
Enriching moisture drop'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light!
But then, alas! to thee alone,
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown;
For every tree and every herb around
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of Heaven did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said
The men whom through long wanderings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of brass:
They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That bounteous Heaven, which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain

"The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more
Thou didst with faith and labor serve,
And didst (if faith and labor can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Given to another thou didst see,
Given to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be!
Go on; twice seven years more thy fortune try;
Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery:
But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldly plow,
Should'st in a hard and barren season thrive,
Should'st even able be to live;
Thou, to whose share so little bread did fall,
In that miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said—
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
So I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo! still in verse against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once, it ever, breeds;
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow,
Make all my art and labor fruitless now;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth eve grow.

"When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:
Long work perhaps may spoil thy colors quite,
But never will reduce the native white:
To all the ports of honor and of gain,
I often steer my course in vain;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slack'nest all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy
Whoever this world's happiness would see,
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only Heaven desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late,)
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain

"Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court, and better king, t' accuse:
The heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenness; if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing, when I should plow
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient sovereign did attend
His long misfortunes' fatal end;
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend;
I ought to be accurst, if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say; and, though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all the princes, thou
Should'st not reproach rewards for being small or slow;
Thou! who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that too after death."

HYMN TO LIGHT.

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb!
Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smil'd;

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who does in thee descend, and Heaven to Earth make love!

Hail, active Nature's watchful life and health
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband, Heat, and thee!
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom he!

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Say from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word Divine.

Tis, I believe, this archery to show,
That so much cost in colors thou,
And skill in painting, dost bestow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heavenly bow.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd when begun;
Let a post-angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of Earth shalt reach as soon as he.

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey!
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tents for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night, and her ugly subjects, thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep, conscious, to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head:
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sun-shine melts away his cold.
Encouraged at the sight of thee,
To the cheek color comes, and firmness to the knee.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes, if thou be'st in the place,
To Darkness' curtains he retires;
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

When, goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

The ghosts, and monster-spirits, that did presume
A body's privilege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands.
On the fair tulip thou dost doat;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-color'd coat.

With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix
And solid colors in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Ah, goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold
And be less liberal to gold!
Did'st thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man relieve!

To me the Sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah! wondrous few, there be,
Who do not gold prefer, O goddess! even to thee.

Through the soft ways of Heaven, and air, and sea
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But, where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows,
Takes there possession, and does make
Of colors mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,
In th' empyrean Heaven does stay
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

AGAINST HOPE.

Hope! whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound
Vain shadow! which does vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite.

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Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!
The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty custom's paid to thee.
For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!
Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears!
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By ignes fatui for north-stars we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad!
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:
Sire of Repentance! child of fond Desire!
That blow'st the chymics', and the lovers', fire,
Leading them still insensibly on
By the strange witchcraft of "anon!"
By thee the one does changing Nature, through
Her endless labyrinths, pursue;
And th' other chases woman, whilst she goes
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

FOR HOPE.

Hope! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from Heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,
Which nought has power to alienate.
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroy!
Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,
And art a blessing still in hand!
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she her bargain break or else fulfil;
Thou only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
Thy portion yet in movables is great.
Happiness itself's all one
In thee, or in possession!
Only the future's thine, the present his!
Thine's the more hard and noble bliss:
Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope! thou sad lovers' only friend!
Thou Way, that may'st dispute it with the End!
For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other way again to thee;
And that's a pleasant country, without doubt
To which all soon return that travel out.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM EGRESSUS EST.

Felix, qui patriis, &c.

Happy the man, who his whole time doth bound
Within th' inclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or fear'd.
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows,
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he knows.
He measures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighboring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

THE WISH.

Well, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian-angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?

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Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Had coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;
Here naught but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And naught but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended, hither
From Heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 't is the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude!
I should have then this only fear—
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

FROM THE DAVIDEIS.

Awake, awake, my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire;
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.
Hark! how the strings awake:
And, though the moving hand approach not near
Themselves with awful fear,
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove,
Physic to other ills, thou 'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail;
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire:
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre; and let thy master die

ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW.

Poet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their Holy Land.

Ah, wretched We! poets of earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old:
And they, kind spirits! shall all rejoice to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.

LIBERTY.

Where honor or where conscience does not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be:
Nor shall my future actions be confined
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engaged does stand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe;
And still as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy to the last, the kind releasing knell.

THE SOUL.

If mine eyes do e'er declare
They 've seen a second thing that 's fair;
Or ears that they have music found,
Besides thy voice, in any sound;
If my taste do ever meet,
After thy kiss with aught that 's sweet;
If my abused touch allow
Aught to be smooth or soft but thou!
If what seasonable springs
Or the eastern summer brings,
Do my smell persuade at all
Aught perfume but thy breath to call;
If all my senses objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And so through thee more powerful pass,
As beams do through a burning-glass;
If all things that in Nature are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in thee so epitomized,
That naught material 's not comprised,
May I as worthless seem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

LOVE IN HER SUNNY EYES.

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there;
In all her outward parts Love 's always seen,
But, oh! he never went within.

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JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden was born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631. He was educated first at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby, and then at Cambridge, where he took the master's degree in 1657. He inherited a small estate, and went to London under the patronage of Sir Gilbert Pickering. At the age of twenty he had published an elegy and some epigrams; but his first poem that attracted attention was "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell." On the restoration, he changed his politics, and sang in praise of Charles II., in "Astræa Redux" and "A Panegyric on the Coronation." This cost him the friendship of Pickering, and he then became an author by profession. He wrote for the stage with considerable success. But his rhymed tragedies were deservedly ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham in "The Rehearsal." In 1663 Dryden married Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, and in 1670 he was appointed poet-laureate and historiographer. In 1681 he wrote "Absalom and Achitophel," an elaborate political satire, and the next year "Mac Flecknoe," a continuation of it. On the accession of James II. he became, with that monarch, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and in 1687 published his "Hind and Panther," a most absurd defence of his adopted church. His pension was now largely increased, his poems were universally read, and he seemed at the very height of prosperity. But the revolution deprived him of his laureateship, and reduced him to the necessity of writing again for bread. He produced more plays, which were put upon the stage, but are now, like his earlier ones, almost forgotten. Dryden was unlike Milton in that he did his best work in the last years of his life. The translation of Virgil was begun in 1694, and occupied two years. Soon after, appeared his "Ode on Alexander's Feast," and then he spent a year and a half in writing his "Fables." He died May 1, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In Dryden's character and conduct as a man there is little to admire; but the student of English poetry will never cease to regret that such noble powers were so largely wasted on ephemeral and unworthy themes.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, 1666.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
  Crouching at home and cruel when abroad:
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
  Our king they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

Trade, which like blood should circularly flow,
  Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
  And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

For them alone the Heavens had kindly heat;
  In eastern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
  And in hot Ceilon spicy forests grew.

The Sun but seem'd the laborer of the year;
  Each waxing Moon supplied her watery store,
To swell those tides which from the line did bear
  Their brim full vessels to the Belgian shore.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
  And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong:
  And this may prove our second Punic war.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
  (But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
  For they would grow too powerful were it long

Behold two nations, then, engag'd so far,
  That each seven years the fit must shake each land
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
  Who only can his vast designs withstand.

See how he feeds th' Iberian with delays,
  To render us his timely friendship vain:
And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
  He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
  O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in hand
And prudently would make them lords at sea,
  To whom with ease he can give laws by land

This saw our king; and long within his breast
  His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd
  And he less for it than usurpers do.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
  Of fame and honor, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew
  Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey

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The loss and gain each fatally were great;
And still his subjects call'd aloud for war:
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapors that from limbecs rise,
It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolv'd t' assert the watery ball,
He in himself did whole armadoes bring
Him aged seamen might their master call,
And choose for general, were he not their king.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are,
Fir'd by the Sun, or seeming so alone;
Or each some more remote and slippery star,
Which loses footing when to mortals shown:

Or one, that bright companion of the Sun,
Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born king;
And now, a round of greater years begun,
New influence from his walks of light did bring.

Victorious York did first with fam'd success,
To his known valor make the Dutch give place:
Thus Heaven our monarch's fortune did confess,
Beginning conquest from his royal race.

But since it was decreed, auspicious king,
In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,
Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,
And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,
He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd,
To which his pride presum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,
And all was Britain's the wide ocean saw.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
With all the riches of the rising Sun:
And precious sand from southern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store, [bring:
Their waylaid wealth to Norway's coasts they
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
And Winter brooded on the eastern Spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in cover lie
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard
The English undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odors arm'd against them fly.
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find.
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valor left,
And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey,
For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
For wealth, which so uncertainly must come:
When what was brought so far, and with such pain
Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

The son, who twice three months on th' ocean tost
Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore

This careful husband had been long away,
Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
On which their father promis'd to return.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,
And so we suffer shipwreck everywhere!
Alas, what port can such a pilot find,
Who in the night of Fate must blindly steer!

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,
Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
In whom we seek the German faith in vain:
Alas, that he should teach the English first,
That fraud and avarice in the church could reign

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
Whose friendship's in his interest understood
Since money given but tempts him to be ill,
When power is too remote to make him good.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand;
And threatening France, plac'd like a painted Jove
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

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That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants power t'enjoy;
Whose noiseful valor does no foe invade,
And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to show:
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite:
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave.
But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;
But Charles the French as subjects does invite:
Would Heaven for each some Solomon restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their right!

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the public voice;
And all his neighbors' realms would deserts make.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
Which without rashness he began before:
As honor made him first the danger choose,
So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
And in his plenty their abundance find.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
Two such as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
Since both had found a greater in their own.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith, and interest too the same,
Like mighty partners equally they raise.

The prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

Together to the watery camp they haste,
Whom matrons passing to their children show:
Infants' first vows for them to Heaven are cast,
And future people bless them as they go.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
To infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make slow fights, and victories but vain:
But war severely like itself appears.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valor works like bodies on a glass,
And does its image on their men project.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
In number, and a fam'd commander, bold:
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
On wings of all the winds to combat flies
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight;
Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
Th' Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,
When struggling champions did their bodies bare

Borne each by other in a distant line,
The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;
Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the deaths they left behind

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

And as the built, so different is the fight
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd;
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage find

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
But he who meets all danger with disdain,
Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,
And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw:
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
Who on high chairs the godlike fathers saw.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the Greek
Ours o'er the duke their pious wings display,
And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

Meantime his busy mariners he hastes,
His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow
More fierce th' important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
Whose crests advancing do the waves divide.

They charge, recharge, and all along the sea
They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet
Berkeley alone, who nearest danger lay,
Did a like fate with lost Creusa meet

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The night comes on, we eager to pursue
The combat still, and they asham'd to leave:
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
And slumbering smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who. tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run!
Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
Or, shipwreck'd, labor to some distant shore:
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
Till from their main-top joyful news they hear
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,
And in their colors Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far
This mighty succor, which made glad the foe:
He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,
His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
Never till now unwilling to obey;
They, not their wounds, but want of strength, deplore,
And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then to the rest, "Rejoice," said he, "to-day;
In you the fortune of Great Britain lies:
Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

"If number English courages could quell,
We should at first have shunn'd, not met our foes:
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers grows."

He said, nor needed more to say: with haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themselves, they stood:
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,
That like the sword-fish in the whale they fought:
The combat only seem'd a civil war,
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought:

Never had valor, no not ours, before
Done aught like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes,
By which Fate promis'd them their Charles should rise.

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear,
And raking chase-guns through our sterns send
Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
Who on their lions for the prey attend.

Silent, in smoke of cannon they come on:
Such vapors once did fiery Cacus hide:
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend
Two grappling Etnas on the ocean meet,
And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

Now at each tack our little fleet grows less;
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring
Who safe in numbers cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly.
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
To see those perish who so well had fought.
And generously with his despair he strove,
Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,
Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd:
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
Which, like the Sun's, more wonders does afford

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
On which the foe his fruitless force employs
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptian's pride,
By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
But here our courages did theirs subdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approach'd; and one for his bold sin
Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain
The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,
And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood:
As if they had been there as servants set,
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
And not pursue, but wait on his retreat

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So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
From shady coverts rous'd, the lion chase:
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round:
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
And with the other tears him to the ground.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore;
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

The Moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,
Upon the deck our careful general stood,
And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

"That happy Sun," said he, "will rise again,
Who twice victorious did our navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
Without one ray of all his star for me.

"Yet, like an English general will I die,
And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
Women and cowards on the land may lie;
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
With paler fires beheld the eastern sky

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
His naked valor is his only guard:
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Thus far had Fortune power, he forc'd to stay,
Nor longer durst with Virtue be at strife:
This is a ransom Albemarle did pay,
For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows:
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
And from that length of time dire omens drew,
Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eyry does repair,
And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
The broken air loud whistling as she flies:
She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

With such kind passion hastes the prince to fight,
And spreads his flying canvas to the sound:
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now absent every little noise can wound.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
Salute th' appearance of the prince's fleet;
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,
That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,
And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the prince's passage, hills of sand,
And dangerous flats, in secret ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who like fall'n angels fear'd
This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd
To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he unmov'd contemns their idle threat,
Secure of fame whene'er he please to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
And inbred worth doth boasting valor slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
And he the substance, not th' appearance, chose
To rescue one such friend, he took more pride,
Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,
Now long to execute their spleenful will:
And, in revenge for those three days they tried,
Wish one, like Joshua's, when the Sun stood still

Thus reinforc'd, against the adverse fleet,
Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way,
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
And Death new-pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
And matchless courage, since the former fight;
Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did show
Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
His open side, and high above him shows:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
And doubly harm'd he double harms bestows

Behind the general mends his weary pace,
And sullenly to his revenge he sails:
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
And long behind his wounded volume trails

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Th' increasing sound is borne to either shore,
And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,
Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away:
So sicken waning Moons too near the Sun,
And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

'And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

The warlike prince had sever'd from the rest
Two giant ships, the pride of all the main;
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
And flew so home they could not rise again.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
In vain upon the passing winds they call:
The passing winds through their torn canvas play,
And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
Dreadful as day let into shades below;
Without grim Death rides barefac'd in their sight,
And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
Close by the board the prince's main-mast bore:
All three now helpless by each other lie
And this offends not, and those fear no more.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay:
Who stretch'd behind her pants upon the plain,
Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse
Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse,
By mortal valor never must be done.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,
Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right;
When he had conquer'd he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
And sighs to see him quit the watery field:
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,
He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful Dutch:
He only does his conquest disavow
And thinks too little what they found too much.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domestic joys and cares he puts away;
For realms are households which the great must guide

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
On the rich bed again the warm turf lay
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
And know it will be gold another day

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
Th' essay and rudiments of great success
Which all-maturing Time must bring to light,
While he like Heaven does each day's labor bless

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
Yet each was perfect to the work design'd:
God and kings work, when they their work survey
A passive aptness in all subjects find.

In burthen'd vessels first, with speedy care,
His plenteous stores do season'd timber send:
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

With cord and canvas, from rich Hamburgh sent,
His navy's moulted wings he imps once more:
Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent,
And English oak, sprung leaks and planks, restore

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:
Like laboring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
Some drive old oakum through each seam and rift
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand,
From friendly Sweden brought, the seams instope
Which, well paid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand
And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the gall'd ropes with dauby marline bind,
Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore:
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
And ships which all last winter were abroad,
And such as fitted since the fight had been,
Or new from stocks, were fall'n into the road.

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
The Phenix, daughter of the vanish'd old,
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

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Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal city give their best-lov'd king:
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
Built fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

By viewing Nature, Nature's handmaid, Art,
Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which, rudely cut within,
And hollow'd first, a floating trough became,
And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern
And untaught Indian on the stream did glide:
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
When from lost empire he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

Rude as their ships was navigation then;
No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
And knew no north but when the Pole-star shone.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,
Than the bold English none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of Heaven's high way,
They make discoveries where they see no Sun.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
And hence be to admiring nations taught.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow,
We, as Art's elements, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe,
Where some may gain, and all may be supplied.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
And view the ocean leaning on the sky:
From thence our rolling neighbors we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

This I foretell from your auspicious care,
Who great in search of God and Nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
Since best to praise his works is best to know.

O truly royal! who behold the law
And rule of beings in your Maker's mind:
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
To fit the levell'd use of human-kind.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
And from th' injurious Dutch redeem the seas:
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
And gives up fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
And by their pride their prudence did betray

Nor staid the English long; but well supplied,
Appear as numerous as th' insulting foe:
The combat now by courage must be tried,
And the success the braver nation show.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
Which in the Straits last winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
And on the midland sea the French had aw'd.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight;
Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold
As once old Cato in the Roman sight
The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had brought
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Young Hollis on a Muse by Mars begot,
Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:
And though to me unknown, they sure fought well
Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail:
So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

Now, anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,
That Heaven and Earth and the Wide Ocean rings:
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the English coast:
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

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So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drags the little wretch in triumph home.

The Belgian's hoped that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
Or if with caution leisurely were past,
Their numerous gross might charge us one by one.

But with a fore-wind pushing them above,
And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
With all his hosts of waters at command,
Beneath them to submit th' officious flood;
And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near
And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear
And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
The midmost battles hastening up behind,
Who view far off the storm of falling sleet,
And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
And draw the lines of death before they fight.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
The linstocks touch, the ponderous ball expires:
The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
And adds his heart to every gun he fires!

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,
For honor, which they seldom sought before:
But now they by their own vain boasts were tied,
And forc'd at least in show to prize it more.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart,
And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæsar's, bear:
Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight.
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that providence which we call'd flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them, all the States stood by.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy English close to fight;
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobby's flight.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey
In other records may our courage know:
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

Or if too busily they will inquire
Into a victory, which we disdain,
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

Repenting England this revengeful day
To Philip's manes did an offering bring:
England, which first, by leading them astray
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless Destiny;
Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot know
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

But whate'er English to the blessed shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet:
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land besets
Each day new wealth without their care provides
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

So close behind some promontory lie
The huge leviathans t' attend their prey;
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

Nor was this all: in ports and roads remote,
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
Triumphant flames upon the water float,
And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

Those various squadrons variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear:
Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
For folded turbans finest Holland bear.

Some English wool vex'd in a Belgian loom,
And into cloth of spungy softness made
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

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Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest
And, as the priests who with their gods make bold,
Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

But ah! how insincere are all our joys! [stay:
Which, sent from Heaven like lightning make no
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of Time,
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by Fire.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides,
To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way:

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on:
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious Fire,
Which in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
And luxury more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's; and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
Those seeds of Fire their fatal birth disclose;
And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed;
Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

Now like some rich or mighty murderer,
Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
And dares the world to tax him with the old:

So scapes th' insulting Fire his narrow jail,
And makes small outlets into open air:
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
His flames from burning, but to blow them more:
And every fresh attempt, he is repell'd
With faint denials weaker than before.

And now no longer letted of his prey,
He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire:
O'erlooks the neighbors with a wide survey,
And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice:
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate
Above the palace of our slumbering king:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
And drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by Fate,
Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire:
And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
Now murmuring noises rise in every street:
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men justle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose;
But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire:
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play;
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire

In vain: for from the east a Belgian wind
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent,
The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
And lighten'd all the river with a blaze:
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head
But fear'd the fate of Simois would return:
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The Fire, meantime, walks in a broader gross;
To either hand his wings he opens wide:
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross
And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take
Now with long necks from side to side they feed
At length grown strong, their mother Fire forsake
And a new colony of Flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their restless tide.
In parties now they straggle up and down,
As armies unoppos'd for prey divide.

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One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,
Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
'The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
And slowly eats his way against the wind
But the main body of the marching foe
Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

Now day appears, and with the lay the king,
Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest:
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks, that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
So much the pity of a king has power.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,
And what so well had merited his love:
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold:
Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress;
He cheers the fearful, and commends the bold,
And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
And orders all the succors which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
And form an army worthy such a king.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
That where it seizes all relief is vain:
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the Fire:
Th' amazed Flames stand gather'd on a heap;
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting Fires awhile themselves consume,
But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapors fly.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind
Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:
Part creeping under ground their journey blind
And climbing from below their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood side,
Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the Fire
Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way
And scarce the wealthy can one-half retire,
Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud
Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more.
So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold
And seek the tempests which the others fly

So these but wait the owners' last despair,
And what's permitted to the flames invade;
Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,
And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labor spent;
And when the weary king gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
And so shone still in his reflective light.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal picture of the general doom;
Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair
To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full eyes each wonted room require:
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And while through burning labyrinths they retire,
With lothing eyes repeat what they would shun

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor;
And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
Sad parents watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
What streets are burning now, and what are near
An infant waking to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's care,
Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort sing.
Ev'n those, whom want might drive to just despair,
Think life a blessing under such a king.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint:
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supplied and he may want

"O God," said he, "thou patron of my days,
Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways
The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

"Be thou my judge, with what unwearied care
I since have labor'd for my people's good;
To bind the bruises of a civil war,
And stop the issues of their wasting blood

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"Thou who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompense as friends the good misled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

"Or if my heedless youth has stepp'd astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

"We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low,
As humble earth from whence at first we came:
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

"O let it be enough what thou hast done; [street,
When spotted Deaths ran arm'd through every
With poison'd darts which not the good could shun,
The speedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

"The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place;
And now those few who are return'd again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

"O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional:
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And in that foresight this thy doom recall.

"Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine thou may'st revoke:
But if immutable and fix'd they stand,
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress thy land."

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;
And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching Fire
From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
And like a shooting star he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive Flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to Heaven they did affect the way,
Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The wanting orphans saw, with watery eyes,
Their founders' charity in dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
For he protects the poor, who made them so.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long,
Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:
Though made immortal by a poet's song;
And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
The awful beauties of the sacred quire:
But, since it was profan'd by civil war,
Heav'n thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
And widely opening did on both sides prey:
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the Sun had seen our woes:
Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire:
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
And further from the feverish North retire.

In th' empyrean Heaven, the bless'd abode,
The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast:
He saw the town's one-half in rubbish lie,
And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above:
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry drove

The vanquish'd Fires withdraw from every place,
Or full with feeding sink into a sleep:
Each household genius shows again his face,
And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

Our king this more than natural change beholds;
With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth, [grain:
And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
In every heart which fear had froze before
The standing streets with so much joy they view
That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

The father of the people open'd wide
His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,
And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
And in their minds so deep did print the sense,
That if their ruins sadly they regard,
'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence

But so may he live long, that town to sway,
Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews, of old
By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
Or with more vigor to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of the stars is past, [town,
And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the
In their own plague and fire have breath'd the last
Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

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Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
And high-raised Jove from his dark prison freed,
Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

Methinks already from this chymic flame,
I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already laboring with a mighty fate,
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human now, and more august,
Now deified she from her fires does rise:
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
And opening into larger parts she flies.

Before she like some shepherdess did show,
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen she will behold,
From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant, who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charm'd with the splendor of this northern star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those, who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
And the less dangerous part is left behind:
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god,
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd, [world
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums,
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face;
Now give the hautboys breath: he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain

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CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again; [the slain.
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head!
As awak'd from the dead,
And, amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy,
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before
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PALAMON AND ARCITE:

OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

Book I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name.
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting Sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquered, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honor to his home let Theseus ride,
With Love to friend, and Fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way.
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;
The spousals of Hippolita, the queen;
What tilts and tourneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:
But these, and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborne,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host,
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town;
When, in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief."
The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then scarce recover'd spoke: "Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And Fame has fill'd the world with thy success:
We, wretched women, sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears
Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears.
I, wretched I, have other fortunes seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen.
At Thebes he fell, curst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town, besieg'd by our confederate host
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unburied, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed."
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, grovelling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind
Besought his pity to their helpless kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd, and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising, one by one, the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs
That Greece should see perform'd what he declar'd
And cruel Creon find his just reward.
He said no more, but, shunning all delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car;
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire,
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew
And the green grass was dyed to sanguine hue
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur:
The soldiers shout around with generous rage.
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardor; inly pleas'd to see
His host the flower of Grecian chivalry
All day he march'd; and all th' ensuing night,
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town:
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain.
And with what ancient rites they were interred;
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd.
I spare the widows' tears, their woful cries.
And howling at their husbands' obsequies.

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How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.
Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, were the same.
Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grisly wound;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead, they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.
These two were sisters' sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom, known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more renown'd.
But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
The woful captive kinsmen are inclos'd.
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy color strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep;
Each gentle breath with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance Emily, ere day,
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair;
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind.
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honor of the May.
At every turn, she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose; and every rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew:
Then party-color'd flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing,
And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring.
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And with his gaoler's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath:
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view:
Then look'd below, and, from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight,
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In Spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss:
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.
Scarce had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden smart
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpowering light, he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cried aloud.
Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began
Or who had done th' offence? "But if," said he,
"Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of Heaven, with patience undergo
A careless ill, since Fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under Earth.
Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done;
And better bear like men, than vainly seek to shun.
"Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again,
"Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd me cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in Heaven, nor art thou less
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)
O help us captives from our chains t'escape;
But if our doom be past, in bonds to lie
For life, and in a lothesome dungeon die,

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Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And show compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant power!" While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
"The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance;
Poison is in her eyes, and death in every glance
O, I must ask, nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."
Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies,
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes:)
"Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?"
"Jesting," said Arcite, "suits but ill with pain."
"It suits far worse" (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) "with men who honor weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both;
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design,
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honor, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And wouldst thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain:
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight."
Thus Palamon: but Arcite, with disdain,
In haughty language, thus replied again:
"Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurst
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love?
Law is to things, which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waste:
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er."
Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitless fight continued all the day:
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away
"As courtiers therefore justle for a grant,
And, when they break their friendship, plead their want,
So, thou, if Fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance.
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or failing in th' adventure, die."
Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd.
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met, they made a surly stand;
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that every look might be their last.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war, and lov'd so well,
That when one died, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to Hell.
But to pursue my tale: to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since
And honor'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.
Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
"What have I gain'd," he said, "in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom, than I felt in bonds before:
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to live
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not, but where Emily abides;
And where she's absent, all is Hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:
Had I not known that prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For, though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompense enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee.
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes
In prison, no; but blissful Paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night

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And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human-kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my lothesome life in care
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor Nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell,
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.
But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain;
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favor'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came: from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily."
Thus Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground;
The hollow tower with clamors rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of sweat.
"Alas!" he cried, "I wretch in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou mayst, since thou hast youth and courage join'd,
A sweet behavior, and a solid mind,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine."
The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said: "Eternal deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human-kind your care,
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother-beast, is slain
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and, guiltless, oft endure;
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail,
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?
What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil,
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller:
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know
Just or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love."
Let Palamon, oppress'd in bondage, mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the Sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night:
The lengthened night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free;
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free, and all his motions uncontroll'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would be hold.
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eyeballs in their hollow sockets sink:
Bereft of sleep, he lothes his meat and drink:
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of Love and gay Desire:
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,

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It happen'd once, that, slumbering as he lay,
He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod:
Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
"Arise," he said, "to conquering Athens go,
There Fate appoints an end to all thy woe."
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,
Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart,
But soon he said, with scarce recover'd breath,
"And thither will I go, to meet my death,
Sure to be slain, but death is my desire,
Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire."
By chance he spied a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wondering, he saw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew.
A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
"Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness give,
In low estate I may securely live,
And see unknown my mistress day by day."
He said; and cloth'd himself in coarse array:
A laboring hind in show, then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian towers his journey bent:
One squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befell him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain:
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye:
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong
Refus'd no toil, that could to slaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd, as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown.
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace,
That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theseus to high favor rais'd:
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent:
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,
In arms of honor, and esteem in peace;
To Theseus' person he was ever near;
And Theseus for his virtues held him dea.

Book II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captiv'd knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light
Lost liberty, and love, at once he bore:
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more:
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the Sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey, mix'd with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising Sun.
A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way.
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day)
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favor his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning-lark, the messenger of Day,
Saluted in her song the morning grey;
And soon the Sun arose with beams so bright,
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight;
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers:
When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."
His vows address'd, within the grove he strayed
Till Fate, or Fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight

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In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal sight:
And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone.
And less than all suspected Palamon, [grove,
Who listening, heard him, while he search'd the
And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as Heaven, and then as low as Hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well:
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
"Curs'd be the day when first I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year.
Still will the jealous queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of Heaven is all my enemy:
Mars ruin'd Thebes: his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
But love's a malady without a cure;
Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my pain."
At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look.
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart:
No longer staid, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face:
"False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found forsworn, for Emily;
And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:
For, though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my sword, or pointed lance;
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe."
Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
"Now by the gods who govern Heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love
The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know, that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Know I will serve the fair in thy despite;
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone [known
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both un
With arms of proof both for myself and thee;
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that a better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be
A conquest better won, and worthy me."
His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn,
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
O Love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honor tied,
His foe with bedding and with food supplied:
Then, ere the day, two suits of armor sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
Now, at the time, and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd face to face
Approach; each other from afar they knew,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees,
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chillness seizes every part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profest, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance.
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got,
As if the world depended on the spot
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,

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Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound,
With grunts and groans the forest rings around:
So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
Till Fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on Earth what Heaven foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway, [way.
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy.
This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought, th' appointed place
In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chase.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That, shaded by the fern, in harbor lay;
And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,
He saw proud Arcite, and fierce Palamon,
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their falchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful gleam: so strong they strook,
There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life
Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat:
"What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride presume against my laws,
As in a listed field to fight your cause?
Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?"
Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
Thus hasty spoke: "We both deserve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair so wretched is not to be found:
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.
Me first, O kill me first; and cure my woe;
Then sheathe the sword of Justice on my foe:
Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow;
But first contracted, that if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honor scorn'd.
For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own
And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man, since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honor of my race
Know me for what I am: I broke my chain.
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her sake and in her sight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess."
To this replied the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smil'd: "In owning your offence,
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word
Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die."
He said; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen above the rest, by nature good,
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when she began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran
All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid,
And thus among themselves they softly said:
"What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of Heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide streaming wounds; they neither came
For pride of empire, nor desire of fame;
Kings for kingdoms, madmen for applause;
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's cause."
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king implor'd th' offenders grace.
He paus'd awhile, stood silent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But soon his tender mind th' impression felt,
(As softest metals are not slow to melt,
And pity soonest runs in softest minds):
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnified th' offence.
"Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the cause?
The prisoner freed himself by Nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed."
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries
Which mov'd compassion more; he shook his head
And, softly sighing, to himself he said

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"Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike; the penitent, and proud."
At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;
Reason resum'd her place, and Passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: "The power of Love,
Ir. Earth, and seas, and air, and Heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind;
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil;
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again,
To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know,
'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe;
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed; behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their pains;
For seven long years, on duty every day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
But sure a general doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain, [strain.
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts con-
To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives; on this accord,
To do me homage as their sovereign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right."
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd.
Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd:
"If wealth, or honor, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to Destiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love!
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;
But on the day when this returning Sun
To the same point through every sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists, to fight before the king;
And then the knight, whom Fate or happy Chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valor and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.
The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And Heaven of me so judge, as I shall judge aright
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword."
Who now but Palamon exults with joy!
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights, with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardor look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took:
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way
Each to provide his champions for the day.

It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense.
He first inclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within, an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd;
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never saw: nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command:
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame,
The master-painters, and the carvers, came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd, above,
A temple, sacred to the queen of love;
An altar stood below; on either hand
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.

The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was inclos'd
Within the wall, of alabaster white,
And crimson coral, for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.

Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers, that even spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs, that smok'd along the wall,
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's Hell,
And scalding tears, that wore a channel where they fell:
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies;
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy;

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And sorceries to raise th' infernal powers,
And sigils, fram'd in planetary hours:
Expense, and Afterthought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair;
Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discoloring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.
Oppos'd to her, on t' other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by nights, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more:
With acts and monuments of times before:
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:
For there th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus was in colors drawn:
Before the palace-gate, in careless dress
And loose array, sat portress Idleness:
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone:
There Samson was; with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youth to beasts.
Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the power of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:
From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies,
She trod the brine, all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;
A lute she held; and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above;
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,
With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded o'er;
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supplied with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread;
This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the standing hail.
Such was the face without; a mountain stood
Threatening from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A straight long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and Horror over-head:
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In through that door, a northern light there shone,
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none;
The gate was adamant, eternal frame!
Which hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came,
The labor of a god; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong
A tun about was every pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And Treason laboring in the traitor's thought:
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend,
And, far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t' other side there stood Destruction bare.
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling Infamy, in language base:
Till sense was lost in sound, and Silence fled the place
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth, he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sudden soul away.
In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd Complaint on Theft; and cries of Blood
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid
And violent Death in thousand shapes display'd,
The city to the soldiers' rage resign'd;
Successless wars, and Poverty behind;
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid;
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house, that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:
The whole division, that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death, that deal in steel for gains,
Were there: the butcher, armorer, and smith.
Who forges sharpen'd falchions, or the scythe
The scarlet Conquest on a tower was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars's ides, the Capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn.
Their fates were painted, ere the men were born,
All copied from the Heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the god:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.

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Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns resound:
Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and, by peculiar grace,
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Acteon in the stream had spied
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, died:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chase, and their mistaken master slew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
Oenides' valor, and his envied prize;
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murderess mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before;
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a wexing moon, that soon would wane
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists inclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat; and their arms to sing.

Book III.

The day approach'd when Fortune should decide
Th' important enterprise, and give the bride;
For now, the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his rival, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envied to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name:
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armor, imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail
Some wore a breast-plate and a light juppon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use
Of folded hides; and others shields of pruce
One hung a pole-ax at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe.
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of steel.
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair.
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long
Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear:
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way:
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous gold.
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set.
His shoulders large, a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-color'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the Sun
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue.
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway.
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.

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His age in Nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white,
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.
In this array the war of either side
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers the posts adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
So Theseus will'd, in honor of his guests;
Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd
No harbinger was needful for a night,
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.
I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sate;
Who first, or last, or how the knights address'd
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;
Whose voice, whose graceful dance, did most surprise;
Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night,
And Phosphor, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the Sun, ere day began to spring;
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing, [sing:
And, flickering on her nest, made short essays to
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took, to the royal lists, his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.
"Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below, and gods above!
Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion lothes the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood:
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care;
Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the Sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow, would be some relief,
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain,
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain
O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight,
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profest to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame nor honor of the field,
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield:
In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest;
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare;
Possession, more than conquest, is my care.
Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favors to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny,
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality)
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And, I once dead, let him possess her charms."
Thus ended he; then, with observance due,
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took:
For, since the flames pursu'd the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.
Now Morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky
Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown
Nor wanted aught besides in honor of the Moon.
Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd steam,
They wash the virgin in a living stream:
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal:
But such they were as pagan use requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head:
When to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid,
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told,)
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request.
"O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both Heaven and Earth and seas are seen
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year

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Thy silver beams descend, and light the gloomy sphere;
Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted issue felt, [were dealt,
When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths
As I desire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votress from my tender years I am.
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I lothe the nuptial state,
And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate:
Where love is duty on the female side, [pride.
On theirs mere sensual gust, and sought with surly
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In Heaven, Earth, Hell, and everywhere a queen,
Grant this my first desire: let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace:
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love:
Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But oh! ev'n that avert! I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh, let me still that spotless name retain!
Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chase my prey!"
The flames ascend on either altar clear
While thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer.
When lo! the burning fire that shone so bright,
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little space,
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze;
The other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the blackening coals, and sunk to night:
At either end it whistled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the dew,
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamors rent the skies,
Nor knew what signified the boding sign, [divine.
But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath
Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The power, behold! the power in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began: "Dismiss thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear
More powerful gods have torn thee from my side
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride:
The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the queen of love:
But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
The fire, that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreshows the love allotted to remain:
Farewell!" she said, and vanish'd from the place;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattled in the case.
Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood:
But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd;
"Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favor'd maid."
Then sighing she return'd: but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with pagan rites the power omnipotent:
Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray
"Strong god of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing north, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honor'd most
There most, but everywhere thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong:
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care:
If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love:
Now by her blandishments and powerful charms
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd:
O envied ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every god that saw thee wish'd thy place!
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight.
And make me conquer in my patron's right.
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade.
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well; and pays me with disdain.
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
Endued by force I gain the victory;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous heart,
Pity thy subject's pains, and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labor mine,
The palm and honor of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof, my banner shall be hung,
Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe:
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine;
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest."

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The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan: a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung;
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast:
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire:
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms:
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry,
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of victory
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.
These vows thus granted, raised a strife above,
Betwixt the god of war, and queen of love.
She granting first, had right of time to plead:
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife:
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose:
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise; by long experience taught
To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought;
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd:
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He sooth'd the goddess while he gull'd the god.
"Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife,
Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife:
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me, when I press th' ethereal plains,
My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck, in a watery sign;
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine
Cold shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The throttling quinsy 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints:
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poisoning; I command
Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art.
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men should war."
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right;
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May,
Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladded was the heart of man
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring
As at a signal given, the streets with clamors ring:
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the Heaven was heard a shouting cry,
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd,
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armor, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance,
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armorers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands,
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides
The throng is in the midst; the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk;
Factious, and favoring this or t'other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold:
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting ax and beaming spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favor mov'd the mind
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.
Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There, for the two contending knights he sent
Arm'd cap-a-piè, with reverence low they bent;
He smil'd on both, and with superior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side, to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud

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The king at arms bespeaks the knights and listening crowd.
"Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree,
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honor fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death should terminate their strife;
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life:
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With shorten'd sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp grinded spear,
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honor to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long."
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
"Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!"
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread;
The king goes midmost; and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling east and west, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd:
Scarce were they seated, when, with clamors loud,
In rushed at once a rude promiscuous crowd;
The guards and then each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad,
The bloody colors of his patron god.
At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising-sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maider white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found;
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take
Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
For so the king decreed, to shun the care,
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd;
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retired, and loudly cried,
The fortune of the field be fairly tried.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors closed, their lances in the rest
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space
A cloud of smoke envelops either host.
And all at once the combatants are lost:
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men:
As laboring in eclipse, awhile they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd
Not half the number in their seats are found,
But men and steeds lie groveling in the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering falchions cast a gleaming light:
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound
Out spins the streaming blood, and dyes the ground
The mighty maces with such haste descend
They break the bones, and make the solid armor bend
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And, floundering, throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
Where by the king's award he must abide:
There goes a captive led on t' other side.
By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath awhile, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their falchions bite, that every stroke
Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion, issuing from the wood,
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey

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They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.
At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end;
So when the Sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!
The royal judge, on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bad cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily
The sound of trumpets to the voice replied,
And round the royal lists the heralds cried,
"Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride."
The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the queen of love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in Heaven prevail'd:
Laugh'd all the powers who favor tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And, weeping, on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love is lost.
Till Saturn said, "Fair daughter, now be still,
The blustering fool has satisfied his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free."
Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, Heaven and Earth resound;
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then, spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sate on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was placed his Emily;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way):
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And bounding, o'er the pummel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little space,
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground.
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death
The saddle-bow, the noble parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortified his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.
Meantime the king though inwardly he mourn'd
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd);
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer.
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior-train,
Though most was sorely wounded, none were slain
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms.
And some with salves they cure, and some with charms;
Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage, [cf rage.
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign draughts
The king in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honors the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame;
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The venturous knight is from the saddle thrown,
But 'tis the fault of Fortune, not his own:
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can,
Force is of brutes, but honor is of man.
Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd
Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leeches' cares,
Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase,
All means are us'd, and all without success
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail:
The mould of Nature's fabric is destroy'd,
Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void:
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell,
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
Those breathing organs, thus within oppress,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast
Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' effect of Art is void
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,

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Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
"No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most;
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which, from this mortal body when untied,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuse my faltering tongue,
My spirit's feeble, and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious Fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave!
Never, O never more to see the Sun!
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and, thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last.
Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But Love the sense of right and wrong confounds,
Strong Love and proud Ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong:
For, while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife:
Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justified his right;
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valor, and for noble blood,
Truth, honor, all that is compris'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often tried,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon."
This was his last; for Death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay; [away
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul
But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe,
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know
In Palamon a manly grief appears;
Silent he wept, asham'd to show his tears:
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care
Far from so sad a sight, the swooning fair.
'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state:
But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tear
"Why wouldst thou go," with one consent they cry,
"When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily?"
Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night.
"Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear, [care.
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend:
The world 's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne."
With words like these the crowd was satisfied,
And so they would have been had Theseus died
But he, their king, was laboring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honor of the dead design'd.
And, after long debate, at last he found
(As Love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his heart
This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.

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White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
Menac'd his countenance; ev'n in death severe
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with the achievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
And through the master-street the corpse convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine, [wine.
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
And after him appear'd the illustrious train.
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan-honor paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigor drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strow'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain ash, the mother of the spear;
The mourner yew and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain, [ordain.
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs
How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in every tree;
Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright
Beheld the sudden Sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
The fourth high stage the fragrant odors held,
And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smouldering flames arise:
This office done, she sunk upon the ground:
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress:
But by themselves the tender sex may guess
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave their warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound:
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields.
The women mix their cries; and Clamor fills the fields
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were play'd at new returning light
Who, naked, wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.
I pass the rest; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed;
Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array. [high,
The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd th' event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.
At length he sigh'd: and, having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
"The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above,
Hung down on Earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent,
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation crown'd
The chain still holds; for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last:
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass the appointed destiny.
So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burthen, and suborn their death.
Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd cause they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole.
Who gives us life and animating soul:
For Nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree,
Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share

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But by a long descent, th' ethereal fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part, expire.
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
And the same matter makes another mass:
This law the Omniscient Power was pleas'd to give,
That every kind should by succession live!
That individuals die, his will ordains,
The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet:
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie, [dry.
Forsaken of their springs; and leave their channels
So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began:
Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus; but thousands more in flower of age:
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we spring?
Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honor at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secured our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower,
Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honor dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely what the gods decreed?
With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
Could tears recall him into wretched life?
Their sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him right
'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free:
If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'Tis no dishonor to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race:
And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last:
Pity is Heaven's and yours; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."
He said; she blush'd; and, as o'erawe'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight
Then turning to the Theban thus he said;
"Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command;
And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious night.
Eros, and Anteros, on either side,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride,
And long-attending Hymen, from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove
All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discolor'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
So may the queen of love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER TALE.

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown,
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had left the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they glance, the silver light
Of Phœbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here, [year,
And made more spacious rings, and revel'd half the
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mint is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with prayers, and other goodly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear:
And where they play'd their merry pranks before,
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,

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Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:
This makes the fairy quires forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen,
The midnight parson posting o'er the green,
With gown tuck'd up, to wakes, for Sunday next;
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer for country girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He bids his beads both even song and morn.
It so befell in this king Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happen'd, as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet robes to market took her way:
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he lik'd her pace,
Now turning short, he better likes her face.
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his back the country cried:
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd, brought to court the knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere made the common brothels of the town;
There, virgins honorable vows receiv'd,
But chaste as maids in monasteries liv'd:
The king himself to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.
Now what should Arthur do? He lov'd the knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:
Mov'd by the damsel's tears, and common cry,
He doom'd the brutal ravisher to die.
But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king th' offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistress join'd in close debate
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate)
If not to free him, to prolong his fate.
At last agreed they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament.
And the fair speaker rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare.
"Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet still
Thy destiny depends upon my will:
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mould,
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life: reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour:
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand
The question, whose solution I require,
Is, What the sex of women most desire?
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet (lest, surpris'd, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther day
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill
But, not to hold our proffer turn'd in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return;
That at the time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
And at thy pledge's peril keep thy day."
Woe was the knight at this severe command:
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand:
The terms accepted as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promis'd answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with Heaven's assistance, he could find
His leave thus taken, on his way he went
With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' event.
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Inquir'd of men; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they lov'd the best.
They answer'd each according to her mind
To please herself, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place:
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was oftentimes to wed;
The wanton maids were all for sport a-bed.
Some said the sex were pleas'd with handsome lies
And some gross flattery lov'd without disguise:
"Truth is," says one, "he seldom fails to win
Who flatters well; for that 's our darling sin:
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work ev'n with the wisest of the kind."
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleasures, hours, and actions, all their own,
And uncontrol'd to give account to none.
Some wish a husband-fool; but such are curst,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst:
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes;
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit:
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue
For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensues, and quarrels last for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife
And some men say that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy:
And constant in one purpose still to dwell;
And not our husbands' counsels to reveal.
But that 's a fable: for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.
Midas the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with ass's ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd,
For fear the people have them in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from Heaven their title springs
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew; and durst communicate
To none but to his wife his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent:

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But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady should rest unknown,
Both for her husband's honor and her own;
But ne'ertheless she pin'd with discontent;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide;
By interest and by oath the wife was tied;
But if she told it not, the woman died.
Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
But she must burst, or blab: and no pretence
Of honor tied her tongue from self-defence.
A marshy ground commodiously was near,
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Grip'd all the way, and longing for a vent;
Arriv'd, by pure necessity compell'd,
On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And, as a bittour bumps within a reed,
"To thee alone, O Lake," she said, "I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal):
Beneath his locks the king my husband wears
A goodly royal pair of ass's ears.
Now I have ease'd my bosom of the pain,
Till the next longing-fit return again."
Thus through a woman was the secret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale: The knight with heavy cheer,
Wandering in vain, had now consum'd the year:
One day was only left to solve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and, as th' award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this despairing state he hapt to ride,
As Fortune led him, by a forest side:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood;
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The Moon was up, and shot a gleamy light)
He saw a quire of ladies in a round,
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope where many women were, at least,
Some one by chance might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.
One only hag remain'd: but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are;
Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And dropp'd an awkward court'sy to the knight.
Then said, "What makes you, sir, so late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;
Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
Then tell your pain: for wisdom is in age."
To this the knight: "Good mother, would you know
The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell what women most desire
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfied of what they love the best."
"Plight me thy faith," quoth she, "that what I ask
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
That thou shalt give for hire of thy demand;
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife."
More words there needed not to move the knight
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way
At court he should arrive ere break of day;
His horse should find the way without a guide,
She said: with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
To court they came: the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women of the town:
The queen sate lord chief justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
And, after forms of law, was last requir'd
To name the thing that women most desir'd.
Th' offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel order'd what to say,
Thus bold began: "My lady liege," said he,
"What all your sex desire is sovereignty
The wife affects her husband to command:
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses ev'n in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey."
There was not one, or widow, maid, or wife,
But said the knight had well deserv'd his life
Ev'n fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the best
Up starts the beldam, who was there unseen:
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen.
"My liege," said she, "before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favor in your eyes.
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspir'd his thought.
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women, what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth,
(And here demand performance of his oath)
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife."
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hoped they would not force him to comply
The women, who would rather wrest the laws
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent, to brothers of the bar,)

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Cried one and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame hag adjudg'd the knight.
In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desir'd,
Some reasonable suit might be requir'd.
But still the crone was constant to her note:
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body destin'd to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn;
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
"Not all the wealth of eastern kings," said she,
"Have power to part my plighted love and me:
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife."
"My love! nay rather my damnation thou,"
Said he: "nor am I bound to keep my vow;
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below
Else how couldst thou my secret sorrows know?
Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed."
Both heard, the judge pronounc'd against the knight;
So was he married in his own despite:
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage feast and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was *à-la-mort*,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple tied:
Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd and wriggled further off for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cried,
"When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such, you might have 'scap'd the law.
Is this the custom of king Arthur's court?
Are all round-table knights of such a sort?
Remember I am she who sav'd your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife:
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my power.
In time of need, I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my lov'd lord, tis much unkind;
What Fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?
Thus on my wedding-night without pretence—
Come turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made."
"Amends! nay that 's impossible," said he;
"What change of age or ugliness can be?
Or, could Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art descended from so mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?"
'And is this all that troubles you so sore?"
'And what the devil couldst thou wish me more?"
"Ah, Benedicite," replied the crone:
"Then cause of just complaining have you none.
The remedy to this were soon applied,
Would you be like the bridegroom to the bride:
But, for you say a long-descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The King of Heaven was in a manger laid;
And took his earth but from an humble maid,
Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow?
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow.
We, who for name and empty honor strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride
And vast estates to mighty titles tied,
Did not your honor, but their own, advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you tralineate from your father's mind,
What are you else but of a bastard-kind?
Do, as your great progenitors have done,
And by their virtues prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace;
A mother comes across, and mars the race.
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood;
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villanize his father's fame:
But, as the first, the last of all the line
Would like the Sun even in descending shine:
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house,
Betwixt king Arthur's court and Caucasus;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By Nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And often rises in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, even such are we,
Or call it chance, or strong necessity:
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd
Lets into Nature's work th' imperfect kind;
But fire, th' enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.
Its principle is in itself: while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers,
Or man or woman, whichsoever fails:
And, oft, the vigor of the worse prevails.
Ether with sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honor ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:
The line is gone; no longer duke or earl;
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine;
But infamy and villanage are thine.
Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God:
Nor left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose:

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Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whose noble hands had exercis'd the plow.
From hence, my lord and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely ancestors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In Virtue cloth'd, to cast the rags of Sin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When He, the great controller of our fate,
Deign'd to be man, and liv'd in low estate:
Which he, who had the world at his dispose,
If poverty were vice, would never choose.
Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.
Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought:
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For ev'n that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you,
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue;
Nor jealousy, the bane of married life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd homely wife;
For age and ugliness, as all agree
Are the best guards of female chastity.
"Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my best to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose;
Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauseous to touch, and lothesome to behold;
On this condition to remain for life
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can, contribute to your ease,
And not in deed, or word, or thought, displease?
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your share?
Temptations are in beauty, and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
And thank yourself if aught should fall amiss."
Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon heard;
At length, considering all, his heart he cheer'd;
And thus replied: "My lady and my wife,
To your wise conduct I resign my life:
Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But if an humble husband may request,
Provide, and order all things for the best;
Yours be the care to profit, and to please:
And let your subject servant take his ease."
"Then thus in peace," quoth she, "concludes the strife,
Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign,
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss:
I promis'd you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;
The business of my life shall be to please:
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try;
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her ivory arm;
And like Pygmalion found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embrac'd
And their first love continued to the last:
One sun-shine was their life, no cloud between
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.
And so may all our lives like theirs be led;
Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in bed;
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man;
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim-train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
As God had cloth'd his own ambassador,
For such, on Earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
(A music more melodious than the spheres,)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke
He preach'd the joys of Heaven, and pains of Hell
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes minds: but Love, like heat
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat

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To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapt in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
But when the milder beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never sued, or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick; to succor the distress'd:
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living sermon of the truths he taught,)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
(The gold of Heaven, who bear the God impress'd:)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Savior came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn.
In purple he was crucified, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be [plain.
Such was the saint, who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses-like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd,
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye:
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle tried.
The senseless plea of right by Providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd:
Gave, while he taught; and edified the more,
Because he show'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were.
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light

THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of Fortune and of Nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honor held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none;)
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favor in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said.
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move,
The work went backward; and the more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.

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But Pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavor was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering Death, but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to Fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But Love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighboring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of Love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends: but not th' expense
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive:
As well content as Love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast
It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The Day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But Love could feel no hunger but his own
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his color fled.
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now, approaching near
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts reveal'd
Which modest Nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes, and prickly thorn
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embru'd;
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side,
"Mercy, O mercy, Heaven!" she ran, and cried.
When Heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase:
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid,
A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar
Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:
"Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let Eternal Justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid."
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed.
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, "Whate'er," said he
"Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied;"
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
"Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, lothing life, and plung'd in deep despair
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in Hell

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"Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented sin she died, [pride:
Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below;)
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but, as her Fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain."
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue:
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground.
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
"Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemned by Fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day"
Thus while he spoke the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace;
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth, oppress'd with awe
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's law.
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which Hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspir'd from Heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent,
To call his friends together at his tent
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
"What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love;
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence:
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall display
On Friday next; for that's th' appointed day."
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue over-head:
The rest in rank, Honoria, chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise,
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon, on his sable steed, [speed.
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent, [ment.
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punish
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
She rent the Heaven with loud laments, imploring aid
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandish'd at the grisly sprite;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight,
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
"Back on your lives! let be," said he, "my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by Heaven design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much-lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward as before th' offending part;

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The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done; [own.
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case their
So, spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, reinspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurr'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal steed:
The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with kind adieu;
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
Ev'n they who pitied most, yet blam'd her more:
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapors mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put Remorse to flight, but Fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain, [plain.
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succor else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man,
Rich, brave and young, who past expression lov'd
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds and open love profess'd.
So had another been, where he his vows address'd
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd.
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell,
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on Death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd.
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe.
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare;)
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all, she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware:
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the Devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of Moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul: and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.

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And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head;
And found, that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;
Or various atoms, interfering dance,
Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
Or this great all was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavors find
What most concern'd the good of human-kind:
For happiness was never to be found;
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
This every little accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavors end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.
The deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest.
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray:
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail Nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human-kind;
That Vice triumphs, and Virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state;
The last appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to Heaven would soar,
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And reason saw not till faith sprung to light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn
Knew no such system: no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe:
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way;
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store:
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
Th' offended suffering in th' offender's name.
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid,
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood
Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human-kind
But this one rule of life, that shows us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw
The word is scarce more ancient than the law.
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true.

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The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend.
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by Nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors tires,
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?
But stay: the deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true;
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and everywhere, be known:
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable Earth:
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that, ages past,
The Scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till sin spread once again the shades of night:
What's that to these, who never saw the light?
Of all objections, this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has exprest:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right;
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
Nor does it balk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude, that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has tried;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou hast read.
Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by the author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country-curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and translations;
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copier's and translator's trade:
How Jewish, popish, interests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.
For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest.
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If Scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on Earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more
In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplext,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease.
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are entail'd:
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain
If we consider interest, church, and gain
O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since th' original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments; cast in the creed
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell,

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Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unless like Esdras they could write it new:
Strange confidence still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the Scriptures, though not everywhere
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require
If others in the same glass better see
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.
Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
Which every sect will wrest a several way,
For what one sect interprets, all sects may:
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to Heaven; and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait-gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this, or that does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine:
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design;
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here:
When general, old, disinterested, clear:
That ancient fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age:
Confirms its force by biding every test;
For best authorities, next rules, are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow,
Thus first traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain such they were, so known:
But since some flaws in long descent may be
They make not truth, but probability.
Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale:
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and after, for itself believ'd.
The partial papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume, with wondrous art
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t' interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The book's a common largess to mankind;
Not more for them than every man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance
A gainful trade their clergy did advance:
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:
When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell
And he a god who could but read and spell;
Then mother-church did mightily prevail:
She parcel'd out the Bible by retail:
But still expounded what she sold or gave;
To keep it in her power to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well
That by long use they grew infallible:
At last a knowing age began t' inquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire:
And, making narrower search, they found, though late,
That what they thought the priest's, was their estate
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
Consulted soberly his private good;
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd:
The spirit gave the doctoral degree:
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm
About the sacred viands buzz and swarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply:
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same; on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

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What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But, since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven, than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The Scripture and the fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms,
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late too retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre;
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

AH, HOW SWEET IT IS TO LOVE.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the heart;
E'en the tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with reverence use;
Treat them like a parting friend,
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send;
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again;
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

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ON THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

No single virtue we could most commend,
Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend;
For she was all, in that supreme degree,
That as no one prevailed, so all was she.
The several parts lay hidden in the piece;
The occasion but exerted that, or this.
A wife as tender, and as true withal,
As the first woman was before her fall:
Made for the man, of whom she was a part;
Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.
A second Eve, but by no crime accursed;
As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first.
Had she been first, still Paradise had been,
And death had found no entrance by her sin.
So she not only had preserved from ill
Her sex and ours, but lived their pattern still.
Love and obedience to her lord she bore;
She much obeyed him, but she loved him more:
Not awed to duty by superior sway,
But taught by his indulgence to obey.
Thus we love God, as author of our good.

. . . . . .

Yet unemployed no minute slipped away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, though each complete;
But every act stood ready to repeat.
Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her blest name in fate's eternal book;
And, pleased to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder at so short an age,
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page:
And with a pious fear begin to doubt
The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out.
But 'twas her Saviour's time; and could there be
A copy near the original, 'twas she.
As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
They but perfume the temple, and expire;
So was she soon exhaled, and vanished hence—
A short sweet odor, of a vast expense.
She vanished, we can scarcely say she died;
For but a now did heaven and earth divide:
She passed serenely with a single breath;
This moment perfect health, the next was death:
One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
So little penance needs, when souls are almost pure
As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue;
Or, one dream passed, we slide into a new;
So close they follow, such wild order keep,
We think ourselves awake, and are asleep:
So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
No pains she sufferred, nor expired with noise;
Her soul was whispered out with God's still voice;
As an old friend is beckoned to a feast,
And treated like a long-familiar guest.
He took her as he found, but found her so,
As one in hourly readiness to go:
E'en on that day, in all her trim prepared;
As early notice she from heaven had heard,
And some descending courier from above
Had given her timely warning to remove;
Or counselled her to dress the nuptial room,
For on that night the bridegroom was to come.
He kept his hour, and found her where she lay
Clothed all in white, the livery of the day.

THE COCK AND THE FOX:

OR, THE TALE OF THE NUN'S PRIEST.

There liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow, somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in her cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life in patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But huswifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her hòmestead were three sows,
An ewe call'd Mallie, and three brinded cows.
Her parlor-window stuck with herbs around,
Of savory smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat:
No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat,
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or, sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed:
With exercise she sweat ill-humors out,
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapors meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer:
Brown bread, and milk (but first she skimm'd her bowls),
And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holy-days an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.
A yard she had with pales inclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead liv'd, without a peer
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer:
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapp'd his wings upon his roost and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his nails, like silver to behold,
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold.
This gentle cock, for solace of his life,
Six missés had, beside his lawful wife;
Scandal, that spares no king, though ne'er so good,
Says they were all of his own flesh and blood,
His sisters both by sire and mother's side;
And sure their likeness show'd them near allied.
But make the worst, the monarch did no more
Than all the Ptolemys had done before:
When incest is for interest of a nation,
'Tis made no sin by holy dispensation.
Some lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common ugliness are known.

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But passing this, as from our tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the sovereign of his heart:
Ardent in love, outrageous in his play,
He feather'd her a hundred times a day:
And she, that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonnaire,
Resolv'd the passive doctrine to fulfil,
Though loth; and let him work his wicked will:
At board and bed was affable and kind,
According as their marriage vow did bind,
And as the church's precept had enjoin'd:
Ev'n since she was a se'nnight old, they say,
Was chaste and humble to her dying day,
Nor chick nor hen was known to disobey
By this her husband's heart she did obtain;
What cannot beauty, join'd with virtue, gain!
She was his only joy, and he her pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his side;
If, spurning up the ground, he sprung a corn,
The tribute in his bill to her was borne.
But, Oh! what joy it was to hear him sing
In summer, when the day began to spring,
Stretching his neck, and warbling in his throat,
"Solus cum sola," then was all his note.
For in the days of yore, the birds of parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the liberal arts.
It happ'd, that, perching on the parlor-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cried
For help from gods and men: and sore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
"Dear heart," said she, "for love of Heaven, declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care
You groan, sir, ever since the morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright."
"And, madam, well I might," said Chanticleer,
"Never was shrovetide cock in such a fear;
Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent:
It bodes I shall have wars and woful strife,
Or in a lothesome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest.
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His color was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black, and much unlike his other hairs:
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout:
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat."
"Now fy for shame," quoth she, "by Heaven above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight,
He must be bold by day, and free by night:
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honor and his own defend;
Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse:
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight,
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art affear'd?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?
"If aught from fearful dreams may be divin'd
They signify a cock of dunghill kind.
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humors that infect the blood:
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night
Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall, that in your stomach floats,
Engenders all these visionary thoughts
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons, and red beasts, in sleep we view,
For humors are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd we sink, in rivers drown'd.
"More I could say, but thus conclude my theme
The dominating humor makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humors that abound.
I should be loth to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.
"Two sovereign herbs, which I by practice know,
And both at hand (for in our yard they grow;)
On peril of my soul shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler, and of melancholy:
You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of Heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the Sun when in a vernal sign;
For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
If then he finds your body in a flame,
Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
A tertian ague is at least your lot.
Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend)
May bring your youth to some untimely end:
And therefore, sir, as you desire to live,
A day or two before your laxative,
Take just three worms, nor under nor above,
Because the gods unequal numbers love.
These digestives prepare you for your purge;
Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge,
And of ground-ivy add a leaf or two,
All which within our yard or garden grow
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer;
Your father's son was never born to fear."
"Madam," quoth he, "gramercy for your care
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
And (as you say) gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by th' immortal powers, as wise as he,
Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forebode
For Homer plainly says they come from God.
Nor Cato said it: but some modern fool
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.

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"Believe me, madam morning dreams foreshow
Th' event of things, and future weal or woe:
Some truths are not by reason to be tried,
But we have sure experience for our guide.
An ancient author, equal with the best,
Relates this tale of dreams among the rest.
"Two friends or brothers, with devout intent,
On some far pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so, that, when the Sun was down,
They just arriv'd by twilight at a town:
That day had been the baiting of a bull,
'Twas at a feast, and every inn so full,
That no void room in chamber, or on ground
And but one sorry bed, was to be found:
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this hour they never lay alone.
"So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind,
His fellow sought what lodging he could find:
At last he found a stall where oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther yard without a door;
But, for his ease, well litter'd was the floor.
"His fellow, who the narrow bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a rocker slept:
Supine he snor'd; but in the dead of night,
He dreamt his friend appear'd before his sight,
Who, with a ghastly look and doleful cry,
Said, 'Help me, brother, or this night I die:
Arise, and help, before all help be vain,
Or in an ox's stall I shall be slain.'
"Rous'd from his rest, he waken'd in a start,
Shivering with horror, and with aching heart.
At length to cure himself by reason tries;
'Tis but a dream, and what are dreams but lies?
So thinking, chang'd his side, and clos'd his eyes.
His dream returns; his friend appears again:
'The murderers come, now help, or I am slain:'
'Twas but a vision still, and visions are but vain.
He dreamt the third: but now his friend appear'd,
Pale, naked, pierc'd with wounds, with blood besmear'd:
Thrice warn'd, 'Awake,' said he; 'relief is late,
The deed is done; but thou revenge my fate:
Tardy of aid, unseal thy heavy eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning day arise:
Take to the western gate thy ready way,
For by that passage they my corpse convey:
My corpse is in a tumbril laid, among
The filth and ordure, and inclos'd with dung:
That cart arrest, and raise a common cry;
For sacred hunger of my gold, I die:'
Then show'd his grisly wound; and last he drew
A piteous sigh, and took a long adieu.
"The frighted friend arose by break of day,
And found the stall where late his fellow lay.
Then of his impious host inquiring more,
Was answer'd that his guest was gone before:
Muttering, he went,' said he, 'by morning light,
And much complain'd of his ill rest by night.'
This rais'd suspicion in the pilgrim's mind;
Because all hosts are of an evil kind,
And oft to share the spoils with robbers join'd.
'His dream confirm'd his thought: with troubled look
Straight to the western gate his way he took;
There, as his dream foretold, a cart he found,
That carried compost forth to dung the ground.
This when the pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his throat,
And cried out *murder* with a yelling note.
My murder'd fellow in this cart lies dead,
Vengeance and justice on the villain's head.
Ye magistrates, who sacred laws dispense,
On you I call, to punish this offence.'
"The word thus given, within a little space,
The mob came roaring out, and throng'd the place
All in a trice they cast the cart to ground,
And in the dung the murder'd body found;
Though breathless, warm, and reeking from the wound.
Good Heaven, whose darling attribute we find
Is boundless grace, and mercy to mankind,
Abhors the cruel; and the deeds of night
By wondrous ways reveals in open light:
Murder may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the crime.
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels:
The hue and cry of Heaven pursues him at the heels
Fresh from the fact, as in the present case,
The criminals are seiz'd upon the place:
Carter and host confronted face to face.
Stiff in denial, as the law appoints,
On engines they distend their tortur'd joints:
So was confession forc'd, th' offence was known,
And public justice on th' offenders done.
"Here may you see that visions are to dread;
And in the page that follows this, I read
Of two young merchants, whom the hope of gain
Induc'd in partnership to cross the main.
Waiting till willing winds their sails supplied,
Within a trading town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a haven's side;
One evening it befell, that looking out,
The wind they long had wish'd was come about:
Well pleas'd they went to rest; and if the gale
Till morn continued, both resolv'd to sail.
But as together in a bed they lay,
The younger had a dream at break of day.
A man he thought stood frowning at his side,
Who warn'd him for his safety to provide,
Nor put to sea, but safe on shore abid .
'I come, thy genius, to command thy stay;
Trust not the winds, for fatal is the day,
And Death unhop'd attends the watery way.'
"The vision said: and vanish'd from his sight:
The dreamer waken'd in a mortal fright:
Then pull'd his drowsy neighbor, and declar'd
What in his slumber he had seen and heard.
His friend smil'd scornful, and with proud contempt
Rejects as idle what his fellow dreamt.
'Stay, who will stay: for me no fears restrain,
Who follow Mercury the god of gain;
Let each man do as to his fancy seems,
I wait not, I, till you have better dreams.
Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings:
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad:
Both are the reasonable soul run mad:
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
The nurse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
And the man dreams but what the boy believ'd
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.
In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
Chimeras all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this voyage is my own.'

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"Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last adieu.
The vessel went before a merry gale,
And for quick passage put on every sail:
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open day,
The mischief overtook her in the way:
Whether she sprung a leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overset with wind,
Or that some rock below her bottom rent;
But down at once with all her crew she went:
Her fellow-ships from far her loss descried:
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.
"By this example you are taught again,
That dreams and visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partlet, you are still in doubt,
Another tale shall make the former out.
"Kenelm the son of Kenulph, Mercia's king,
Whose holy life the legends loudly sing,
Warn'd in a dream, his murder did foretell
From point to point as after it befell;
All circumstances to his nurse he told
(A wonder from a child of seven years old:)
The dream with horror heard, the good old wife
From treason counsel'd him to guard his life;
But close to keep the secret in his mind,
For a boy's vision small belief would find.
The pious child, by promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal murder long delay'd;
By Quenda slain, he fell before his time,
Made a young martyr by his sister's crime.
The tale is told by venerable Bede,
Which at your better leisure you may read.
"Macrobius too relates the vision sent
To the great Scipio, with the fam'd event:
Objections makes, but after makes replies,
And adds, that dreams are often prophecies.
"Of Daniel you may read in holy writ,
Who, when the king his vision did forget,
Could word for word the wondrous dream repeat.
Not less of patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a dream enslav'd th' Egyptian land,
The years of plenty and of dearth foretold,
When, for their bread, their liberty they sold.
Nor must th' exalted butler be forgot,
Nor he whose dream presag'd his hanging lot.
"And did not Crœsus the same death foresee,
Rais'd in his vision on a lofty tree?
The wife of Hector, in his utmost pride,
Dreamt of his death the night before he died;
Well was he warn'd from battle to refrain,
But men to death decreed are warn'd in vain:
He dar'd the dream, and by his fatal foe was slain.
"Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see, the ruddy day begins to break;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make the well-man sick:
Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good:
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all,
With every work of 'pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bliss, as, when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
For true it is, as in principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.
For when by night I feel your tender side,
Though for the narrow perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have such a solace in my mind,
That all my boding cares are cast behind;
And ev'n already I forget my dream:"
He said, and downward flew from off the beam.
For daylight now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As show'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton play,
And trod her twenty times ere prime of day:
And took by turns and gave so much delight,
Her sisters pin'd with envy at the sight.
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground;
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call
'Twas now the month in which the world began
(If March beheld the first created man:)
And since the vernal equinox, the Sun,
In Aries, twelve degrees, or more, had run;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd right,
And told more truly than th' Ephemeris:
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, "See, my dear,
How lavish Nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats, disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame:
Our dames sit scouring o'er a kitchen fire,
I draw fresh air, and Nature's works admire:
And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found."
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
The crested bird shall by experience know,
Jove made not him his masterpiece below;
And learn the latter end of joy is woe.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.
Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true, I undertake,
As Tristran is, and Launcelot of the lake:
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in book of martyrs it were told.
A fox, full-fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but, like the Devil, would lie
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;

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This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs but when he could;
Had pass'd three summers in the neighboring wood:
And musing long whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent:
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.
The plot contriv'd, before the break of day,
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way;
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet, fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head:
Then skulk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time,
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime.
O hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O traitor, worse than Sinon was to Troy!
O vile subverter of the Gallic reign,
More false than Gano was to Charlemain!
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy hour
Didst thou forsake the safety of thy bower:
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy dream,
And not that day descended from the beam!
But here the doctors eagerly dispute:
Some hold predestination absolute:
Some clerks maintain, that Heaven at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill:
For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
Or its eternal prescience may be vain:
As bad for us as prescience had not been,
For first, or last, he's author of the sin.
And who says that, let the blaspheming man
Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can.
For how can that eternal Power be just
To punish man, who sins because he must?
Or how can he reward a virtuous deed,
Which is not done by us; but first decreed?
I cannot bolt this matter to the bran,
As Bradwardin and holy Austin can;
If prescience can determine actions so
That we must do, because he did foreknow,
Or that, foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity;
This strict necessity they simple call,
Another sort there is conditional.
The first so binds the will, that things foreknown
By spontaneity, not choice, are done.
Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar,
Content to work, in prospect of the shore;
But would not work at all, if not constrain'd before.
That other does not liberty constrain,
But man may either act, or may refrain.
Heaven made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, though he foresaw the will.
Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
And prescience only held the second place
If he could make such agents wholly free,
I not dispute, the point's too high for me; [sound,
For Heaven's unfathom'd power what man can
Or put to his Omnipotence a bound?
He made us to his image, all agree;
That image is the soul, and that must be,
Or not the Maker's image, or be free.
But whether it were better man had been
By nature bound to good, not free to sin,
I waive, for fear of splitting on a rock.
The tale I tell is only of a cock,
Who had not run the hazard of his life,
Had he believ'd his dream, and not his wife
For women, with a mischief to their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his Paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived; and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.
Silence in times of suffering is the best,
'Tis dangerous to disturb an hornet's nest.
In other authors you may find enough,
But all they say of dames is idle stuff.
Legends of lying wits together bound,
The Wife of Bath would throw them to the ground
These are the words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honor dames, and think their sex divine.
Now to continue what my tale begun;
Lay madam Partlet basking in the Sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below.
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:
And so befell, that as he cast his eye,
Among the coleworts, on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low:
I need not swear he had no list to crow:
But cried, "Cock, cock!" and gave a sudden start
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart;
For birds and beasts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe.
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
But the false loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill;
"I hope, my lord," said he, "I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honor'd you so long:
Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false alarm,
For, on my soul, I never meant you harm.
I come no spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
The song as of an angel in the yard;
A song that would have charm'd th' infernal gods
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes;
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear.
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband there.
"My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady-mother (whom Heaven rest)
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest
To view his living features, does me good;
For I am your poor neighbor in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
"But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the ground
One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter-day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play

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And he, to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's Muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan.
Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from arms.
"Besides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish-priest the son and heir,
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear,)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;
For which the clerk his father was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet saint Charity;
Make hills and dales, and Earth and Heaven rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel voice."
The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar people are;
Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as, from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes, rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There 's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard
And listen'd to, than modest Truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes,
Ambitious, as he sought th' Olympic prize.
But, while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.
Alas, what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
Ere the foundations of the world were cast!
In Aries though the Sun exalted stood,
His patron-planet to procure his good;
Yet Saturn was his mortal foe, and he,
In Libra rais'd, oppos'd the same degree:
The rays both good and bad, of equal power,
Each thwarting other made a mingled hour.
On Friday morn he dreamt this direful dream,
Cross to the worthy native, in his scheme!
Ah, blissful Venus, goddess of delight,
How couldst thou suffer thy devoted knight,
On thy own day, to fall by foe oppress'd,
The wight of all the world who serv'd thee best?
Who, true to love, was all for recreation,
And minded not the work of propagation.
Gaufride, who couldst so well in rhyme complain
The death of Richard with an arrow slain,
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my heart,
To sing this heavy dirge with equal art!
That I like thee on Friday might complain,
For on that day was Cœur de Lion slain.
Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to Heaven by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade,
And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive knight
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Asdrubal, her husband, lost his life,
When she beheld the smouldering flames ascend
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed;
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burn'd th' imperial town,
Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die
Now to my story I return again:
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard;
And, starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight,
And cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.
"The fox, the wicked fox!" was all the cry:
Out from his house ran every neighbor nigh;
The vicar first, and after him the crew
With forks and staves, the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band;
And Malkin, with her distaff in her hand;
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the terror of the day;
The ducks, that heard the proclamation cried,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty miles from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake.
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew;
Not when the welkin rung with one and all,
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall;
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heaven above to fall.
With might and main they chas'd the murderous fox
With brazen trumpets and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds,
Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.
But see, how Fortune can confound the wise,
And, when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who scarce could draw his breath
And lay within the very jaws of Death;
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And Fear supplied him with this happy thought.

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"Your's is the prize, victorious prince," said he,
"The vicar my defeat, and all the village see.
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mongrel curs, and cease their cry.
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die,
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone."
"'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done;"
This Reynard said: but, as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighboring maple wing'd his flight;
Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet, mastering both, th' artificer of lies
Renews th' assault, and his last battery tries.
"Though I," said he, "did ne'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend!
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble person in a fright:
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though, Heaven can witness, with no bad intent:
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
Descend; so help me Jove as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind."
"Nay," quoth the cock; "but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath:
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice:
Once warn'd is well bewar'd; not flattering lies
Shall soothe me more to sing with winking eyes
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?"
Better, sir cock, let all contention cease,
"Come down," said Reynard, "let us treat of peace."
"A peace, with all my soul," said Chanticleer;
"But, with your favor, I will treat it here:
And, lest the truce with treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt."

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see
Of negligence, and fond credulity:
And learn beside of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair
The cock and fox, the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey;
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd;
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

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MATTHEW PRIOR.

Matthew Prior was born in London, July 21, 1664. He was sent to Westminster School and to Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1686. Here he became acquainted with Charles Montagu, afterward Earl of Halifax, and the two wrote "The City Mouse and Country Mouse," an ineffectual attempt to ridicule Dryden. After the revolution Prior was introduced at court, and in 1690 he was appointed secretary to the embassy sent to the Hague. In 1695 he wrote an ode on the death of Queen Mary. In 1701 he was elected to Parliament. Thus far he had acted with the Whig party; but when the Tories came into power he found it convenient to change the color of his politics. In 1711 the government sent him to Paris with private proposals for peace. On his return, the Whigs being once more in power, he was charged with treason and thrown into prison, where he was kept two years, and where he wrote his poem "Alma; or, the Progress of the Mind," a piece of philosophical pleasantry of faint merit. After leaving prison he published his poems by subscription, and realized 4,000 guineas. About the same time Lord Harley gave him a small estate in Essex. He was specially excepted from an act of grace passed in 1717. On September 18, 1721, he died at Wimpole, the seat of the Earl of Oxford.

Prior does not rank very high as a poet, though he is a smooth and pleasant versifier; nor was he at all nice about either his topics or his language. His writings would not have received so much attention even in his own time, had he not been so conspicuous in political life.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER.

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Grève,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where Honor and Justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.

There Death breaks the shackles which Force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more crost.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, "What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale."

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier!

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin:
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

"What frightens you thus, my good son?" says the priest:
"You murdered, are sorry, and have been confest."
"O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken."

"Pugh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies:
Rely on the aid you shall have from St. Francis:
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die: let the church do the rest.

"And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; for to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" our hero replied, in a fright:
"He that's hanged before noon, ought to think of to-night."
"Tell your beads," quoth the priest, "and be fairly truss'd up,
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup."

"Alas!" quoth the squire, "howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favor and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place."

"That I would," quoth the father, "and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
The feast I proposed to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast."

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said:
"Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die."

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HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

Upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
Though low my voice, though artless be my hand),
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say:
Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame,
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, love, the just reward of verse!
As beauty's potent queen, with every grace,
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And, as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt:
O let the story with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But, oh! with pity, long-entreated, crown
My pains and hopes; and, when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame,
With mingled waves, for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward, with successful care,
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honors faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.
From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,
In honorable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.
One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd:
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd
Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please, who imitate their lord):
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the land were known
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.
As with her stature, still her charms increas'd
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cause her favor must be shown;
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone
While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd name, and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.
When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right-hand his beechen pole he bears;
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way
With knowing skill he drives the future prey:
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
And shows the path her steed may safest take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praises in no common sound.
A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honor'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.
A shepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.

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The neighboring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song:
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.
A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.
Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft, the pangs of absence to remove,
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.
While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame:
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought, and flattery conquers truth.
O impotent estate of human life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question, what we most desire!
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.
With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.
South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd, and half conceal'd, his flame,
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which, as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honor shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.
His secret note the troubled Henry writes:
To the lone tree the lovely maid invites.
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid;
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid,
And, last, that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry, Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus, with his hundred eyes, shall find
Where Cupid goes; though he, poor guide! is blind
The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?

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Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By Fortune favor'd, and successful arms;
And only, as the Sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care
For me, alas! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For, lo! these hands in murther are imbrued,
These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the Moon?
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe.
For I attest, fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way
And take good heed, what men will think and say;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin honor, once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love,
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let every tongue its various censures choose;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
Fair Truth, at last, her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favor but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumors of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale.
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou, (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou bleed;
To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair
Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east;
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighboring wood,
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and, weeping, try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate?

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Those seats, whence long excluded, thou must mourn:
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And Fortune's favor fills the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
Our loves: one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighboring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
With humble duty, and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest meal for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppress,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side:
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view:
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew,
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the wildest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I drest:
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee:
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast
Lest by my look or color be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

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HENRY.

O wildest thoughts of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honor dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake: but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame.
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?
Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When, arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-ax and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new;
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth:
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight:
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.
Why shouldst thou weep? let Nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of Youth and Beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected mind,
(If Beauty's force to constant love can bind.)
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now
With idle clamors of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then, from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd.
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I 'll prepare:
I 'll weave her garlands; and I 'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there at least I may approach my lord,)
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I 'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect,
With virgin honors let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear

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No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least, excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honor of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ.
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire: shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day;
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And Age, unheeded, by delight come on:
While yet superior Love shall mock his power:
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast,
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest,)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA

O day, the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was rash and vain,
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow:
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands,
Her present favor cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers
Must mark the color of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create,
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate
Yet, while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts, a precious store;
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.
The queen of beauty stopt her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labor of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.
"Now, Mars," she said, "let Fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But, when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favorite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand
Let her, at least, perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
"Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant beauty shall reward their care."
Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
"And thou," she smiling said, "great god of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my favorite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.

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From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honor paid
To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid."

THE GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odors lost, their colors past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
"My love, my life," said I, "explain
This change of humor: pr'ythee tell:
'That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd; she smil'd; and, to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
"See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

"Ah, me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

'Such as she is, who died to-day;
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Miss Danaë, when fair and young,
As Horace has divinely sung,)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
The reason of the thing is clear
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party,
And show'd himself sincere and hearty;
For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my lord chief justice' warrant:
Dauntless as Death, away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks,
Searches the parlor, chamber, study;
Nor stops till he has culprit's body.
"Since this has been authentic truth
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The spy, which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchase one unguarded hour?
"Your care does further yet extend:
That spy is guarded by your friend.—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see,
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust;
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?"
"Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face."—"She'll write.'—
"From pen and paper she's debarr'd."—
"Has she a bodkin and a card?
She 'll prick her mind."—"She will, you say:
But how shall she that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key, (look here,) is in this pocket."—
"The key-hole, is that left?"—"Most certain."—
"She 'll thrust her letter through, Sir Martin."—
"Dear, angry friend, what must be done?
"Is there no way?"—"There is but one.
Send her abroad: and let her see,
That all this mingled mass, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears and real perjuries:
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share;
And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantic scene,
The women wretched, false the men:
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run,

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Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the Park and play;
Put on good-humor; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind."

A SONG.

If wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Chloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this livelong night.

But she to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odors burn,
And meet thy favorite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own;
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus Kitty,* beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vext to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd:

"Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd,
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

"Must lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must *she* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

"What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

"Dearest mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she,*
Or know the reason why.

"I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *set the world on fire.*

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

Alexis shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains:
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
And, wand'ring through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest,
And she too kind concern exprest,
And ask'd the reason of his woe:
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head;
"And will you pardon me?" he said,
"While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breast should tear;
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

"'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care.
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I despair."

"Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon you," she cried:
"But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:"
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

* Lady Catharine Hyde.

* The Earl of Essex married Lady Jane Hyde.

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JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin, Ireland, November 30, 1667. His father had died in poverty some months before, and his mother was dependent upon two wealthy brothers, by whom the boy was educated. He was sent to Trinity College, but did not take kindly to the prescribed studies, and at the end of the course he was denied the bachelor's degree, "for dulness and insufficiency," he says. It was afterward conferred by special grace. He retrieved somewhat his scholastic reputation in taking the master's degree at Oxford. But the poverty of his early years and the ill-success of his college career were mortifications that he never forgot.

Swift's life was full of incident, and it is almost impossible to give any satisfactory sketch of it without occupying considerable space. But while he was the greatest wit of his age, and perhaps the keenest of all satirists, he was scarcely a poet in any dignified sense, and a very brief summary must here suffice.

In 1689 he became a *protégé* of Sir William Temple, and through this connection was presented to King William III. He had taken orders, with high hopes of preferment, but his political friends failed to provide for him, and though he gave both parties a trial, going over to the Tories in 1710, and "libelled all round," he had to be content with the vicarage of Laracor until, at the age of forty-five, he was made Dean of St. Patrick's.

The romance of his life consisted in his strange attachment for two ladies at once—Esther Johnson and Esther Vanhomrigh, whom he named respectively "Stella" and "Vanessa." He made Stella's acquaintance at Moor Park, Sir William Temple's residence, and Vanessa's afterward in London. Vanessa offered him her hand, which he neither accepted nor declined, and followed him to Ireland. But Stella had preceded her thither, and was privately married to Swift. When Vanessa learned this, she died broken-hearted, and her hardly more fortunate rival did not long survive her.

Dean Swift was a favorite with the Irish people, for services he had rendered them by his pen, and was an acknowledged power in the nation; but he seems to have failed miserably of every ultimate object he sought. Serving two parties, he was rewarded by neither; beloved by two women, he lacked the moral courage to make a manly choice, and his cowardice cost the life of both; while his most elaborate satire, the "Tale of a Tub," by its coarseness and irreverence, shocked and disgusted the dignitaries of the church it was intended to vindicate. He died October 19, 1745, having been insane during the last three years of his life. A complete edition of his works, with a life by Walter Scott, was published in 1815, in 19 volumes. The first volume of a new life of Swift, by John Forster, was published in 1876.

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforesaid (*with her leave*)
Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.
The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes
When the *defendant's* counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing;
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare.

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From visits to receive and pay;
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds
In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow;
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about, for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers.
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame,
For breasts incapable of flame;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.
The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further these deponents knew:—
Therefore he humbly would insist,
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For, if the heavenly folk should know
These pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
"And then," said she, "my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
There live, with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent."
But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces half-asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see,
Things were not ripe for a decree:
And said she must consult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd,
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case:)
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day.
And so she did; and then a third
She heard it—there, she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replics,
Long bills and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun
And then stood where it first begun.
Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on Earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.
"Since men allege, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind."
This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers
A sprig of *amaranthine* flowers,
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame;
Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on Earth shall not be told."

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But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit:
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
"Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You 'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd,
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care."
Wisdom 's above suspecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to woman-kind;
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honor, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanc'd, that woman-kind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
"Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—"
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the martial maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She 'd all undo that she had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given.
Or any brother-god in Heaven;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own;
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design;
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought;
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And must have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper season Pallas meets
The queen of love, whom thus she greets:
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold:)
"Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me.
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
See 'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course."
The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom.
When, lo! Vanessa in her bloom
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread
Would seldom at the park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind
First issued from perfumers' shops,
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;

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Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell a talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine;
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise:
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent;
And said she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute;
That present times have no pretence
To *virtue*, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—"That lady is the dullest soul!—"
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say—"She wants it here
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!"
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamor, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd,
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst
To scandal next—"What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast:
I said, her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phyllis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge-beau,
I saw coquetting t' other night
In public with that odious knight!
They rallied next Vanessa's dress:
"That gown was made for old queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop!
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees."
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder, where it lies!
She's fair and clean, and that's the most
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby face: no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country-fairs:
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy!
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment, how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told.
I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better."
(*To know the world!* a modern phrase,
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The queen of beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.
So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use:
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own
A modest youth said something new
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make

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Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake.
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
The queen of wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
"I find," said he, "she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires,
Among those venerable sires,
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice."
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Meantime the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanced in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
No farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ
For pastime, or to show his wit.
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures,
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain;
Said, she should be no longer teas'd,
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong,
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grand monde*:
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun
This was a visionary scheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters
Thus tutors often treat their betters.
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.

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She well remembered, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes:
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
"Now," said the nymph, "to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise:
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart."
Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so express'd,
He could not hope she spoke in jest,
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say, he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The town would swear, he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And, every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse.—
Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans conséquence*.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call *a bite*.

But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself describ'd
His doctrines when she first imbib'd:
What he had planted now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd,)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach.
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or, as philosophers, who find
Some favorite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools may have his choice;
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by 't.

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Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame:
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read!
And had a most discerning head!

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools,
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify, his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste,
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship, in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits:
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne;
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach.
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Meantime the mournful queen of love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For, though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much experience gain'd;
And by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the *cause* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor spend their time to show their reading;
She 'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the *men*.

But, in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains,
"How she was cheated by the swains:
On whose petition (humbly showing,
That women were not worth the wooing
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
She was at Lord knows what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favor was misplac'd;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face
They were a stupid, senseless race;
And, were she to begin again,
She 'd study to reform the *men*;
Or add some grains of folly more
To *women*, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do 't.
This might their mutual fancy strike,
Since every being loves its *like*.

"But now, repenting what was done
She left all business to her son;
She puts the world in his possession,
And lets him use it at discretion."

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The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last *O yes!*
The goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to Heaven.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.—1720.

All travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign;
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again and recommend
The Angel-inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster Thomas
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as daubers' hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's case in fact,
An *angel's* face a little crack'd:
(Could poets or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-six:)
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an *angel's* mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humor, wit, and sense;
And puts them but to small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve,
That, should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY.—1728.

Sir,

It was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears,
Sooner shall, &c.

[*Here are several verses omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me first to write
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim.
My word is past, I must submit;
And yet, perhaps, you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel,)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say, not quite so soon,)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sate all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks, if it be time to rise:
Of head-ache and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card:
Four *mattadores*, and lose *codille!*
Depend upon't, I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six.'
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says, 'His business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?'"—"First, show him up.
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest *cent. per cent.*

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And, madam, there's my lady Spade,
Hath sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And hath she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down those ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars, they all are light;
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundréd cheats:
"She slipt *spadillo* in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern; there's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard—
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back awhile:
I never can have time to dress;
(No woman breathing takes up less;)
I'm hurried so it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way!
He's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit.
But let me now awhile survey
Our madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew
Away the god of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why should I ask of thee, my Muse
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few?
Or how shall I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entenders;
Now comes the general scandal-charge
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I:
I must conceal my author's name;
But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia, sneering, says
That Florimel wears iron stays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute,
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fish-wives o'er a cup of gin:
Not school-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter,
Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election ale.
Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down,
Or, by the tossing of the fan,
Describe the lady and the man.
But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapors and hysteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went:

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Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops:
This head of mine, Lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap."—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."
The table, cards, and counters, set,
And all the gamester-ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night:
"Whoever comes, I'm not within."—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card, to find
Good-fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earnest eyes,
In hope to see *spadillo* rise:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys:
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the *parson* came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays;
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost *codille!*
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a *mattadore;*
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair, to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A *mattadore* is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
"And truly, madam, I know when,
Instead of five, you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand: it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste;
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun
But I shall not again repeat,
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock.
"A frosty morn—past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found,
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone,
But, first, the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears,
(Who now again quadrille forswears.)
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.*

OCCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING MAXIM IN ROCHEFOUCAULT:

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.

In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that doth not displease us.

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him: the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:

* Written in November, 1731.—There are two distinct poems on this subject, one of them containing many spurious lines In what is here printed, the genuine parts of both are preserved.

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How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our heart divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride.
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts; but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter;
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry, he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fear express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, "God be prais'd, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But, all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbor feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept?
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run
"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."
"To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To *curse* the Dean, or *bless* the Drapier

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The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years:
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "the Dean is dead."
And lady Suffolk,* in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals† were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die:
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend?
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
My lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart:)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favorite of Apollo?
Departed:—*and his works must follow;*
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff;
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honor, please to buy a set?
"Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition,
'Tis read by every politician:
The country-members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart.
Those maids of honor who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension:*
He doth an honor to his gown,
By bravely running *priestcraft* down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer:
A shame he hath not got a mitre!"

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favorite with the Dean.

† Which the Dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the princess.

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.

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Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favor some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
"The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court,
Although, ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave;
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own."
"Sir, I have heard another story;
He was a most *confounded* Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely *dull*, before he died."
"Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"—
"He should have left them for his *betters:*
We had a hundred *abler men*,
Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
Say what you will about his *reading*,
You never can *defend* his *breeding;*
Who, in his *satires* running riot,
Could never leave the *world* in *quiet;*
Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.—
But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert,
Whose *counsels* aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour!
What *scenes* of evil he unravels,
In *satires, libels, lying travels;*
Not sparing his own *clergy cloth*,
But *eats* into it, like a *moth!*"
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humor when they gibe:
He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dullness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*
If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
He neither knows *you*, nor your *name*.
Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its *owner* is a *duke?*
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain:
******* squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and **** for nought:
The **** **** go joyful back,
To rob the church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with ***** justices,
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn ******* to public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
"He never thought an honor done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succor'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
"He kept with princes due decorum
Yet never stood in awe before 'em,
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust;
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound;
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human-kind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labor'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.
"And, oh! how short are human schemes
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valor, Oxford's cares,

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To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By *solemn league and covenant bound*,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel,
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded virtue stand!
"With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of 's—— and fens;
A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit was to be his foes;
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
"To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
"In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
"Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
This into general *odium* drew him,
Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him*.
His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
But *discontent* against the times:
For, had we made him *timely* offers,
To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other *brethren* of his *gown*;
For *party* he would scarce have bled:—
I say no more—because he's *dead*—
What *writings* has he left behind?"
"I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in *verse*; but most in prose—"
"Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose:—
All scribbled in the *worst of times*,
To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her
As never favoring the Pretender:
Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the *court* to show his *spite*:
Perhaps his *travels, part the third*;
A *lie* at every *second word*—
Offensive to a *loyal* ear:—
But—*not one sermon*, you may *swear*."
"He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day;
And friends would let him have his way.
"As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought them;
But this I know, all people bought them,
As with a moral view design'd
To *please* and to *reform* mankind:
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The *world* must own it to their *shame*,
The *praise* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor;
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no further *lashes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*."

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE II.

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD, LATE LORD TREASURER.

Sent to him when in the Tower, 1617.

How blest is he who for his country dies,
Since Death pursues the coward as he flies!
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees and terror at his back;
Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.
Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine,
But shall with unattainted honor shine;
Nor stoops to take the *staff*,* nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.
Virtue, to crown her favorites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.
Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward;
Within our breast be every secret barr'd!
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest, with the wicked, Heaven involve the just?
And, though the villain 'scape awhile, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels

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JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison was born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672. He was the son of a clergyman, and was himself intended for the church; but his acquaintance with Dryden, and some other circumstances, drew him into a literary and political career. He was sent to Oxford, where he was distinguished for his classical attainments, and especially for facility in composing Latin poetry. His first publication in English was a copy of verses addressed to Dryden, which he wrote in his twenty-second year. In 1695 he addressed to Lord Somers a complimentary poem on one of King William's campaigns, and his reward was a pension of £300 a year.

In 1699 he set out on a continental tour which lasted four years. He visited France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, whence he sent accounts of his travels, both in prose and in verse. When he returned to England, the Whigs were out of office, and he was disappointed in his expectations of a place. But in 1704 occurred the battle of Blenheim, and he seized the opportunity to write his poem "The Campaign;" in fact, it is said that the ministry appointed him the task of celebrating the victory in verse. He was at once appointed Commissioner of Appeals. In 1706 he was made Under-Secretary of State, and in 1709 he went to Ireland as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. There he obtained also the office of Keeper of the Records.

About this time he became a contributor to "The Tatler," edited by his friend Steele, and also to the "Whig Examiner." In March, 1711, he started his celebrated "Spectator," which ran until December, 1712, and was then succeeded by the "Guardian." Nearly all the finest papers in the "Spectator" are Addison's, and these also constitute his best literary work. The series in which Sir Roger de Coverley figures has been the best known and most heartily enjoyed of his writings, and will probably endure the longest. His hymns also appeared first in that periodical.

The tragedy of "Cato" was brought out in 1713, and met with an immediate and astonishing success. It was assumed that it must have a political significance as a matter of course; but this, if it existed, was so ambiguously expressed that Whigs and Tories applauded with equal vehemence. Its popularity was beyond all precedent; it was translated into several languages, and Voltaire pronounced Shakespeare a barbarian in comparison with Addison. Everybody in England praised it, except Dennis. Time seems to have shown that Dennis was right, and England was wrong. It is not the only instance of the kind in literary history.

In 1716 Addison married the Dowager-Countess of Warwick, and in 1717 he accepted the office of Secretary of State. These are generally considered the two great blunders of his life. All of his contemporaries who alluded to the subject have left their testimony to the unhappiness of the marriage; and his well-known timidity and awkwardness made it impossible for him to debate in Parliament. He resigned the office at the end of a year, and on June 17, 1719, he died at Holland House, Kensington, in his forty-eighth year. He left one daughter.

Tickell, his literary executor, published his works in four volumes 4to. He left an unfinished work on "The Evidences of the Christian Religion." Addison was always the advocate of liberty, and his writings are singularly pure and healthful. He was a master of all the delicate graces of composition; but Dr. Johnson's dictum, that "whoever wishes to attain an English style familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison," hardly continues to be true in our day.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX, IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
Virg. Georg. ii.

While you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!

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To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below, [flow.
And wondering at their height through airy channels
Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires:
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown:
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labors in my verse,
Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.
How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heaven and Earth impart,
The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.
O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the day
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our Heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with towering piles may please the sight
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbor's prayer.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:

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But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle-in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines, like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

THE CAMPAIGN,

A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1705.

——Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. *Liv. Hist.* lib. 33.

While crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year:
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succor near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in prayer.
To Britain's queen the nations turn ther eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy favorites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By showers of blessings Heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colors in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labors cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat.
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd.)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising Sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labors past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass.
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war;
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn:

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A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mountain spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unravelling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past;
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.
The western Sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd, but oh what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to their foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last:
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed,
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed:
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight,)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase,) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.

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Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.
But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound,
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise. [prov'd,
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave:
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corpse convey
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war,
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honors of the day.
With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonors, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his laboring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course.

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While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects:
And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword and Hochiste's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom,
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Marlborough's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all the thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack.
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty.
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the contant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succor the distrest,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light,
Rais'd of themselves their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes,
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign, through his wide command
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,
Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And stampt on British coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial Sun
Has daily since his course begun
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller, long with noble pride
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With Nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life

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Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd;
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
Oh may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though Heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee),
The last, the happiest British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn, too, with upcast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armor frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn.
The last was he whose thunder slew
The Titan-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills allied
In impious leagues their king defied.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

AN ODE.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine
"The hand that made us is divine!"

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ISAAC WATTS.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674. He was sent to an Independent academy in London, where he injured his health by hard study. In 1696 he became a private tutor at Stoke-Newington, and in 1702 minister of an Independent church in Mark Lane. In 1712 he was prostrated by an illness from which he never thoroughly recovered, and he then found a home with Sir Thomas Abney, at Theobald's, where he resided until his death, November 25, 1748. He wrote numerous theological works, which have long since gone out of print, and a treatise on logic which held a place much longer, but that also is now almost forgotten. He is remembered by his hymns, which, in nearly all our church collections, are more numerous than those of any other author. The latest edition of his *Horæ Lyricæ* was published in 1837, with a memoir by Southey. While the vast majority of Watts's hymns are of little account considered as poetry, some of them have the lyric inspiration, as well as religious fervor, and will be sung as long as music has any part in public worship.

THERE IS A LAND.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes:

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ the Lord of glory died
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

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But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

AWAY FROM EVERY MORTAL CARE.

Away from every mortal care,
Away from earth, our soul's retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

PSALM XLVI.

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade:
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

PSALM XC.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust—
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling streams
Bear, all its sons away,
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM CXVII.

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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THOMAS PARNELL.

THOMAS PARNELL was born in Dublin in 1679, and was educated at the university there. He took orders at an early age, and in 1705 was made Archdeacon of Clogher. About this time he married Miss Anne Minchin, who was famous for her beauty. Though a native Irishman, he had little regard for any thing in that country, and spent most of his time in London, where he preached frequently, and was admired for his oratory and petted in literary circles. At first he was intimate with the Whigs; but when that party was going out of power, he transferred his friendship to the Tories. Though he had inherited two good estates, one in Cheshire and one in Ireland, and had the revenue of his benefices besides, he lived beyond his means in the metropolis, courting preferment, but getting only the vicarage of Finglass, which Swift recommended him to. The death of his wife, in 1712, was a severe affliction, and he fell into intemperate habits, and died at Chester in July, 1717. Parnell was the author of some papers in the "Spectator" and the "Guardian," and of several poems which are distinguished for their harmonious versification and pleasing tone. The best known of them is "The Hermit." They were collected and published by Pope, and an enlarged edition was issued at Dublin in 1758.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of Fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"*Think, mortal, what it is to die.*"
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:
"When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God;

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A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas."
Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the escutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul these forms of woe;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern Sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the Sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the Moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liv'ried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear,
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the Sun his glory shrouds
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
"And why should such," within himself he cried
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face;

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When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly!
The Sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done;
Not Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.)
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
"The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon his head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to Earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
"But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal.
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"*Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be done.*
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

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EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, Hampshire, where his father was rector, in 1684. He was educated at Winchester School and at Oxford, and in 1708 obtained a law fellowship in All Souls College. He was made D. C. L. in 1719, but really had very little to do with the profession of law.

Though he is now known almost solely by his "Night Thoughts," he was a prolific writer, and produced tragedies, satires, lyrical poems, and a few prose works. His first publication was a versified "Epistle to George, Lord Lansdowne," on the occasion of his being raised to the peerage, 1713. This seems to have been the key-note to much of his literary labor, for he was a most persistent seeker after patronage, and several times brought his poetical powers into play to obtain it.

In 1713 he also published two long poems, "The Last Day," and "The Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love." In 1714 he published "A Poem on the Death of Queen Anne." These effusions gave him some reputation, and he then turned his attention to writing for the stage. In 1719 his tragedy, "Busiris," was brought out at Drury Lane. It was fairly successful, and brought its author to the notice of the Duke of Wharton, whom, next year, Young accompanied in travelling abroad. After the duke's death, Young presented a claim against the estate, and recovered an annuity of £200.

In 1721 "The Revenge," a tragedy, was brought out. It was not very well received at first, but gradually attained a moderate success, and is now the only play of this author that ever appears on the boards.

Between 1725 and 1728 he published his satires, under the general title, "The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion." They were very successful, and brought their author considerable money. Preceding Pope's, they are sometimes thought to have furnished their model; but, though they contain many fine lines, Young is not to be compared with the author of "The Dunciad" as a satirist. Swift said they should have been either more merry or more angry. Some passages from them, notably "The Languid Lady," are still current in collections of extracts.

In 1726 was published "The Instalment," a poem addressed to Sir Robert Walpole on his receiving the Order of the Garter, and soon after a pension was granted to Young. The next year, wishing to be made one of the royal chaplains, he took orders and secured the appointment. In 1730 he became rector of Welwyn, Hertfordshire.

In 1731 he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, a daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, with whom he is said to have led a very happy life for ten years. It was her loss that suggested the "Night Thoughts," which were published in 1742–'46.

Young's strength as a poet lies in the plentifulness of his epigrammatic passages. The "Night Thoughts," abounding in these, has enriched the language with many current quotations that have passed into proverbs. Without these, it would be little more than a theological discourse, too long to be readable, and too gloomy to be sufferable; with them, it has held its own against all criticism, while the other works of its author have gone to oblivion, and perennially renews its youth in numberless editions. It has also been translated into several Continental languages. It was to the poetry of its own age what Tennyson's "In Memoriam," written just a century later, is to that of ours

Young wrote several other works, of which the very names are now forgotten, excepting his tragedy of "The Brothers," produced in 1753. In 1762 he edited a collected edition of his writings, in four volumes, and had the good taste to suppress some of the fulsome dedications and worthless lyrics. His latter years were not altogether happy. He died April 12, 1765.

In spite of his lamentable weakness for preferment, he is believed to have been sincerely pious, leading a blameless private life. If the "Night Thoughts" are often run out into fanciful and even absurd extremes, it is only because elaborated grief must always be to some extent artificial and overstrained.

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THE COMPLAINT:

OR,

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

PREFACE.

As the occasion of this poem was *real*, not *fictitious*; so the method pursued in it was rather *imposed*, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than *meditated* or *designed*; which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is, that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancied* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The *Day* too short for my distress; and *Night*,
E'en in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sun-shine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis, as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her propnecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and *Darkness!* solemn sisters! twins
From ancient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
To *reason*, and on *reason* build *resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *there* this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval *Silence*, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball!
O thou, whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the Sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of *Nature*, and of *soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it through various scenes of *life* and *death*,
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song*;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless chain!
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonor'd, still divine.
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her *own:* How Reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
E'en silent night proclaims my soul *immortal:*
E'en silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on Earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall

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On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on Earth, is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*:
How solid all, where change shall be no more
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryoes* of existence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryoes we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of Earth, and pent beneath the Moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself;
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night-visions may befriend (as sung above:)
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sun-shine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture?
The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *spider's* most attenuated thread
Is cord is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss! it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
More mortal than the *common* births of fate
Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The Sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean*?
Why thy *peculiar* rancor wreak'd on *me*?
Insatiate archer! could not *one* suffice?
Thy shaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was slain
And thrice, ere thrice yon Moon had fill'd her horn
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbor? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss! from *fortune's* smile
Precarious courtesy! not *virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.
In every varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing *past*;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays,
And finds all desert *now*; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain*? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the Sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has Fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of *pain*.
War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a Sun was made
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valor saved
If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom

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Want, and incurable *Disease*, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in *Fortune's* lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of Charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard, falling, crushes him to death.
Not *happiness* itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
From that for which we dote, *felicity!*
The *smoothest* course of Nature has its pains.
And *truest* friends, through error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on Earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a *waste*,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is Earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this Earth is a true map of *man*.
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe's* wide empire; where deep *troubles* toss,
Loud *sorrows* howl, envenom'd *passions* bite,
Ravenous *calamities* our vitals seize,
And threatening *fate* wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who sorrow for *myself!*
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, Nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind:
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *second* channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take, then, O *World!* thy much-indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate my fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch!* by blindness thou art blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, *smiler!* at thy peril art thou pleas'd!
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of Fate.
Is Heaven tremendous in its frowns? Most sure,
And in its favors formidable too:
Its favors here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cause* and *consequence;*
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than *simple* misery, their charms
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom-friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace
Beware what Earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire
Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted Earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labor'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To laboring thought is born. How dim our eye.
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the *next*
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."
By Nature's law, what may be, may be *now*
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn
Where is to-morrow? in another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain-hopes, spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud
Nor had he cause; a warning was denied:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a *slow sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;

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Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly*'s vails;
That lodg'd in *fate*'s, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone;*
'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom*, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves;* and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve;*
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing* no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel;*
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death.
E'en with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange!
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.
The sprightly *lark*'s shrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages: wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness! to the silent *hours*,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain!
Or *his*, who made Mæonides our *own*.
Man too he sung: *immortal* man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What, *now*, but immortality can please?
O had *he* press'd his theme, pursued the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung *immortal* man!
How had it blest mankind, and rescued me!

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WILMINGTON

"*When the cock crew, he wept*"—smote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: that power, who bids
This midnight sentinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *Heaven*
Shall I, too, weep? Where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is 'listed; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there
Where most they need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's dust. He *thus*, though dead,
May still befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous price,*
Death, friendship, and Philander's *final scene*.
So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impress
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
Call glory.—Dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou say'st it: Says thy *life* the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thirst, that avarice of time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
As rumor'd robberies endear our gold?
O *time!* than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom*'s debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious *Death!* should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear
How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
That *time* is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius answers my desire;
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my strain
For what calls *thy* disease, Lorenzo? not
For *Esculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in *time*, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty, wisdom, glory, gain?*
(*These* Heaven benign in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns

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Man's great demand: to trifle, is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou say'st I *preach*, Lorenzo! 'tis confest.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason to the soul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands, and cities with their glittering spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?
Will toys amuse? No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
Redeem we time?—Its loss we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads *time's* numerous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee*?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, Nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once. *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the blest art of turning all to gold;
This the *good* heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
Immense revenue! every moment *pays*,
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in Heaven.
On all-important *time*, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've lost a day*"—the prince who nobly cried
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome? Say, rather, lord of human race:
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so *Reason* speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the *blessing* we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is Eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only *not* adorn'd.
Ah! how unjust to Nature and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *Art!* our furious charioteer
(For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recall)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander Earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields,
Slight inconvenience! Prisons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills;
To Nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore.
Not short Heaven's bounty, boundless our expense;
No niggard, Nature; men are prodigals.
We *waste*, not *use* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life,
And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since *Time* was given for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labor for his cure;
Not, blundering, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts; such by Heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of *rest*,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.
Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds
When time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle, with *great Nature's plan*;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;
We push *Time* from us, and we wish him back:
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and shun:
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceased;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
And time *possest*, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*; and her paths are peace.
Our error's cause and cure are seen: see next
Time's *nature, origin, importance, speed*;
And thy great *gain* from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else

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Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's—Time's a god.
Hast *thou* ne'er heard of *Time*'s omnipotence;
For, or *against*, what wonders he can do!
And *will*: to stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
Not on *those terms* was *Time* (Heaven's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no: On the long-destin'd hour
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with Nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born,)
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on *those terms*, from the great days of Heaven,
From old Eternity's mysterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children play,
Like numerous wings around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew *Eternity*, his sire;
In his *immutability* to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose.
Why spur the speedy? Why with levities
New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then
Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud,
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.
Ye *well-array'd!* ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil, nor spin,
(As sister lilies *might*) if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye *delicate!* who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the Sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; silky-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odors, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivel'd o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's *day*—say, sages! say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where such expedients fail?
O treacherous *Conscience!* while she seems to sleep
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *license* unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen,
She reconnoitres *Fancy*'s airy band;
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryoes of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs,
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable *time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history: which *Death* shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
Lorenzo, *such* that *sleeper* in thy breast!
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon?*
But why on *time* so lavish is my song?
On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills;
Sure *Vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
Is *suicide*, where more than *blood* is spilt.
Time flies, Death urges, knells call, Heaven invites
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labors!—labors *more?*
And is there in creation what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whose fate
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles; drops! and *man*, for whom
All else is in alarm! *man*, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *years* away?
Throw *empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize,
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* stand still,
Bid him drive back his car, and re-import
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, *more* than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man *awake*,
His ardor such, for what *oppresses* thee.
And is his ardor vain, Lorenzo? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *yesterday* return'd; return'd
Full-power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of Heaven?
Where shall I find *him?* Angels! tell me where
You know him: he is near you: point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hovering o'er him, shed
Protection; now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!

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That awful independent on *to-morrow!*
Whose *work is done;* who triumphs in the *past;*
Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All godlike passion for eternals quencht;
All relish of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters change'd
Though we from *Earth; ethereal,* they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man.
Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night;
A night, that glooms us in the noontide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud?
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is Death at distance? No; he has been on thee,
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee;*
The Sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to Heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *experience* call;
If *wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.
Loose then from Earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.
Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
Since by *life's* passing breath, blown up from Earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till Earth herself shall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore amaz'd, from out Earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controller of the skies!)
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the *written wall,* which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
Ere-while high-flusht with insolence and wine?
Like *that,* the dial speaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up.
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee
And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Its silent language such: nor need'st thou call
Thy *Magi,* to decipher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Dost ask, *How? Whence?* Belshazzar-like, amaz'd
Man's make incloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: Ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies:
That *solar shadow,* as it measures life,
It life resembles too: life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time
As *these* are useless when the Sun is set;
So *those,* but when more glorious *reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington goes slower than the Sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
E'en age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessing into bane. Since oft
Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel,*
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *this,* or similar, Philander! thou
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue,
And strong, to wield all science, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the summer's Sun,
And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream!
How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, so sought; to the *recluse* more coy!
Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;
Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains
The *fancy,* and unhallow'd *passion* fires;
Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.
Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt nectar* draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, *wisdom* and *delight;*
Twins tied by Nature; if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the Sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied

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Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too!
Thought, in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross;
When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use:
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possest;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.
In *contemplation* is his proud resource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation*'s field;
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint; and *emulation*'s spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;
And *Nature*'s fool, by *Wisdom* is undone.
Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of *happiness?*
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for *two;*
Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never pluckt by *one.*
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *social* man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.
Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops
To visit Earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent Heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in *passion*'s flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *reason;* passion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
Of *Friendship*'s fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noontide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *Friendship*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious survivor of old *Time* and *Death;*
From Friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed;
The wise extract Earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.
But for whom blossoms this Elysian *flower?*
Abroad they find, who cherish it at *home.*
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the *great*,
None clings more obstinate than fancy, fond,
That sacred Friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile.
Their smiles, the *great*, and the *coquet*, throw out
For others' hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I show thee friendship delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and *distrust*, destroy
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself,
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for Earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
So sung he, (angels hear that angels sing!
Angels from friendship gather half their joy.)
So sung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.
Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship *new*
(Not such was his) is neither strong, nor pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side,
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart:
High-flavor'd bliss for gods! on Earth how rare!
On Earth how *lost!*—Philander is no more.
Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?
Am I too warm? Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall

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One feather as he flew: I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals scarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I can, I must; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian*; to the blush of wit.
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The *death-bed* of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand! it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever *there:*
There, on a post of honor, and of joy.
Dare I presume, then? but Philander bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath
Aërial *groves'* impenetrable gloom;
Or, in some mighty *ruin's* solemn shade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born dust,*
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or, at the midnight *altar's* hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed? I pause—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death bed? No: it is his shrine:
Behold him, there, just rising to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of Heaven.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
For, *here*, resistless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *dissimulation* drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real, and apparent, are the same.
You see the *man;* you see his hold on Heaven,
If sound his virtue; as Philander's sound.
Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death, and points them out to men;
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death!
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.
"No warning given! Unceremonious Fate!
A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!
A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!
Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!
A sun extinguisht! a just-opening grave!
And oh! the last, last,—what? (can words express?
Thought reach it?) the last—*silence* of a friend!"
Where are those horrors, that amazement, where
This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now.*
Through Nature's wreck, through vanquisht gloom,)
agonies,
Like the stars struggling through this midnight
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all;
Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory Heaven vouchsafes to call her own
We gaze, we weep; mixt tears of grief, of joy!
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and *Infidels* believe!
As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow
Detains the Sun, illustrious, from its height;
While rising vapors, and descending shades,
With damps and darkness, drown the spacious vale,
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.
Virg.

FROM *dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *reason*, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.
O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our *reason, guardian angel*, and our *God!*
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote, *but* these.
How dreadful, *then*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast,
To win thy wish, creation has no more.
Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a friend—
But friends, how mortal! dangerous the desire!
Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards
Inebriate at fair Fortune's fountain-head;
And reeling through the wilderness of joy;
Where *Sense* runs savage, broke from *Reason's* chain!
And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;
Unlike the deity my song invokes.
I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now first implor'd in succor to the *Muse.*
Thou, who didst lately borrow Cynthia's form,*
And modestly forego thine own! O thou,
Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
Say, why not Cynthia patroness of song?
As thou her crescent, she thy character
Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute

* At the Duke of Norfolk's masquerade.

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This revolution in the world *inspir'd?*
Ye train Pierian! to the *lunar* sphere,
In silent hour, address your ardent call
For aid immortal; less her brother's right.
She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,
A strain for gods, denied to mortal ear.
Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of Heaven!
What title, or what name, endears the most!
Cynthia! Cyllené! Phœbe! or dost hear
With higher gust, fair Portland of the skies?
Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The soul of song, and whisper in my ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the breast
Of thy first votary.—But not thy last;
If, like thy *namesake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme;
A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that rose all-pale, and told my soul
'Twas *night;* on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.
Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluster; rare are *solitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my lids for him:
Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *more* than causes, he confounds;
For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
And make distress, distraction. Oh Philander!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
It call'd Narcissa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark,)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charms
Extinguisht in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy; this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of Paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel and present it to the skies; as all
We guess of Heaven and *these* were all her own,
And she was mine; and I was—*was!*—most blest
Say title of the deepest misery!
As bodies grow more ponderous, robb'd of life;
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy,
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that o'er lost an angel! pity me.
Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight,
And on her cheek, the residence of Spring
Pale omen sat; and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw, (and who would cease to gaze
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid North,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the Sun; the Sun
(As if the Sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succor; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives!
In morn and evening dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the Sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush (*mine* excepted) every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odors, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coëval race with man! for man you smile!
Why not smile *at* him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass; but not his constant pain.
So man is made; nought ministers delight,
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempt'st the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While *here*, presuming on the rights of Heaven.
For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expense, be wise;
Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at best; but oft, a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—Though repell'd
Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high-flavor'd thy fresh-opening joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete
And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness, wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears! strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of Nature's soft persuasion, steel'd!
While *Nature* melted, *Superstition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and *this* denied a grave.
Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will
Their will the *tiger* suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
For, oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* nurst
In blind *Infallibility's* embrace,
The *sainted spirit* petrified the breast
Denied the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What succor? What resource

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With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty! coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
I *whisper'd* what should echo through their realms;
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While Nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stampt the curst soil; and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.
Glows my resentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this Heaven-labor'd form, erect, divine!
This Heaven-assum'd majestic robe of Earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloth'd the Sun in gold.
When every passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us every motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancor *uncontroll'd*,
That strongest curb on insu't and ill-will;
Then, spleen to *dust!* the dust of innocence!
An angel's dust!—This Lucifer transcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
For less than this is shocking in a race
Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love;
And *uncreated*, but for love divine,
And, but for love divine, this moment *lost*.
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favors he confers,
And contumelious his humanity;
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale Moon! turn paler at the sound;
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretells the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.
Fir'd is the Muse? And let the Muse be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
And in the nerve most tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes:
He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.
But he, nor I, feel more; past ills, Narcissa!
Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clustering there
Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?
An aspic, each! and all, an hydra woe:
What strong Herculean virtue could suffice?—
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that hush'd Cimmerian vale
Where *darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That subterranean world! that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balsamic truths and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;
Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
And labor that first palm of noble minds,
A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."
This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave.
As poets feign'd, from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flower;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from these
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride*, and *guilt*
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as *safe*, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim Earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves
Tread under foot their agonies and groans;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious era! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme

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Of every thought? and wish of every hour?
And song of every joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the numerous *ills* that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold-serv'd repetitions, he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on *arts*, and *glean* their former field.
Live ever here, Lorenzo!—shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it, too;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here?—With laboring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To surfeit on the *same*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery
For change, though sad? To see what we have seen?
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a fatter year,
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind Earth's wasted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worse-concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of excess!
Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.
Such of our *fine-ones* is the wish refin'd!
So would they have it: elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
But such examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *bright thought* they father all their flights.)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate
The same vain world; to censure, and espouse,
This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad,
Through dread of worse; to cling to this rude rock,
Barren, *to them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulf, that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene,
This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted shrew*;
And, what will more surprise, Lorenzo! gives
To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change;
And straitens Nature's circle to a line.
Believ'st thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou 'lt blush to disbelieve.
A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste: the cuckoo-seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
But what those seasons, from the teeming Earth,
To doting *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *Sun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence possest,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live,
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame
While Nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliss*;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone insure
And shall we then, for Virtue's sake, commence
Apostates; and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
"He sins against *this* life, who slights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their favorite know
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing! worse than nought
A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
Where now the *barren rock*? the *painted shrew*?
Where now, Lorenzo! life's *eternal round*?
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
Waxes and wanes? (In all propitious, *night*
Assists me here) compare it to the Moon;
Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* lustre from a higher sphere.
When gross guilt interposes, laboring Earth,
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory distant: Oh Lorenzo!
A good man, and an angel! these between
How thin the barrier! what divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
A moment, or eternity 's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods
Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
Starts timid Nature at the gloomy pass?
The *soft transition* call it; and be cheer'd
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise;
And may itself *procure*, what it *presumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, Death is much traduc'd,
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange competition!*"—True, Lorenzo! strange
So little *life* can cast into the scale.
Life makes the soul dependent on the dust,

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Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.
Death has feign'd evils. *Nature* shall not feel;
Life, ill substantial, *Wisdom* cannot shun.
Is not the mighty *Mind*, that son of Heaven?
By tyrant *Life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
By *Death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deified?
Death but entombs the body; *life* the soul.
"Is *Death* then guiltless? How he marks his way
With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
With various lustres *these* light up the world,
Which *Death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment just:
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles these; more barbarous *life*, the *man*.
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
No bliss has *life* to boast, till death can give
Far greater; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
Lorenzo! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! blush at *terror* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more? O *Death*, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and *disease*; disease, though long my guest;
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
That call my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Lust and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O Death! is thine.
Our day of dissolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe. What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *Death*'s deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-tax'd Nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, of life!
But O! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *life* lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, *Death!* no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *source*, and *subject*, still subsists unhurt:
One, in my soul; and one, in her great Sire;
Though the four winds were warring for my dust
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim
(To dust when drop proud Nature's proudest spheres,)
And live *entire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we rise, we reign
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I *die*?—When shall I live for ever?

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

Containing our only Cure for the Fear of Death; and proper Sentiments of that inestimable Blessing.

TO THE HONORABLE MR. YORKE.

A MUCH-INDEBTED Muse, O Yorke! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.—
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sovereign cure.
Why start at Death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is past; not come or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *sensation* fails; black-boding man
Receives, not *suffers*, Death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error*'s wretch,
Man makes a death, which Nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.
But were Death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range on just *dislike*'s unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws,
Flaws in the *best*; the many, flaw all o'er;
As *leopards*, spotted, or, as Ethiops, dark;
Vivacious *ill*; *good* dying immature;
(How immature, Narcissa's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endless pain;
His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.
But grant to life (and just it is to grant
To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy;

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A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleasing *reflections* on parts well sustain'd,
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss *Fortune* back her tinsel, and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
A new world rises, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,
To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbor is unknown;
Nor that the worst: Ah me! the dire effect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long;
Of old so gracious (and let that suffize,)
My very master knows me not.—
Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate?
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardor to be seen.
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
Refusal! canst thou wear a smoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death:*
Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy
Court favor, yet untaken, I besiege;
Ambition's ill-judged effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little less;
Embittering the possest. Why wish for more?
Wishing of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay.
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant *hectic* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!
Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager *ambition's* fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies,"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
Nor future vacancies in church or state;
Some avocation deeming it—to die,
Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*,
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of Hell.
O my coëvals! remnants of yourselves!
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With avarice and convulsions, grasping hard?
Grasping at air! for what has Earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long:
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal Nature lent him for an hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* rush on numerous ills;
And soon as man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive; and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible, I live?
Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by Mead! if I am still alive,
Who long have buried what gives life to live
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *shallow* than *impure*
And *vapid; sense* and *reason* show the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.
O thou great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could know
No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing! with the *patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown;*
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!
Though *Nature's* terrors, *thus*, may be represt:
Still frowns grim *Death;* guilt points the tyrant's spear.
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And smil'd, unsmitten: small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upward shot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound;
O think how deep, Lorenzo! here it stings:
Who can appease its anguish? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can draw
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace.
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy—with grief, that *healing hand* I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On *high?*—What means my frenzy? I blaspheme
Alas! how *low!* how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—Yet still it *bleeds;*
Draw the dire steel—ah no! the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego!
There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
The falling universe: that gone, we drop;

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Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and Sun are dust beneath his throne!
In Heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan *not his*.
He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear;
Sensations *new* in angels' bosoms rise;
Suspend their song! and make a pause in bliss.
O for *their* song; to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful spheres;
Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes!
And show to men the dignity of man;
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Shall *Pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
And *Christian* languish? on our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy · my heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
"Expended deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold night
Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
Of endless day: to feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night!
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!
Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
Didst stain the *cross;* and work of wonders far
The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.
Bold thought! shall I dare speak it, or repress?
Should man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the guilt
Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love inflam'd?
O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with outstretch'd arms,
Stern *justice* and soft-smiling *love* embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost;
What, but the *fathomless* of thought divine,
Could labor such expedient from despair,
And rescue *both?* both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the *deed!*
The wondrous deed! or shall I call it *more?*
A wonder in Omnipotence itself.
A mystery no less to gods than men!
Not *thus*, our infidels the Eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds Heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim Heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
Undeified by their opprobrious praise:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.
Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains!
The ransom was paid down; the fund of Heaven,
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.
And was the ransom paid? it was · and paid
What can exalt the bounty more? for *you*.

The Sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face
Not such as *this;* not such as Nature makes;
A *midnight* Nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross
Made groan the centre; burst Earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and Heaven that hour let fall a tear,
Heaven wept, that men might smile! Heaven bled, that man
Might never die!——
And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*.
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?
Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—in his blest *life*
I see the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*,
And in his great *ascent* the *proof* supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the King of glory to come in.
Who is the King of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race
The King of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne
Last gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth and Heaven!
This *sum of good* to man. *Whose* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose; then first *humanity*
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality [ration
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and Heaven's du
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust—Man, all immortal! hail;
Hail, Heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount? Alas! small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd.
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death!
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in Heaven's indulgent sight

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If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in Heaven, with that inverted spear
A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, subdues the *fear of death*.
And what is *this?*—Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
With blood divine of him I made my foe!
Persisted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
My species up in arms! not one exempt!
Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies,
Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
As if our race were held of highest rank;
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, every heart! and every bosom, burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round, high planted on the skies,
Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever (if astonishment
Will give thee leave:) my praise! for ever flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heaven
More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.
So dear, so due to Heaven, shall *praise* descend,
With her soft plume (from *plausive* angel's wing
First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praise* the perquisite of every paw,
Though black as Hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!
Shall *praise* her odors waste on virtues dead,
Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by washing Ethiops fair,
Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts,
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apostate *Praise!* thou vagabond!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd theme.
There flow redundant; like Meander, flow
Back to thy fountain; to that Parent Power,
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing:
To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!
Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, Heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not praise be thine, not human praise?
While Heaven's high host on *hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of Hell, *great love!* by thee,
O most adorable! most unador'd!
Where shall thy praise begin, which ne'er should end?
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause
How is *night's* sable mantle labor'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wisdom* shines! what *love!* this midnight pomp
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profusion: thou, apart,
Above! beyond! O tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
Call to the *Sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*
For their Creator! Shall I question loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds he furious *storms* in straiten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
What mean these questions? Trembling, I retract
My prostrate soul adores the *present* God:
Praise I a distant deity? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd;) the nerve, that writes, sustains
Wrapt in his being, I resound his praise:
But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence; *local* is his throne, (as meet,)
To gather the disperst, (as standards call
The listed from afar:) to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since *finite* every nature but his own.
The nameless *He*, whose nod is *Nature's* birth
And *Nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
The great *First-Last!* pavilion'd high he sits,
In darkness from excessive splendor borne,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; he looks down
On all that soars; and spans immensity.
Though *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam
A mere effluvium of his majesty:
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of Heaven?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness: if, on towering wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars!
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to *thee*
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King!
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardor cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.
Still more—This theme is man's and man's alone
Their vast appointments reach it not: they see
On Earth a bounty not indulg'd on high,
And *downward* look for Heaven's superior praise!
First-born of ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envied *here*;
And some *did* envy; and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods *unredeem'd*, (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies,)
They less would *feel*, though more adorn, my theme
They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd.)
How rose in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;

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Thine is *redemption;* they just gave the key:
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
Though human, yet divine: for should not *this*
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here?*
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labor of the skies;
Far *more* than labor—It was *death* in Heaven.
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder still to disbelieve!
Here pause, and ponder: was there death in Heaven?
What then on Earth? On Earth, which struck the blow?
Who struck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy towers!
How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of Heaven!
The *double* son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall Heaven's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all;*
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
O ye! who, from this *rock of ages*, leap,
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our interest in the master of the storm!
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd Nature's ruin *smile;*
While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.
Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long shall human nature be *their* book,
Degenerate mortal! and *unread* by thee?
The beam dim *reason* sheds shows wonders there;
What high contents! Illustrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By Heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *cross.*
Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a god bleeds, he bleeds *not* for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, Eternity! at thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of Nature! how improv'd!
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
It is another scene! another self!
And still another, as time rolls along;
And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate!
How Nature opens, and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter and embrace me! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the Sun;
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him
Beyond his reach, the Godhead only, more.
He the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain: pour'd himself
Through all their souls; but not in equal stream
Profuse, or frugal, of th' aspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded; and when past
Their various trials in their various spheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.
Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to sing,
Though yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight,
And men are angels loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
While *here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the *glorious standard* soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign, and are these, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?
Religion's All. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess, in her left,
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next;*
Religion, the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
E'en in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god
Religion! Providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing; *here* is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness and stench, and suffocation-damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To *reason's* region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.
Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! *There* shine
The noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborne.
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the Sun;
He sighs—the sigh Earth's deep foundation shakes
If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can prayer, can praise, avert it?—Thou, my *All!*
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!

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My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!— my world
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man, of men the meanest, e'en to me;
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!
What then art thou? by what name shall I call thee?
Knew I the name devout archangels use,
Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
By me unrivall'd; thousands more sublime,
None half so dear, as that, which, though unspoke,
Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
Is lost in love! Thou great philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favor, and confound!
To challenge, and to distance all return!
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
Thy right, too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
(That noblest hymn to Heaven!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death!* and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but thy frown.
Whom see I, yonder, so demurely smile?
Laughter a labor, and might break their rest.
Ye quietists, in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence; who *halt* indeed;
But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with Heaven!
Think you my song too turbulent? too warm?
Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul?
Reason alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers:
Oh for an humbler heart! and prouder song!
Thou, my much-injur'd theme! with that soft eye
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.
Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
Shall Heaven, which gave us ardor, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors, preach;
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odors sweet from incense *uninflam'd?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to Heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High Heaven's *orchestra* chants *amen* to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of Heaven,
Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will *Death* (now stingless,) like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *Death!*
This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down!
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh Death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *past*,
And *present!* when shall I thy shrine adore?
From Nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
This dark, incarcerated *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain,
That manumits; that calls from exile home
That leads to Nature's great *metropolis*,
And readmits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command:
'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wise;
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.
See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *cross*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory: partial *touch!*
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and sovereign through the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From Heaven through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *Nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns Earth to Heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb
Dost ask me when? When he who died returns
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities, triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in Heaven:
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.
Is this my fancy thrown remote? and rise
Dark doubts between the promise and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Christian;* preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger, passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape: and then revisits Earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
He, once on Earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; e'en *adders* hear:
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of Death,
To break the shock blind *Nature* cannot shun.
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace

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'Tis *faith* disarms destruction; and absolves
From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.
Why disbelieve? Lorenzo.—"*Reason* bids,
All-sacred Reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-sacred *reason!* source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on Earth, or Earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed cross by fortune stamp'd
On passive Nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
No! *Reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true and false, in her impartial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head,
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
"On argument alone my faith is built;"
Reason pursu'd is *faith;* and unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more:
And such our *proof*, that, or our *faith* is *right*,
Or *Reason* lies, and Heaven design'd it *wrong:*
Absolve we this? What, then, is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honor'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
Immortal, as her father in the skies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason *yours:*
'Tis *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;
'Tis *reason's* injur'd rights his wrath resents;
'Tis *reason's* voice obey'd his glories crown;
To give lost *reason* life, he pour'd his own:
Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God!
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reason's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.
Learn hence what honors, what loud *pæans*, due
To those, who push our *antidote* aside;
Those boasted friends to *reason* and to *man*,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd
And vilified at once; of *reason* dead,
Then deified, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* through all their camp resounds,
They draw *Pride's* curtain o'er the noontide ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, *call'd* argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the Sun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals?* O thou bleeding Love
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of thee.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)
As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.
A Christian is the highest style of man:
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dishonor'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?
Ye sold to sense! ye citizens of Earth!
For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain
Behold the picture of Earth's happiest man·
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
Till Nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
A freedom far less welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long:
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulf of time, as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis going;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift; Eternity is all;
And whose Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!
For ever basking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy concience shall reply.
O give it leave to speak; 'twill speak ere long.
Thy leave unask'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild.
By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is deposited with man's *last hour;*
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds;
Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made
Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Smother'd with errors, and opprest with joys,
That Heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls
But, from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
The goddess bursts, in thunder, and in flame;
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
Dark *demons* I discharge, and hydra stings;
The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell:
Just definition! though by schools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruse this parson'd page,
And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest;
"Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE RELAPSE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise,
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more
As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *Muse*
Has often blush'd at her degenerate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given, to make a *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause,

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We wear the chains of *pleasure* and of *pride*.
These share the man; and these distract him too;
Draw different ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars,
But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces; man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once:* a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise.
Since joy of *sense* can't rise to *reason*'s taste;
In subtle *sophistry*'s laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound. [more;
Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By *wit*'s address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush
From Nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.
All writ by man in favor of the soul,
The *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.
The flowers of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can powers of genius exorcise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?
But let not these inexpiable strains
Condemn the Muse that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in Nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,
To visit being universal there,
And being's Source, that utmost flight of mind!
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *syrens* only? Do not angels sing?
There is in *poesy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to *prose*,
Her younger sister; haply, not more wise.
Think'st thou, Lorenzo! to find pastimes here?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
No rainbow colors, *here*, or silken tale:
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through these revolving spheres,
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade:
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight!* darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.
Yet this, even *this*, my laughter-loving friends!
Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the smile!
If, what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
And, feeling, give assent; and their assent
Is ample recompense; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O Litchfield! nor mistake;
Think not unintroduc'd I force my way;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unallied,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
Where all the language *harmony*, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the Muse:
A Muse that will not pain thee with thy praise
Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.
O thou! Blest Spirit! *whether* the supreme,
Great antemundane Father! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Present, though future; prior to themselves;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne some delegated power,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burst
From fam'd Castalia: nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd
Through pleasing paths of *moral* and *divine*,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.
By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroll'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *Earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the Sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
To settle on herself our point supreme!
There lies our theatre! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason*'s reign,
And *virtue*'s too; these tutelary shades
Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too
It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world 's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted! we *resolv'd*,
Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
All, scatter us abroad; though outward bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*

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Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapors breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy, rancor*, or *impure desire*.
We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude;* the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate; or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From Nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.
This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt:
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious Moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from Heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His laboring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience: all the livelong night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the Sun
(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush't,
And open'd a calm intercourse with Heaven,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm:
All her lies answers, and *thinks* down her charms.
What awful joy! what mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkness; rather say,
(If not too bold,) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the clustering thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade;
But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere; from that *first* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence descends
Urania, my celestial guest! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *now*,
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wandering thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart! Narcissa's tomb!
Or is it feeble Nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a Stygian vapor in my blood?
A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink: to be the *same*, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit, fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusty region, charg'd with storms
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure,
And struck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives Heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.
If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficients in thy school are made,
Than *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er could boast
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This *book-case*, with dark booty almost burst,
This *forager* on others' wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary.
A pomp untamable of weeds prevails.
Her *servant's* wealth, encumber'd *wisdom* mourns
And what says *genius?* "*Let the dull be wise.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense;*
Considers *reason* as a leveller;
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.
But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as plows the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower;
Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, Narcissa! welcome my *Relapse*
I'll raise a tax on my calamity.
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies
Though natives of this coarse penurious soil:
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in Heaven.
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.
These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.
Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend

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"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
Why men decline it; *suicide*'s foul birth;
The various *kind of grief*; the *faults of age*;
And *death's dread character*—invite my song."
And, first, th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief:
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal *too soon*.
Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,
And bring it back, a true and endless peace?
Calamities are *friends*: as glaring *day*
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his favorite walk,
Beneath *death*'s gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo! read with me Narcissa's stone;
(Narcissa was thy favorite!) let us read
Her *moral* stone! few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can strike: and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cause have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep;
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humbler shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,
And puts *Delusion*'s dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mists our sultry *passions* raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene:
And shows the *real* estimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from *Virtue*'s rising charms;
Detects *Temptation* in a thousand lies.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys *possest*;
Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave
No *folly* keeps its color in *her* sight;
Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms;
In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,
If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
At the first blast it vanishes in air.
Not so, *celestial*: wouldst thou know, Lorenzo!
How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine?*
Just as the waning, and the waxing Moon.
More empty *worldly* wisdom every day;
And every day more fair her *rival* shines.
When *later*, there's less time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wisdom is expir'd:
(Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave)
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.
As worldly schemes resemble Sibyls' leaves,
The good man's days to Sibyls' books compare,
(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale,)
In price still rising, as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final hour.
For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones,
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
"Oh let me die his death!" all Nature cries.
"Then live his life."—All Nature falters there.
Our great physician daily to consult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.
What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's;
and yet,
From a friend's grave how soon we disengage!
E'en to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravisht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By soft *affection*'s ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reason*, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*,
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand.
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.
Is Death, that ever-threatening, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still?
Though numerous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All Heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight
Is it, that life has sown her *joys* so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; what see we there?
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.
Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!
Like *him* so strong, by Dalilah the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By Nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The *good man* would repine; would *suffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humor, would give rage the rein
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below

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What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! rise,
And drown in your less execrable yell
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from Hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, so thought—And *then* he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for suicide!
An *island* in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beside!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.
But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant Sun;
The Sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd:
Immortal climes kind Nature never made.
The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.
The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *soul*,) a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgag'd for *Earth*'s little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *Earth* suspicious, *Earth*'s enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge
On *immortality*, her godlike taste, [*there*.
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet
But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of *Earth*, for guests that came from *Heaven*:
Sink into slaves; and sell, for *present* hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates lothe the basket full;
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement; though fast barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded strong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raise;
And moated round with fathomless *destruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, Britons! is the *cause*, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness: but the madness of the *heart*.
And what is that? Our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and *suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Through sacred *Nature*'s murder, on their own,
Because they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of *wisdom!* if our choice, not fate,)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and, in every clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic herald of our own!
How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent;
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
Indelible, *Death*'s image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
As the tide rushing rases what is writ
In yielding sands, and smoothes the letter'd shore
Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh*?
Or studied the philosophy of *tears*?
(A science, yet unlectur'd in our schools!)
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny rivulets to their springs.
Our funeral tears from different causes rise,
As if from separate cisterns in the soul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious *art* distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fate of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear.
They dwell on praises, which they think they share
And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn, in proof, that something they could
love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *show*.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd.
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft Ephesians draw
Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek
Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while *reason* sleeps
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
Knows not it speaks to *her*, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *sorrow*'s pang, the birth of endless joy.
But *these* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd
They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
Far as the deep-resounding knell they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by *death*
Are spent in watering vanities of life;
In making *folly* flourish still more fair,
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust

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Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
Though there thrown down her true support to learn,
Without Heaven's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell,
With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life:
Presents her *weed*, well fancied, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's-head* on the ring.
So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd youth
Stepp'd in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching sables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he dotes;
And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not such, Narcissa, my distress for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
To sacrifice to wisdom. What wast thou?
"*Young, gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe;
(Heaven knows I labor with severer still!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, first, thy *youth*. What says it to grey hairs?
Narcissa, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heaven.
Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe
Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair;
With graceless *gravity*, chastising youth,
That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault.
Father of all, forgetfulness of death:
As if, like objects passing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead prescription from the grave;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already:
Their hearts are buried, and the world their grave.
Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age, 'twixt us and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And Death intrench'd, preparing his assault.
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *must*,
And *soon*; we *may*, within an *age*, expire. [green;
Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
Folly sings six, while *Nature* points at twelve.
Absurd *longevity!* More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
Object, and *appetite*, must club for joy;
Shall *folly* labor hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *Nature* is relaxing every string?
Ask *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal: learn e'en now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever
Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.
That wish is *praise*, and *promise*; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority, to faults of youth.
How shocking! it makes folly thrice a fool,
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*.
Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port:
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*, and the *will* subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene!
All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever
Dost ask, Lorenzo, why so warmly prest,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? That thought is the machine,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the dust,
And rears us into men. That thought, plied home,
Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
O'er-hanging Hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave;
How warmly to be wish'd! What heart of flesh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language *too well* known to thee,)
Would at a moment give its *all* to chance,
And *stamp* the die for an eternity?
Aid me, Narcissa, aid me to keep pace
With *Destiny*; and ere her scissars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my slumbering *reason* to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To sally; and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man;
Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *Nature* sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.
Must I then *forward* only look for Death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there
Man is a self-survivor every year.
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow

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Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his; my *yesterday*,
The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.
Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?
If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *strength* and *ardor*; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbor's knell
(Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in every place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental sires!
A brother tomb to tell you ye shall die.
That death you *dread* (so great is Nature's skill!)
Know, you shall *court* before you shall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you sit;
In wisdom, shallow: pompous ignorance!
Would you be still more learned than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *Nature*, and *Experience*, moral truth:
Of indispensable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride!
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *Death's character*, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *sarcastic*, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.
Like other tyrants, *Death* delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb:
Me thine, Narcissa!—What though short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die;
O how *misdated* on their flattering tombs!
Narcissa's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counsel too?
That, like the Jews' fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill-known to thee, Lorenzo! *this* thy vaunt:
"Give Death his due, the wretched, and the old;
E'en let him sweep his rubbish to the grave;
Let him not violate kind Nature's laws.
But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'st him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "That furthest from the *fear*,
Are often nearest to the *stroke* of fate?"
All more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers should emit a flame,
Glad spirits sparkled from Narcissa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live
As Nature's opposites wage endless war,
For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
Inviolable stupor of his reign,
Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition*, sleep,
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests
More life is still more odious; and, reduc'd
By conquest, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By Heaven's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.
Thus runs Death's dread commission: "Strike, but so
As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprise*,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim:
And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *Death* assumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all shapes that serve his black designs:
Though master of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew.
Like Nero, he's a fiddler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton* in female guise;
Quite unsuspected till, the wheel beneath,
His disarray'd oblation he devours.
He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self. Hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such, on Narcissa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen
To *smile*; such peace has innocence in death!
Most happy they! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *Death*, and one full fix'd on *Heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant *dress*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
Say, Muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And show Lorenzo the surprising scene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.
'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I stood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* push'd him back
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismist*
The sage; for *Death* design'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *usurer*

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His meagre aspect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *spendthrift*; whose fantastic air,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straiten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.
The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt,
Out-sallies on adventures. Ask you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* suffice; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure*'s footsteps round the world,
When *pleasure* treads the paths which *reason* shuns.
When, against *reason*, *riot* shuts the door,
And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,
Then, foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far; and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is banish'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the Moon,
Against him turns the key, and bids him sup
With their progenitors—he drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.
Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than simple conquest*, in the fiend?
And now, Lorenzo, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In *death*'s uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore thou be fit;
Fixt as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And *fate* surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden, (as from most,)
Hide too from thee the precious *use* of life.
Early, not sudden, was Narcissa's fate.
Soon, not surprising, *Death* his visit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too, (our third and final theme,)
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glittering gewgaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conspir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness
(If happiness on Earth) to crown her brow.
And could *Death* charge through such a shining shield?
That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of *Death*'s ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honors, bloom'd with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state.
How often have I seen him dropt at once
Our morning's envy! and our evening's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey.
High fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*
Ask you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
Of life? To hang his airy nest on high,
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *Death* at equal distance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happiness *denied*?
Lorenzo! no: 'Tis happiness *disdain'd*.
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
As late I drew *Death*'s picture, to stir up
Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
Gay *Fortune*'s, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends
Sons o'er their fathers; subjects o'er their kings
Priests o'er their gods; and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still *more* adorn'd) to snatch the golden shower
Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennel'd from the prisons, and the stews,
Pour in, all opening in their idol's praise;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still.
Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they lanch, they fly
O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or power.
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
Through fury to possess it: *some* succeed,
But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *some*, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain
To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off

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Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *some* (unhappy rivals!) seize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at those,
Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain;
The number small, which happiness can bear.
Though *various* for a while their fates; at last
One curse involves them all: at Death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn, in just proportion to their store.
And *Death*'s approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of *Fortune*'s smiles.
And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow which, while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The Sun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the strong strokes of laboring hinds subdued,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.
These high-aim'd darts of *Death*, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,
Or near Heaven's *Archer*, in the zodiac, hung,
(So could it be,) *should* draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A constellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave;
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
From greater danger, to grow more secure,
And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."
Lysander, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aspasia: she was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest;
All who knew, envied; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finisht happiness?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
So break those glittering shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough sailor, passing, drops a tear;
A tear?—Can tears suffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
The *distant* train of thought I took to shun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*These* died together;
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narcissa! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou wast only *near* me; not *myself*.
Survive *myself*?—*That* cures all other woe
Narcissa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the soul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *such* friends part
'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance, of Immortality.

PART I.

Where, among other Things, Glory and Riches are particularly considered.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM, FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Preface.

Few ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, *truth, reason, religion*, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty sound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the *real* source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than *abstract reasonings*; and we daily see *bodies* drop around us, but the *soul* is invisible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment*, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they *rather* hoped, than firmly *believed*, immortality! And how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel: but by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being accidentally privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error by some doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly con

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vinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man, fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, *here*, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the *most* important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason *only*; viz. because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by *vanity*; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

SHE* (for I know not yet her name in Heaven)
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancied medicine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death,
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy pressure's still increasing weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress.
O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
Death's gallery! (might I dare to call it so)
With dismal *doubt*, and sable *terror*, hung:
Sick *hope*'s pale lamp, its only glimmering ray;
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter, there.
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!
In smiles she sunk *her* grief to lessen *mine*.
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege; in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings Nature lends
To succor frail humanity. Ye stars!
(Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
And thou, O Moon! bear witness; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Tied down by sore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation! darker every hour!
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my soul shudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important die
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.

* Referring to Night V.

But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die,
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wise?
Too dark the Sun to see it; highest stars
Too low to reach it; *Death*, great *Death* alone,
O'er stars and Sun triumphant, lands us there.
Nor dreadful our *transition*; though the mind,
An artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *sat*.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all:
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil; *Fancy* loves excess.
Dark *Ignorance* is lavish of her shades:
And *these* the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects rise
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigors of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the soul unsated with her theme.
Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my song.
O that my song could emulate my soul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the soul disdains
A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames,
If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inspire.
Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter color spun,
And spun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian dye, how *black*, how *brittle here*!
How short our correspondence with the Sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys,
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*,
To mingle interests, converse amities,
With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of universal Nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme*!
To call Heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which support archangels in their state)
Our own! To rise in science, as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote; and leave
No mystery—but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From Earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene!
Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From Earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair
What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
Blest absolution of our blackest hour!

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Lorenzo, these are thoughts that make man, man,
The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great, (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The clod *we* tread; soon trodden by our sons,)
How great, in the wild whirl of *time*'s pursuits,
To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To prophesy our own futurities;
To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale!
Lorenzo, swells thy bosom at the thought?
The swell becomes thee: 'tis an honest pride.
Revere thyself;—and yet thyself despise.
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud;
That almost universal error shun.
How *just* our pride, when we behold *those* heights!
Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
And angels emulate: our pride how just! [quit
When mount we? When these shackles cast? When
This cell of the creation? this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent
To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on *time's* further shore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of Earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praise and share?
Man's fates and favors are a theme in Heaven.
What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the sick!
Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!
In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike!
Adventures thicken! novelties surprise!
What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of Heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know, how rich, how full, our banquet *there!*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the *laboring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illustrious and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravisht sight.
From some superior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port? The *least*
Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
Huge, as leviathan, to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceiv'd? *Stupendous* these!
Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole!*
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exuberant source! perhaps, I wrong thee still.
If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence! yet this the least in Heaven
What *this* to that illustrious robe *he* wears,
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power?
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest floweret to the Sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of Heaven
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
Death only Death, the question can resolve.
By Death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below.
And chase we still the phantom through the fire
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?
The momentary buzz of vain renown!
A *name;* a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
For sordid *lucre*, plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, through every shame, for every gain
For vile contaminating trash; throw up
Our hope in Heaven, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, avarice; the two *demons* these,
Which goad through every slough our human herd
Hard-travel'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop! How steep they climb
These *demons* burn mankind; but most possess
Lorenzo's bosom, and turn out the skies.
Is it in *time* to hide *eternity?*
And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the Sun?
Glory and *wealth!* have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it surprise thee? Be thou then surpris'd
Thou *neither* know'st; their *nature* learn from me
Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connexion ties them to my theme.
First, what is *true* ambition? The pursuit
Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share
Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause.
Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as we;
But not *celestial*. *Here* we stand *alone;*
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame:
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies
The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
These *reason*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen;*

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The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross *Nature*'s sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition: this is *human* fire.
Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?
Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If these alone
Assist our flight, *fame*'s flight is *glory*'s fall.
Heart-merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold;
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise—
But wherefore envy? Talents, angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
Great *ill* is an achievement of great *powers*.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* choose our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom: worldly-wise
Is but *half*-witted, at its highest praise.
Let *genius* then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *station*. What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers are awful names!
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; *all more* is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right,
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth*;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And souls in *ermine* scorn a soul without?
Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids*:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
What station charms thee? I'll instal thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
Then thou before wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
That treacherous pride betrays the dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man;
An angel's second; nor his second, long.
A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
If nobler motives minister no cure,
E'en vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man
Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no *riband*, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.
Other ambition *Nature* interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a swathe, *at first*, his whole demand;
His whole domain, *at last*, a turf, or stone;
To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *just* ambition, to the grand result:.
The *curtains* fall: *there*, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene;
Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To *Christian* pride! which had with horror shock'd
The darkest *Pagans* offer'd to their gods.
O thou *most Christian* enemy to peace,
Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.
Why *this* so rare? Because forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge; that day, which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never shut thy thought against it;
Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To dote on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that *ambition*? Then let flames *descend*,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul,
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet *these* are they the world pronounces wise
The world which cancels Nature's right and wrong
And casts *new* wisdom: e'en the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,

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To put forth all his ardor, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.
Ambition! powerful source of good and ill.
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from Earth, with greater ease,
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies;
By toys entangled, or in gilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close grated by the sordid bars of *sense;*
All prospect of eternity shut out;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.
With error in *ambition* justly charged,
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his *wealth?*
What if thy rental I reform? and draw
An inventory *new* to set thee right?
Where thy *true treasure?* Gold says, "Not in me:"
And, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
India 's insolvent; seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *senses* which inherit Earth, and Heavens;
Enjoy the various riches *Nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half-create the wondrous world they see.
Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolor'd chaos, still.
Objects are but th' occasion; ours th' *exploit;*
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which Nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
Say, then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad
Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When Heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean, is man.
What wealth in *senses* such as these! What wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
Than *sense* surveys! In *memory*'s firm record,
Which, should it perish, could this world recall
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colors fresh, originally bright,
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that sovereign power
Which *sense* and *fancy* summons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the mass those *underlings* import,
From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth*'s balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *science*, *government*, and *law;*
The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
Strikes out, with master-hand, a copy fair
Of *his* idea, whose indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliss
What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
Disdaining limit, or from place or time;
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
Th' Almighty *fiat*, and the *trumpet's sound!*
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to rise!
Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made
And wander wild through things impossible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to choose, in *power* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to *perpetuate*—boundless bliss!
Ask you, what *power* resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? Is *virtue*'s, then, unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improvable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure sure; its income is divine.
High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then make a richer scramble for the throng?
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish from disploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New masters court, and call the former fool
(How justly!) for dependence on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our playthings; then, our dust
Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme:
Riches enable to be richer still;
And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-maker!) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both Indies cannot cure.
A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or encumber'd, is our happiness.
A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where Heaven can give no more!
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers; and stings us with success
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns,
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
Much learning shows how little mortals *know;*
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy;*
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

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How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to *Fortune*, trembles at her power.
The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this! A *being*
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possest can raise it; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course,
When thine, O *Nature!* ends; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this!*
The *monarch* is a beggar to the man.
Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning still where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a *Deity!*
'Tis the description of the *meanest slave:*
The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?
The meanest slave thy *sovereign* glory shares.
Proud youth! fastidious of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility:
Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.
Immortal! What can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul?* It thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.
Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven!
O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that,*
From vile imprisonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains, abasement, emptiness,*
The soul can *comfort, elevate,* and *fill.*
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *those,* and *these* their lustre lose;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all achieves;
Sets Earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *immortality's* full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost!
Doubt you this truth? Why labors your belief?
If Earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
Were seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus *Earth,* and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast round
To that stupendous view when souls awake
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.
Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled
And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What slave *unblest,* who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.
And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine!
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss?
In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no further than the clouds; and dance
On heedless Vanity's fantastic toe,
Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career, [song?
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and
Are there, Lorenzo? Is it possible?
Are there on Earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its inestimable gem?
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *then*
Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then,* no more.
Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink?
Who labor downwards through th' opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night; night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise,)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves?*
To contradict them, see all Nature rise!
What object, what event, the Moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire?*
All things proclaim it *needful;* some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure.*
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From *Heaven,* and *Earth,* and *man.* Indulge a few
By Nature, as her *common habit,* worn;
So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's or angel's had begun,
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in *man.*
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight

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Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love thee most, who most adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the great *Immutable*, to man
Speaks wisdom: is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haste;
And come back all-immortal; all-divine:
Look Nature through, tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the *first*. All, to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man *advances;* both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to Heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be?
Matter immortal? And shall *spirit* die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate
Severely doom'd *death*'s single unredeem'd?
If Nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.
Look Nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above is join'd, to that beneath
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join'd there; here life and sense;
There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends.
Wide yawns the gap; connexion is no more;
Check'd *reason* halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;
A scheme, *analogy* pronounc'd so true;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.
Thus far, *all Nature* calls on thy belief.
And will Lorenzo, careless of the call,
False attestation on all Nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the *risk* of Heaven?
O what indignity to deathless souls!
What treason to the majesty of man!
Of man *immortal!* Hear the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' Almighty Will be done.
Let Earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
As towering flame from *Nature*'s funeral pyre;
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
His charter, his inviolable rights,
Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
Death's pointless darts, and Hell's defeated storms."
But these chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
The glories of the world thy sevenfold *shield*.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious!* let us mount together,
(To mount, Lorenzo never can refuse);
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell
Look down on Earth.—What see'st thou? Wonderous things!
Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.
What lengths of labor'd lands! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand:
What level'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glittering spires.
Some 'mid the wondering waves majestic rise;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
Shows us half Heaven beneath its ample bend.
High through mid-air, *here*, streams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in basons, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vast oceans join
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore!
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders rise;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole, projecting, breaks
The mid-sea, furious waves! Their roar amidst,
Out-speaks the Deity, and says, "O main!
Thus far, nor farther; *new* restraints obey."
Earth's disembowel'd! measur'd are the skies!
Stars are detected in their deep recess!
Creation widens! vanquish'd *Nature* yields!
Her secrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
What monument of genius, spirit, power!
And now, Lorenzo! raptured at this scene,
Whose glories render Heaven superfluous! say,
Whose footsteps these?—*Immortals* have been here
Could less than souls immortal this have done?

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Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal:
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
These are *ambition's* works: and these are great:
But *this*, the least immortal souls can do;
Transcend them all.—But what can these transcend?
Dost ask me what?—One sigh for the *distrest*.
What then for *infidels*? A *deeper* sigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How *little* they, who think aught *great* below!
All our ambitions Death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns. Here cease we: but, ere long,
More powerful *proof* shall take the field against thee,
Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

PART II.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance, of Immortality.

PREFACE.

As we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of *levity* is a land of *guilt*. A *serious mind* is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honor to mankind. The *soul's immortality* has been the favorite theme with the *serious* of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always *was* and always *will be*. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of *increase*, at this day; a sort of *occasional* importance is superadded to the *natural* weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding *Night*, be just. It is there supposed, that all our *infidels*, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by some doubts of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a *futurity* is a strange error; yet it is an error into which *bad* men may *naturally* be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are—That either God *will* not, or *can* not punish. Considering the divine attributes, the *first* is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since *omnipotence* is as much a divine attribute as *holiness*, that God *cannot* punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions: they bias the judgment, in a manner almost incredible And since on *this* member of their *alternative*, there are some very small *appearances* in their *favor* and none at all on the *other* they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an *immediate* and *absolute* despair

On reviewing my subject, by the light which *this* argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages, it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of *annihilation* in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by *those* whom they so much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honor; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious regard for *immortality*: for, his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?" it was resented by Socrates as implying a dishonorable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himself, that was *not immortal*.

This fact, well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavor, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candor and impartiality; which is all I desire; and that, for *their* sakes: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7, 1744.

Contents of the Seventh Night.

In the Sixth Night, arguments were drawn from *Nature*, in proof of *immortality*: *here*, others are drawn from *man*: from his *discontent*; from his *passions* and *powers*; from the gradual growth of *reason*; from his fear of *death*; from the nature of *hope*, and of *virtue*; from *knowledge* and *love*, as being the most essential properties of the soul; from the *order* of *creation*; from the nature of *ambition*; *avarice*; *pleasure*. A digression on the grandeur of the *passions*. *Immortality* alone renders our present state intelligible. An objection from the Stoic's disbelief of immortality answered Endless questions unresolvable but on suppo-

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sition of our *immortality*. The natural, most melancholy, and pathetic complaint of a worthy man, under the persuasion of no *futurity*. The gross absurdities and horrors of *annihilation* urged home on Lorenzo. The soul's vast *importance;* from whence it arises. The *difficulty* of being an infidel. The *infamy*, the *cause*, and the *character* of an infidel state. What *true* free-thinking is. The *necessary* punishment of the false. Man's ruin is from *himself*. An infidel accuses himself of *guilt*, and *hypocrisy;* and that of the worst sort. His obligation to *Christians*. What danger he incurs by *virtue*. *Vice* recommended to him. His high pretences to *virtue* and *benevolence* exploded. The conclusion, on the nature of *faith*, *reason*, and *hope*, with an apology for this attempt

HEAVEN gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in every way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who couldst make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So soon to follow Man but dives in death;
Dives from the Sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so;
Through various parts our glorious story runs;
Time gives the preface, *endless age* unrolls
The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.
This, Earth and *skies already** have proclaim'd.
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who, what God foretells (who speaks in *things*,
Still louder than in *words*) shall dare deny?
If *Nature's* arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.
If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,
Can he prove infidel to what he *feels?*
He, whose blind thought futurity denies,
Unconscious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himself;
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
Or, *Nature*, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables; man was made a *lie*.
Why *discontent* for ever harbor'd there?
Incurable consumption of our peace!
Resolve me, why the *cottager* and *king*,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near?
Is it, that things *terrestrial* can't content?
Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is denied
To share their sweet *serene*. Man, ill at ease,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where Nature fodders him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.
Is Heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *instinct*, tho' perhaps, debauch'd
By *sense*, his reason sleeps, not dreams the cause.

* Night the Sixth.

The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
And discontent is *immortality*.
Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of Heaven,
Set up their hopes on Earth, and stable *here*
With brutal acquiescence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no! they shall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreigners*, distress'd, shall sigh
On thrones; and the *congratulate* the sigh:
Man's misery declares him born for bliss,
His *anxious* heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the *sceptic* in his head the *lie*.
Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our *powers*,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies;
Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture and mistake;
And for this land of trifles *those* too strong
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life:
What prize on Earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our *passions*, Heaven ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect. Blest Heaven! avert
A bounded ardor for unbounded bliss!
O for a bliss *unbounded!* far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *powers* to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reason progressive, *instinct* is complete;
Swift *instinct* leaps; slow *reason* feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *man* to live coëval with the Sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.
Men perish in advance, as if the Sun
Should set ere noon, in *eastern* oceans drown'd;
If fit, with *dim*, *illustrious* to compare,
The Sun's *meridian* with the *soul* of man.
To man, why, stepdame *Nature!* so severe?
Why thrown aside thy masterpiece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man must die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *dread*
Why curst with foresight? Wise to misery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pair
His *immortality* alone can tell;
Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favor of the just
His *immortality* alone can solve
The darkest of *enigmas*, human *hope;*
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy
All *present* blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*.
With no past toils content, still planning new
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than *pursuit?*
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplish'd, why, the grave of bliss?
Because, in the *great future* buried deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies *all* that man with ardor should pursue,
And he who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the *future* sets,
By secret and inviolable springs;

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And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
"More, more!" the glutton cries, for something *new;*
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He *will* descend. He starves on the *possest.*
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute
In that rank sty, why wallow'd empire's son
Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His *riot* was *ambition* in despair.
Old Rome consulted birds; Lorenzo! thou,
With more success, the flight of *hope* survey;
Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And, never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There should it fail us, (it must fail us there,
If *being* fails,) more mournful riddles rise,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.
Why *virtue?* Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursued:
What true self-interest of *quite*-mortal man?
To close with all that makes him happy *here.*
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on Earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *sovereign* good.
In *self-applause* is virtue's golden prize;
No self-applause attends it on *thy* scheme:
Whence self-applause? From conscience of the right.
And what is right, but means of happiness?
No means of happiness when *virtue* yields;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin every *virtuous joy.*
The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'errun
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-exposure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death?
Die for thy country!—Thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
Thy *country!* what to thee?—The *Godhead,* what?
(I speak with awe!) though he should bid thee bleed!
If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is spilt?
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.
Nor is it disobedience: know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' Almighty's subsequent command,
His first command is *this*—"Man, love thyself."
In this alone, free agents are *not* free.
Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law *supreme,*
Black suicide; though nations, which consult
Their gain, at thy expense, resound applause.
Since *virtue's* recompense is doubtful, *here,*
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man *suffer'd* to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man *enjoin'd?*
Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd?*
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers *Nature* lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise?
Can man by *reason's* beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God?*
Since virtue *sometimes* ruins us on Earth,
Or *both* are true; or man survives the grave.
Or man survives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man *immortal,* and thy scorn is just.
The man *immortal,* rationally brave,
Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
But if man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A *daring* infidel, (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought,)
Of all Earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valor, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for *worth,* whose noontide beam
Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers;
Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to *know,* and warm to *praise,*
And strenuous to *transcribe,* in human life,
The Mind Almighty? Could it be, that Fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the Deity, should snatch the draught
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest *angels* too might die?
If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd? and a *solitary* God,
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man:
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes;*
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom and *worth* how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and *worth* are sacred names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deified!
Why not *compassion'd* too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, *inflicted* both,
To make us but more wretched. *Wisdom's* eye
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And *worth, so* recompens'd, new-points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted *humbles* us the more.
Thou wilt not patronize a scheme that makes
Weakness and *vice,* the refuge of mankind.
"Has virtue, then, no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear-bought.*
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
Virtue and vice are at eternal war
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
Or for precarious, or for small reward?
Who virtue's *self-reward* so loud resound,
Would take degrees *angelic* here below
And *virtue,* while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' *unfading* crown, her soul inspires
'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
The body's treacheries, and the *world's* assaults:
On Earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies.
Truth incontestable! in spite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd
In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heaven's signet stamping an *immortal* make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
Sustaining all; what find we? *Knowledge, love*
As light and heat, essential to the Sun,
These to the soul. And *why,* if souls expire?

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How little lovely *here?* How little known?
Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil;
And *love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
Why starv'd, on Earth, our *angel* appetites;
While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome fill?
Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in savage sport,
Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?
In future age lies no redress? And shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made?
The worst to *wallow*, and the best to *weep;*
The man who merits most, must most complain:
Can we conceive a disregard in Heaven,
What the worst *perpetrate*, or best *endure?*
This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless power;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, powers, appetites, Heaven suits in all,
Nor, *Nature* through, e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
Is *man* the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth but veneration too,)
Man is a monster, the reproach of Heaven,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On Nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *lord.*
If such is man's allotment, *what* is Heaven?
Or own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.
Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All *order*. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
Through every scene of *sense* superior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unimbitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets despairs:
Mankind's peculiar! *reason's* precious dower!
No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a Paradise in every field,
On boughs *forbidden* where no curses hang:
Their *ill* no more than strikes the sense; unstretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but *once;*
Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from *eternity.*
O sole, and sweet solution! that unties
The difficult, and softens the severe,
The cloud on *Nature's* beauteous face dispels;
Restores bright *order;* casts the brute beneath
And re-enthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, e'en *here:* admit immortal life
And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reversion: *Hope* exults;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of Heaven.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind!
Astonishing beyond astonishment!
Heaven our reward—for Heaven enjoy'd *below.*
Still unsubdued thy stubborn *heart?*—For *there*
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; *will* alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, pleasure, and the *love of gain!*
Canst thou suspect, that *these*, which make the soul
The *slave* of Earth, should own her *heir* of Heaven?
Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*
Our immortality, should prove it *sure?*
First, then, *ambition* summon to the bar.
Ambition's *shame, extravagance, disgust,*
And *inextinguishable nature*, speak.
Each much *deposes;* hear them in their turn.
Thy soul, how passionately fond of *fame!*
How anxious, that fond passion to conceal;
We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men;
And why? Because *immortal.* Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul;
Heaven kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man,
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment, sit
Far more than man, with *endless* praise, and blame
Ambition's *boundless appetite* out-speaks
The verdict of its *shame.* When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names *eternally* to live: [thought,
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.
Instinct points out an interest in hereafter;
But our blind *reason* sees not *where* it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp
Consult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cried Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
At *such* success, and blush at his renown.
And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls,
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.
And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'erlook'd by some *reputed* wise.
Though disappointments in ambition *pain,*
And though success *disgusts;* yet still, Lorenzo!
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
By Nature planted for the noblest ends.
Absurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus given,
More prais'd, than ponder'd; specious, but unsound
Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd
Than *reason*, his ambition. Man *must* soar.
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring, will toss him up,
In spite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? Because *immortal* as their lord:

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And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heaven.
Nor absolutely vain is *human* praise,
When human is supported by *divine*.
I 'll introduce Lorenzo to himself;
Pleasure and *pride* (bad masters!) share our hearts.
As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of *praise* is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the *love of praise*, inspires,
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
Earth's happiness? From *that*, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life,
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
The basis, on which *love of glory* builds.
Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue!* less in debt
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss!
Pride made the virtues of the Pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard;
Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;
Our *private* reason is a flatterer;
Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
Here a *fifth* proof arises, stronger still:
Why this so nice construction of our hearts?
These delicate moralities of *sense;*
This *constitutional* reserve, of aid
To succor virtue, when our *reason* fails·
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on Earth,
When labor'd to maturity (its bill
Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die?
Why freighted rich, to dash against a rock?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,
O how misspent were all these stratagems,
By skill divine inwoven in our frame!
Where are Heaven's holiness and mercy fled?
Laughs Heaven, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man?*
If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd?
Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice?*
This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *thine:*
"The wise and wealthy are the same."—I grant it.
To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.
To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on.
To guide that instinct, *reason!* is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treasure lies;
But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind *industry*,
Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
(The course where stakes of more than gold are won,)
O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the *present* hour,
Provides for an *eternity* below.
"*Thou shalt not covet*," is a wise command;
But bounded to the wealth the Sun surveys:
Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,
And *avarice* is a virtue most divine.
Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness?*
Most true: and is it not for *reason* too?
Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man:
Man, if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *skies*
Had wanted wing to fly so far in *guilt*.
Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice*,
Yet still their root is *immortality:*
These its wild growths so bitter, and so base
(Pain and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their poisonous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of *bliss*.
See, the *third witness* laughs at bliss remote,
And falsely promises an Eden here:
Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie
A common cheat, and *Pleasure* is her name.
To pleasure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now *first* thy *real* friend.
Since Nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of smiles!)
Why should the joy most poignant *sense* affords
Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride?—
Those heaven-born blushes tell us man *descend*.
E'en in the zenith of his *earthly* bliss:
Should *reason* take her infidel repose,
This honest *instinct* speaks our lineage high;
This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
Our *glory* covers us with noble *shame*,
And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.
The man that blushes is not quite a *brute*.
Thus far with thee, Lorenzo! will I close.
Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made,
But pleasure full of glory as of joy;
Pleasure, which neither *blushes*, nor *expires*.
The witnesses are heard; the cause is o'er;
Let *conscience* file the sentence in her court,
Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey:
Thus seal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.
"Know, all; know, infidels,—unapt to know!
'Tis *immortality* your nature solves;
'Tis *immortality* deciphers man,
And opens all the mysteries of his make.
Without it, half his *instincts* are a riddle
Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream.
His very *crimes* attest his dignity;
His sateless thirst of *pleasure*, *gold*, and *fame*,
Declares him born for blessings *infinite:*
What less than infinite makes un-absurd
Passions, which *all* on Earth but more inflames
Fierce passions, so mis-measur'd to *this* scene,
Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest
Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
For *Earth* too large, presage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the *skies*."
Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourselves, think ardor comes from Hell!
Think not our passions from *corruption* sprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings;
Thus is their *mistress*, not their *mother*. All
(And justly) *reason* deem divine: I see,
I feel a grandeur, in the *passions* too,
Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire
In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere Adam fell, though wiser in their aim.
Like the proud Eastern, struck by Providence,
What though our *passions* are run mad, and stoop
With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze
On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire?
Yet still through their disgrace, no feeble ray

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Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But *these* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd,)
When *reason* moderates the rein aright,
Shall reascend, remount their former sphere,
Where once they soar'd illustrious; ere seduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on Earth,
And set the sublunary world on fire.
But grant their frenzy lasts; their frenzy fails
To disappoint *one* providential end,
For which Heaven blew up ardor in our hearts:
Were *reason* silent, boundless *passion* speaks
A future scene of boundless *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens all;
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.
Consider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible all; and all is great;
A crystalline transparency prevails,
And strikes full lustre through the human sphere.
Consider man as *mortal*, all is dark,
And wretched; *reason* weeps at the survey.
The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
Weak *modern* reason; *ancient* times were wise.
Authority, that venerable guide,
Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch
(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)
Denied this immortality to man."
I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glittering through their romantic wisdom's page,
Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?
Fable is flat to these high-season'd sires;
They leave the extravagance of song below.
"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy
The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
A bed of roses, or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, this! As *doctrine*, it was strange:
But not as *prophecy*; for such it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmness *Christians* need not feign.
The *Christian* truly triumph'd in the flame:
The *Stoic* saw, in double wonder lost,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,
To find the bold adventures of his thought,
Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.
Whence, then, those thoughts? those towering thoughts, that flew [*pride*.
Such monstrous heights?—From *instinct*, and from
The glorious *instinct* of a deathless soul,
Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
Suggested truths they could not understand.
In *lust*'s dominion, and in *passion*'s storm,
Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimmering through the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reason* disbelieve'd.
Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,
Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be *future* sense,
When life *immortal*, in full day, should shine;
And *Death's dark shadows* fly the gospel sun.
They spoke, what nothing but *immortal* souls
Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.
Can then *absurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
Speak man *immortal*? All things speak him so.
Much has been urg'd: and dost thou call for more?
Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if *Earth* is all.

"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
Our wish, eternity? Our home, the grave?
Heaven's *promise* dormant lies in human *hope*;
Who *wishes* life immortal, proves it too.
Why happiness pursued, though never found?
Man's thirst of happiness declares *it is*
(For Nature never gravitates to nought);
That thirst unquench'd declares *it is not here*.
My Lucia, *thy* Clarissa, call to thought;
Why *cordial friendship* riveted so deep,
As hearts to pierce at first, at parting, rend,
If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *sense*?
Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
And putting all our *present* joys to death?
Why labors *reason*? *instinct* were as well;
Instinct far better; what can *choose*, can *err*.
O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute!
'Twere well his *Holiness* were half as sure.
Reason with *inclination*, why at war?
Why sense of *guilt*? why *conscience* up in arms?"
Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-counsel to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here:
Thus on—These, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All *promise*, some *insure*, a second scene;
Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
Than all things else most *certain*; were it *false*,
What *truth* on Earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*:
The future of the present is the soul:
How *this* life groans, when sever'd from the *next*!
Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In *both* parts perishes; *life* void of joy,
Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain!
Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
Abhorr'd annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
In *this* black channel would my ravings run.
"*Grief* from the *future* borrow'd peace, erewhile,
The future *vanish'd*! and the present *pain'd*!
Strange import of unprecedented ill!
Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
Unequal fate! His fall, without his guilt!
From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
To night! To *nothing*, darker still than night!
If 'twas a *dream*, why wake me, my worst foe,
Lorenzo! boastful of the name of friend!
O for delusion! O for error still!
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
A *thinking* being in a world like this,
Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
More curst than at the *fall*?—The Sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! What thorns in every thought!
Why sense of better? It imbitters worse.
Why sense? why life? If but to sigh, then sink
To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!
Woe, from Heaven's bounties! woe from what was wont
To flatter most, high *intellectual powers*.
Thought, virtue, knowledge! Blessings, by *thy* scheme

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All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once
My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread.
To *know myself*, true wisdom?—No, to shun
That shocking science, parent of despair!
Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.
"*Know my Creator?* Climb his blest abode
By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
Obtruding life, withholding happiness!
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!
Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
Hide *him*, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!
Now leagu'd with furies, and with *thee*,* against me.
"*Know his achievements?* Study his renown?
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of *misery?*
To find the being, which alone can *know*
And *praise* his works, a blemish on his praise?
Through Nature's ample range, in thought to stroll,
And start at *man*, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death?
"Knowing is suffering: and shall *virtue* share
The sigh of *knowledge?*—Virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of *excellent*,
By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
With every vice, and swept to *brutal* dust?
Merit is madness; virtue is a crime;
A crime to *reason*, if it costs us pain
Unpaid: what pain, amidst a thousand more,
To think the most *abandon'd*, after days
Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
As *soft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
"*Duty! religion!* These, our duty done,
Imply reward. *Religion* is mistake.
Duty!—There's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats! away: ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourselves the favorites of the skies:
Ye towering hopes, abortive energies!
That toss and struggle, in my *lying* breast,
To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
As I were heir of an *eternity*.
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
As bounded as my being, be my wish.
All is inverted, *wisdom* is a fool.
Sense! take the rein; blind *passion!* drive us on;
And *ignorance!* befriend us on our way;
Ye *new*, but *truest* patrons of our peace!
Yes; give the *pulse* full empire; live the *brute*,
Since, as the brute, we die. The *sum* of man,
Of godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
'But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too; *they* never poisons choose.
Instinct, than *reason*, makes more wholesome meal,
And sends all-marring murmur far away.
For *sensual* life *they* best philosophize;
Theirs that *serene*, the *sages* sought in vain:
'Tis *man* alone expostulates with Heaven,
His, all the *power*, and all the *cause*, to mourn.
Shall *human* eyes *alone* dissolve in tears?
And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts?
The wide-stretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,
Surpassing *sensual* far, is all our own.
In *life* so fatally distinguish'd, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death?*
"Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
Why thunder'd this peculiar *clause* against us,
All-mortal and all-wretched?—Have the skies
Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,
Nor *humbly* reason, when they *sorely* sigh?
All-mortal and all-wretched!—'Tis too much
Unparallel'd in Nature: 'tis too much
On being *unrequested* at thy hands,
Omnipotent! for I see nought but *power*.
"And why see that? Why *thought?* To toil, and eat,
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
What superfluities are *reasoning* souls!
O give eternity! or thought destroy.
But without thought our curse were half unfelt;
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart.
And, *therefore*, 'tis bestow'd, I thank thee, *reason*:
For aiding *life*'s too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of *death*.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For *me*, to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for *Heaven* to make one emmet more?
Too much for *chaos* to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, *untormented* into *man?*
Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of frenzy, *thought!*
Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt!
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
"*Death*, then, has chang'd his nature too: O Death
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heaven!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny *wilderness* so long,
Since there's no *promis'd land*'s ambrosial bower,
To pay me with its honey for my stings?
If needful to the selfish schemes of Heaven
To sting us sore, why *mockt* our misery?
Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
Why so magnificently lodg'd *despair?*
At stated periods, sure returning, roll
These *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
Their length of labors, and of pains; nor lose
Their misery's full measure?—Smiles with flowers,
And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming *Earth*,
That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
Claim Earth and skies man's admiration, due
For *such* delights! Blest *animals!* too wise
To *wonder;* and too happy to *complain!*
"Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful scene
Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd?*
Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
For man to howl in? Why not his abode
Of the same dismal color with his fate?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire;

* Lorenzo.

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If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
And, round us, *Death*'s inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
"*Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *Death*,
Once, I beheld the Sun; a Sun which gilt
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
How the *grave*'s alter'd! Fathomless, as Hell!
A *real* Hell to those who dreamt of Heaven.
Annihilation! How it yawns before me!
Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sense*,
The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels Nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
For ever is extinguisht. Horror! death!
Death of *that* death I *fearless* once survey'd!
When horror *universal* shall descend,
And Heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

"*Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,*
Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common mass
Of matter, never dignified with life,
Here lie proud rationals; *the sons of Heaven!*
The lords of Earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday! and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in chaos; *or to make*
Their happy transit into blocks *or* brutes,
Nor longer sully their Creator's *name.*"

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history? If *such* is man,
Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.
And dares Lorenzo smile?—I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
And art thou then a shadow? Less than shade?
A nothing? *Less* than nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taste of *pleasure* high?
Why patronize sure death of every joy?
Charm *riches?* Why choose beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They lately *prov'd,** the soul's supreme desire.
What art thou made of? Rather, how unmade?
Great *Nature*'s master-appetite destroy'd,
Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
Or both wish'd, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with Heaven!
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on Earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Destroys thy scheme the *whole* of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to thee:
O! spare this *waste* of being half-divine;
And vindicate th' *economy* of Heaven.

* In Night VI.

Heaven is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *bless*:
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy *so* to be?
Heaven starts at an *annihilating* God.
Is that, all *Nature* starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
Of *Nature*, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
What deadly poison has thy nature drunk;
To nature undebauch'd no shock so great
Nature's *first* wish is *endless happiness*;
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But, first he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.
If so; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,
All Hell invited, and all Hell in joy
At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp so black a scheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities begun*, reduc'd to dust?
There's nought (tnou say'st) but one eternal flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
Through *time*'s rough billows into *night*'s abyss.
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it *something* to be born?
Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-sustaining *base*,
All-realizing, all-connecting *power*,
Which as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *destruction* to refund her spoil?
Command the grave restore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
And *earth* and *ocean* pay their debt of man,
True to the grand deposit trusted *there?*
Is there no *potentate* whose outstretch'd arm,
When ripening time calls forth th' appointed hour
Pluck'd from foul *devastation*'s famish'd maw,
Binds *present, past*, and *future*, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating beings clustering round!
A garland worthy the divinity!
A throne, by Heaven's omnipotence *in smiles*
Built (like a *pharos* towering in the waves)
Amidst immense effusions of his love!
An ocean of *communicated* bliss!
An all-prolific, all-preserving god!
This were a god indeed.—And such *is* man,
As here presum'd: he rises from his fall.
Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where
Will the swarm settle?—When the *trumpet*'s call,
As sounding brass, collects us, round Heaven's throne
Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,
(Paternal splendor!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the soul this *outlet* to the skies,
In this vast vessel of the universe,
How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famish'd *hope* expire!

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How bright *my* prospect shines! how gloomy *thine!*
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *lost*. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial but our misery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress
So soon to perish, and revive no more?
The greater *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, so far from *great*, (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a shadow; *consciousness*, a dream;
A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glittering a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *night*,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!
Lorenzo! dost thou *feel* these arguments?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
How hast thou dar'd the Deity dethrone?
How dar'd *indict* him of a world like this?
If *such* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cause of misery?
Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the short result!
"*If man's immortal, there's a God in Heaven.*"
But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? One sets *my* soul at rest!
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at *heart*.
So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
"*What an old tale is this!*" Lorenzo cries.—
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make
Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.
Say, know'st thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art?
Know'st thou the *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; *one* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation *poor*.
For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the Supreme; nor his, a few:
Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of Nature to this *unbelieving* hour.
In this small province of his vast domain,
(All *Nature* bow, while I pronounce his name!)
What has God done, and not for *this* sole end,
To rescue souls from death? *The soul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The *soul's high price* is the *Creation's key*,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of every deed divine:
That is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design.
That is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *natural*, *civil*, or *religious*, world,
The former two but servants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *mass* new-cast, forgot their *deeds renown'd*.
And angels ask, "*Where once they shone so fair?*"
To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to-day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke!
The world was made; was ruin'd; was restor'd;
Laws from the skies were publish'd; were repeal'd
On *Earth* kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms fell;
Fam'd sages lighted up the *Pagan* world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Through distant age; saints travel'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders sacred Nature stood controll'd;
The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than angels, came from Heaven;
And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still:
Guilt was Hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
For one short moment Lucifer ador'd:
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
That *hallow'd page*, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
Of all these truths—thrice-venerable code!
Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.
Nor less intensely bent *infernal* powers
To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
O what a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake!
Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul,
To take the vast idea: it denies
All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds!
Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hovering o'er this little brand of strife!
This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
In their own cause conflicting? No; in *thine*,
In *man*'s. His *single* interest blows the flame;
His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds.
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
And tempest Nature's universal sphere.
Such opposites eternal, stedfast, stern,
Such foes implacable, are *good* and *ill*; [then.
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between
Think not this fiction, "*There was war in Heaven.*"
From Heaven's high crystal mountain, where it hung,
Th' Almighty's out-stretch'd arm took down his bow
And shot his indignation at the *deep*:
Re-thunder'd *Hell*, and darted all her fires.
And seems the stake of little moment still?
And slumbers *man*, who singly caus'd the storm?
He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at *mysteries!*
The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardor, care, and counsel, *mortals* cause
In breasts divine! how little in their own!
Where'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me
How happily this wondrous view supports
My former argument! How strongly *strikes*
Immortal life's full demonstration, *here!*

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Why this exertion? Why this strange regard
From Heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Because, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would be he? A trifle of no weight;
Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust.
Hence, Heaven looks down on Earth with all her eyes:
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight:
Hence, every soul has partisans above,
And every thought a critic in the skies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And every guard a passion for his charge:
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.
Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid:
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphasis and awe,
He spoke his will, and trembling *Nature* heard;
He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.
Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,
And shaken basis, own'd the present God;
Witness, ye *billows!* whose returning tide,
Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to Hell:
Witness, ye *flames!* th' Assyrian tyrant blew
To sevenfold rage, as impotent, as strong:
And thou, *Earth!* witness, whose expanding jaws
Clos'd o'er *presumption's* sacrilegious sons:*
Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
The *soul's high price*, and sworn it to the wise?
Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove
To strike *this truth* through adamantine man?
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is delusion; *Nature* is wrapt up
In tenfold night, from *reason's* keenest eye;
There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the Sun, in all above
(As far as man can penetrate,) or Heaven
Is an immense, inestimable prize;
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
And shall each *toy* be still a match for Heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
What he would give a thousand worlds to *cure?*
Lorenzo! thou hast seen (if thine to see)
All *Nature*, and her God (by Nature's *course*,
And Nature's course *controll'd*) declare for me:
The skies above proclaim, "*immortal* man!"
And, "man *immortal!*" all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read by the greatest strangers to the schools;
If *honest*, learn'd; and *sages* o'er a plow.
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or, to renounce
Thy *reason*, or thy *sense;* or, to *believe?*
What then is *unbelief?* 'Tis an exploit;
A strenuous enterprise: to gain it, man
Must burst through every bar of common sense;
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
His prize, *repentance; infamy*, his crown.
But wherefore, *infamy?*—For want of *faith*,
Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides;

* Korah, &c.

There's nothing to support him in the *right*
Faith in the future wanting is, at least
In *embryo*, every weakness, every guilt;
And strong temptation ripens it to *birth*.
If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country sold, his father slain?
'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme;
And his supreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, avarice, by the wise disdain'd,
Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all:
These find employment, and provide for *sense*
A richer pasture, and a larger range;
And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne,
When *virtue's* prize and prospect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of Heaven.
Would Heaven quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd?
"Has *virtue* charms?"—I grant her heavenly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will *interest* wed;
Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues grow on *immortality;*
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A deity believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *punishments* make God ador'd;
And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, *he's a knave*.
His *duty* 'tis, to love himself *alone;*
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere long the man shall *wholly* die,
Is dead already; nought but *brute* survives.
And are there such?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death; for utter loss of being,
Being, the basis of the Deity!
Ask you the *cause?*—The cause they will not tell
Nor *need* they: O the sorceries of *sense!*
They work this transformation on the soul,
Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing, (which soar'd
Erewhile ethereal heights,) and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and *crawl* in such a thought.
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope!*
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn!
More *base* than those you rule! Than those you pity
Far more *undone!* O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity!
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
Ye curst by blessings infinite! because
Most highly favor'd, most profoundly lost!
Ye motley mass of *contradiction* strong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *against* you?
In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*
Your souls have quite worn out the make of Heaven
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own:
But though you can *deform*, you can't *destroy;*
To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.
Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
Ere rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd,

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His mounting mind made long abode in Heaven
This is *free-thinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man;
Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of *space*, and *time*, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless interests *there*,
Still most ambitious of the most remote;
To look on *truth* unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the *system*, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
More firm: who most *examine*, most *believe*.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the *whole*
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race:
Read his *whole* volume, sceptic! then reply.
This, this, is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene;
What are Earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike *man?*
Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in Heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?
It can; it does: the *world* is such a point:
And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves!
How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this *transportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;
There; there, Lorenzo! thy Clarissa sails.
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *Earth*,
That rock of souls *immortal;* cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-star;* make the land of life.
Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
And two of death; the *last* far more severe.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the Sun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in *his* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* Sun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt,)
'Tis *utter* darkness; strictly *double* death.
We sink by no *judicial* stroke of Heaven,
But Nature's *course;* as sure as plummets fall.
Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere,)
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo! *who* must change.
If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*
Not man alone, all *rationals*, Heaven arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
To counteract its own most gracious ends;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice;
That power denied, *men, angels*, were no more
But passive engines, void of praise or blame
A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please,
Else idle *reason* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
Heaven *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom,
Invites us ardently, but not *compels;*
Heaven but *persuades*, almighty man *decrees*,
Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone
The dreadful secret—That he lives for ever.
Why *this* to thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of second life? But wherefore doubtful still?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wish:
What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd:
What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wish'd;
And, when unwish'd, we *strive* to disbelieve.
"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*"
Nor that the *sole* detection! Blush, Lorenzo!
Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
The *future fear'd?*—An *infidel*, and fear?
Fear what? A *dream?* A *fable?*—How thy dread
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *strong*,
Affords my cause an undesign'd support!
How *disbelief* affirms what it denies!
"*It, unawares, asserts immortal life.*"
Surprising! *infidelity* turns out
A *creed*, and a *confession of our sins*:
Apostates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo clash no more;
Nor longer a *transparent* vizor wear.
Think'st thou, religion *only* has her mask?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, *fail*.
When visited by thought (thought *will* intrude,)
Like him they serve, they *tremble* and *believe*.
Is their hypocrisy so foul as this;
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What *detestation*, what *contempt*, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape
That Christian candor they *strive* hard to scorn:
If not for that asylum, they might find
A Hell on *Earth;* nor 'scape a worse *below*.
With insolence, and impotence of thought,
Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,
Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—
But shall I dare confess the dire result?
Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand?
From *purer manners*, to *sublimer faith*,
Is Nature's unavoidable ascent;
An *honest* Deist, where the Gospel shines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends.
When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
This song superfluous; *life immortal* strikes
Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Christian* dwells, like Uriel,* in the Sun;
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight;
And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.
Of *that* bright Sun, Lorenzo! scale the sphere;

* Milton.

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'Tis easy! it invites thee; it descends
From Heaven to woo, and waft thee whence it came:
Read and revere the *sacred page*; a page
Where triumphs *immortality*; a page
Which not the whole *creation* could produce
Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy:
'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In Nature's ruins not one letter lost.
In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels, and *men*, assent to what I sing;
Wits smile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain!
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
Pert *infidelity* is wit's cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By *loss of being*, dreadfully secure.
Lorenzo! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *this* is all, if *Earth* a *final* scene,
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*,
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
Shouldst thou be *good*—how infinite thy loss!
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
Blest scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
Of *hope*; and which vice *only* recommends.
If so, *where*, infidels! your bait, thrown out
To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boast
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man*?
Annihilation! I confess, in *these*.
What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a *song*?
Yet know, *its title** flatters *you*, not *me*;
Yours be the praise to make *my* title good;
Mine, to bless Heaven, and triumph in *your* praise
But since so pestilential your disease,
Though sovereign is the medicine I prescribe,
As yet, I 'll neither triumph, nor despair:
But hope, ere long, my *midnight dream* will wake
Your hearts, and teach your *wisdom*—to be wise:
For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
E'er wish, (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?
What ne'er *can* die, oh! grant to *live*; and crown
The wish, and aim, and labor of the skies;
Increase, and *enter* on the joys of Heaven:
Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,
Receive an *imprimatur* from above,
While angels shout—*An infidel reclaim'd!*
To close, Lorenzo! spite of all my pains,
Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live *for ever*?
Is it *less* strange, that thou shouldst live *at all*?
This is a miracle; and *that* no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou *art*: then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.
A miracle with miracles inclos'd,
Is man: and starts his faith at what is *strange*?
What less than wonders, from the *wonderful*;
What less than miracles, from God, can flow?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvellous for *him* to do:
Deny him—all is mystery besides.

* The Infidel Reclaimed.

Millions of mysteries! *each* darker far,
Than *that* thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
If *weak* thy faith, why choose the harder side?
We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So weak our *reason*, and so *great* our God,
What most surprises, in the *sacred page*,
Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.
Faith is not *reason*'s labor, but repose.
To *faith*, and *virtue*, why so backward, man?
From hence:—The *present* strongly strikes us all,
The *future*, faintly; can we, then, be *men*?
If men, Lorenzo! the reverse is right.
Reason is man's peculiar: *sense*, the brute's.
The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense*;
The *future*, *reason*'s empire unconfin'd:
On *that* expending all her godlike power,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
There builds her *blessings!* there expects her *praise*
And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *men*.
And what is *reason*? Be she, thus, defin'd;
Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.
Oh! be a *man*; and strive to be a *god*.
"For what? (thou say'st) To damp the joys of life?"
No; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.
That tyrant, *Hope*; mark how she domineers;
She bids us quit realities, for dreams;
Safety and peace, for hazard and alarm;
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which *it* sits,
Though bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game,
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.
If *hope* precarious, and if things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little stay,
Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;
What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss
Bliss, past *man*'s power to paint it; *time*'s to close
This hope is Earth's most estimable prize.
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her *tears*; and *transport* has her *death*;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, *inspirits*, and *serenes*;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can *safely* bear,
Health to the frame! and vigor to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! a *chastis'd* delight!
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his Paradise below!
A blest hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
Is all; our *whole* of happiness; full proof,
I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men
Though quite forgotten half your Bible's praise!*)
Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please:
Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too much;
If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the *grave* listen;—and be *graver* still.

* The poetical parts of it.

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NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY,

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

The Love of this life; the Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom of the World.

AND has all Nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd Heaven and Earth to plead against thee?
And is thy soul *immortal?*—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—Make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals!—What can shock us more?
And yet Lorenzo still affects *the world;*
There, stows his treasure; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be call'd.)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was,*
In ancient days; and CHRISTIAN—in an age
When men were men, and not asham'd of Heaven—
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song:
To thee, the *world how fair!* How strongly strikes
Ambition! and gay *pleasure* stronger still!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! Be *these* my triple theme;
Nor shall thy *wit,* or *wisdom,* be forgot.
Common the theme; not so the song; if she
My song invokes, Urania deigns to smile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If she dissolves, the *man of earth,* at once,
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;
Scenes, where these sparks of night, these *stars,* shall shine
Unnumber'd suns, (for all things, as they *are,*
The blest behold); and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight;
A blaze—the least illustrious object *there.*
Lorenzo! since eternal is at hand,
To swallow *time's* ambitions; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high descent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our *highest?* O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
What towering hopes, what sallies from the Sun,
What grand surveys of destiny divine,
And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
Bound for eternity! In bosoms read
By *him,* who foibles in archangels sees!
On human hearts *he* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in Heaven's register enrols
The rise and progress of each option there;
Sacred to doomsday! *That* the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine!
This world! and this, unrival'd by the skies!
A world, where lust of *pleasure, grandeur, gold,*
Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle sick and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair
Such is the world Lorenzo sets above
That glorious *promise* angels were esteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a promise, their *Ador'd*
Descended to communicate, and press,
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woos,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd
Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantastic chase of shadows hunting shades!
The *gay,* the *busy,* equal though unlike
Equal in wisdom, differently wise!
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary wastes
One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
The scenes of *business* tell us—"What are men;"
The scenes of *pleasure*—"What is all beside;"
There, others we despise; and *here,* ourselves.
Amid *disgust* eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis *approbation* strikes the string of joy.
What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
The *proud* run up and down in quest of eyes;
The *sensual,* in pursuit of something worse,
The *grave,* of gold; the *politic,* of power,
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then ingulf'd;
Where gay delusion darkens to despair?
"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
Till enough learn'd the truths it would inspire.
Shall truth be silent, because folly *frowns?*
Turn the world's history; what find we there
But *fortune's* sports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the listening world!
Man is the tale of narrative old *time;*
Sad tale; which high as Paradise begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round
The *days,* his daughters, as they spin our hours
On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought,
Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now and then, a wretched farce between.
And fills his chronicle with human woes.
Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind:
While in their *father's* bosom, not yet *ours,*
They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'er-wise,
Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year

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At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever looking for the never-seen.
Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies,
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joy goes out by one and one,
And leaves poor man, at length, in perfect night,
Night darker than what, *now*, involves the Pole.
O thou, who dost permit these ills to fall [mourn!
For gracious ends, and wouldst that man should
O thou, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'st it best, and wouldst that man should know!
What is this sublunary world? A vapor;
A vapor all it holds; itself, a vapor;
From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
Earth's days are number'd; nor remote her doom,
As mortal, though less transient, than her sons,
Yet they dote on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, solid; thou, a dream.
They dote! on what? *Immortal views* apart,
A region of outsides! a land of shadows!
A fruitful field of flowery promises!
A wilderness of joy! perplex'd with doubts,
And sharp with thorns! a troubled *ocean*, spread
With bold adventurers, their *all* on board!
No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown soon it *must*. Of various rates they sail,
Of ensigns various; all alike in this,
All restless, anxious; tost with hopes, and fears,
In calmest skies; obnoxious *all* to storm;
And stormy the most general blast of life:
All bound for happiness; yet few provide
The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
Or *virtue's* helm, to shape the course design'd:
All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
And further from their wishes than before:
All, more or less, against each other dash,
To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
And suffering more from folly, than from fate.
Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen *terrors* frowning round,
(Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost*)
Wide-opening, and loud-roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me further still:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By *moral truth*, in such a mirror seen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All, in some darling enterprise embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, *some* win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate
They strike; and while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather, *most*; *some* sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulf'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted; yet e'en these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal *time*, as *storm!* the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end: and, now, their proud success
But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own!
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.
Woe then apart, (if woe apart can be
From mortal man,) and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!
What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)
Convince *me* most of human misery;
What are they? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow!*
More wretched, *then*, than e'er their slave *can* be;
Their treacherous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting,
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, *then*, what insult of their pain!
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billows' rage,
And makes a welcome harbor of the tomb.
Is this a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?
"But here," thou say'st, "the miseries of life
Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's stages: they speak plainer still;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The best that can befall the best on Earth;
The boy has virtue by his *mother's* side.
Yes, on Florello look: a *father's* heart
Is tender, though the *man's* is made of stone,
The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend
Florello, lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant; now, a heedless child;
To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
Needful austerities his will restrain;
As thorns fence-in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reason* cannot go alone;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrified;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The task
Enjoin'd must discipline his early powers;
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin;
Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

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How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our *nature* such, with *necessary* pains,
We purchase prospects of *precarious* peace:
Though not a *father*, this might steal a sigh.
Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still;)
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps inclosure, bounds into the world!
The world is taken, after ten years' toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world 's a tutor more severe;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.
For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
Which glitter'd long, at distance in his sight,)
And, in their hospitable arms, inclose:
Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to *reason*'s golden rule,
All weakness of *affection* quite subdued:
Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere,
And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to them, *vice* shone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear:
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpose, in politeness sheath'd;
His friends eternal—during interest;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with every welfare, but their own;
As wise as Lucifer, and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through these (so common fate ordains,)
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all, most amiable in life, [feign'd;
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles un-
Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd;
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.
These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, *experience*,
And her assistant, pausing, pale, *distrust*,
Purchase a dear-bought clew to lead his youth
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clew shall come so cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety,
And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And Nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor Machiavel! who labor'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius need not go to school;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practis'd long before 'twas writ.
The world 's all *title-page*; there 's no *contents*,
The world 's all *face*; the man who shows his *heart*,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile,
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on every *fool* alive;
And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
To such proficients thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms (for thou hast travel'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks
Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the *necromantics* of their art,
Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And sometimes both (let Earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool;
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve
For who can thank the man he cannot *see*?
Why so much cover? It defeats itself.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, men's hearts
Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell
I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise*;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Thou say'st, "'Tis *needful*:" is it therefore *right*?
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then
Escape that cruel *need*? Thou may'st, with ease;
Think no post *needful* that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So Poulteney thought: think better, if you can.
But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt is due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still:
The world 's no neuter; it will wound, or save;
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, "The world, well known, will make a *man*:"
The world, well known, will give our hearts to Heaven,
Or make us *demons*, long before we die.
To show how fair the world, *thy* mistress, shines
Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not *virtue*'s self is deified on Earth;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, *last*, and *least*, complain,
But if *they* sigh, can *others* hope to smile?
If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?
And if *both* suffer, what has Earth to boast,
Where he *most* happy, who the *least* laments?
Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envied state
And *some* forgiveness, needs the best of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow *here*.
The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile, replies:
"Thus far thy song is right; and all must own

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Virtue *has her peculiar set of pains.*—
And *joys peculiar* who to *vice* denies?
If vice it is, with nature to comply:
If *pride*, and *sense*, are so predominant,
To *check*, not *overcome* them, makes a saint.
Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim
Pleasure, and *glory*, the chief good of man?"
Can *pride*, and *sensuality*, rejoice?
From purity of thought, all *pleasure* springs
And, from an humble spirit, all our *peace*.
Ambition, pleasure! let us talk of these.
Of these, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd;
Of these, each following age had much to say:
Yet, unexhausted still the needful theme.
Who talks of *these*, to mankind all at once
He talks; for were the saints from either free?
Are these thy refuge?—No: these rush upon thee;
Thy vitals seize, and, *vulture*-like, devour:
I'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of Earth;
If *reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, first, thy *Caucasus*, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted through mistake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee start, as H—— at his *Moor*.
Dost grasp at greatness? First, know what it is:
Think'st thou thy greatness in *distinction* lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
By *fortune* stuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch and his slave;—"a deathless soul,
Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
A Father-God, and brothers in the skies;"
Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?
If still delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
And with thy full-blown brothers of the *world*,
Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
Thy slaves and equals. how scorn cast on them
Rebounds on thee! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? If *fortune* makes him so,
Beware the consequence: a maxim that,
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the *man* is lost;
Externals fluttering, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
Boast *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.
We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their caparisons, of *men*?
It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man.
When, through death's streights, *Earth*'s subtle serpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
As crocked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-color'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Of fortune's *fucus* strip them, yet alive:
Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds;
And let what then remains impose their name,
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that snuff of glory *fortune* lights,
And *death* puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once, infallible, and short,
Of *real* greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on Earth surveys
Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart,
An humble heart, *his* residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men
If noble, far the noblest of our lives.
How far above Lorenzo's glory sits
Th' illustrious master of a name *unknown;*
Whose worth unrival'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men
And *peace*, beyond the world's conception, smiles!
As thou (now dark,) before we part, shalt see.
But thy great soul this *skulking* glory scorns.
Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen;
And when he shrugs at public business, lies.
Denied the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithless *fame* her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? That his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing *all?*
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and despise,
With modest laughter lining loud applause,
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
His *fame*, which (like the mighty Cæsar,) crown'd
With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
By *seeming* friends, that honor, and destroy.
We rise in glory, as we sink in pride:
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins;
And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himself ascending in his fall.
An eminence, though fancied, turns the brain:
All vice wants *hellebore;* but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;
Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In *fact*, the point in *fancy* most pursued.
Who court applause, oblige the world in *this;*
They gratify man's passion to *refuse*.
Superior honor, when *assum'd*, is *lost;*
E'en good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Khan, in plunder of the proud.
Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the *world*'s cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries—"Be, then, *ambition* cast;
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
Gay *pleasure!* proud *ambition* is her slave;
For her, he soars at *great*, and hazards *ill;*
For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her smile
Who can resist her charms?"—Or, *should?* Lorenzo!
What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below,
And well it was for man, that pleasure charms;
How would all stagnate, but for *pleasure*'s ray!
How would the frozen stream of action cease!

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What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of *pleasure*: that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains:
Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
Some honest *pleasure* court: and some, obscene.
Pleasures *obscene* are various, as the throng
Of passions, that can *err* in human hearts;
Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom, all,
But when our *reason* licenses delight:
Dost doubt, Lorenzo? Thou shalt doubt no more
Thy father chides thy gallantries, yet hugs
An ugly common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others' *gold!*
And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleasure* is the mark:
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *single* sacrifice may fall;
For her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The Stoic proud, for *pleasure*, pleasure scorn'd;
For her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death.
Thus universal her despotic power!
And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
Patron of pleasure! doter on delight!
I am thy rival! pleasure I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name:
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.
But this sounds harsh, and gives the *wise* offence.
If o'erstrain'd wisdom still retains the *name*,
How knits *austerity* her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praise*
Of *pleasure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my soft reply;
Their senses men *will* trust: we can't impose;
Or, if we could, is imposition right?
Own *honey sweet;* but, owning, add this *sting*,
"When mixt with poison, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
What nature loves *is* good without *our* leave;
And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware*,"
Pleasure, though not from virtue, *should* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heaven;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The *love of pleasure* is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb:
Wisdom, her *younger* sister, though more *grave*,
Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,
Imperial *pleasure*, queen of human hearts.
Lorenzo! thou, her majesty's renown'd,
Though uncoift counsel, learned in *the world!*
Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain
May'st look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes!
Canst thou plead *pleasure's* cause as well as I?
Know'st thou her *nature, purpose, parentage?*
Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
And know thyself; and know thyself to be
(Strange truth) the most abstemious man alive
Tell not Calista; she will laugh thee dead;
Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.
Absurd presumption! Thou who never knew'st
A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance;
Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish;
Or, with the shout of grovelling *appetite*,
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An *art* it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be lost;
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss
The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us; but *wisdom* must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
We seek on Earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.
First, *pleasure's* birth, rise, strength, and grandeur see.
Brought forth by *wisdom*, nurst by *discipline*,
By *patience* taught, by *perseverance* crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue, listed, forms her manly guard
For what are *virtues?* (formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need mankind commands
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their bliss?
Great Legislator! scarce so great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge, who most obey.
Of *pleasure*, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty *purpose*, its important *end*.
Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleasure* came from Heaven.
In aid to *reason* was the goddess sent;
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure, first, succors *virtue;* in return,
Virtue gives *pleasure* an eternal reign.
What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life *natural, civil*, and *divine?*
'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray;
(All prayer would cease, if unbelievd the prize,)
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but such
As *must* be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
"*What mean I by thy fall?*"—Thou 'lt shortly see,
While pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd;
Already sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleasure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it hastens into pain.
From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;
From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
Heaven's justice, *this* proclaims, and *that* her love
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
Unbroach'd by *just authority*, ungaug'd
By *temperance*, by *reason* unrefin'd?
A thousand demons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd *these*,
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine

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Angels are angels, from indulgence *there;*
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.
Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
The wrong *must* mourn: can Heaven's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by *him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
Heaven bade the soul this mortal frame inspire:
Bade virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.
"Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the same?"
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest:
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud
Good-will to men; nor know they strive to part
What *nature* joins; and thus confute themselves.
With *piety* begins all good on Earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is Heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens Heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the *Great God*, that instant joins
The first in Heaven, and sets his foot on Hell.
Lorenzo! when wast thou at church *before?*
Thou think'st the service long: but is it just?
Though just, unwelcome; thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the Muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience! at the sound *the world* retires;
Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles;
Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
Amid her fair-ones, thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom.—"Go, fix some weighty *truth;*
Chain down some *passion;* do some *generous good;*
Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile;
Correct thy *friend;* befriend thy greatest *foe;*
Or with warm heart, and confidence divine, [thee."
Spring up, and lay strong hold on *him* who made
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe,)
Is half-immoral; is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shows a *scorner*, or it makes a *fool;*
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse!
Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;
A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.
What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?
What for *dejection*, where presides a power,
Who call'd us into being to be blest?
So grieve, as conscious grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious joy to grief may fall.
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray:
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.
Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own expense)
This counsel strange should I presume to give—
"Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure; and the wonder of the wise!
Thou think'st, perhaps, thy *soul* alone at stake;
Alas!—Should men mistake thee for a *fool;*—
What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpose?
Believe me, sense, *here*, acts a double part,
And the true *critic* is a *Christian* too.
But *these*, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.
True joy in sun-shine ne'er was found at first;
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please,
And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heaven *sells* all pleasure; effort is the price;
The joys of conquest are the joys of man;
And *glory* the victorious *laurel* spreads
O'er *pleasure*'s pure, perpetual, placid stream.
There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mistim'd fondness, is undone.
A man of *pleasure* is a man of *pains*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought:
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the *true;*
And that demands a mind in equal poise,
Remote from gloomy grief and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
And, in a tempest, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd?
Or ope the door to honest poverty?
Or talk with threatening death, and not turn pale
In such a world, and such a nature, *these*
Are needful fundamentals of delight;
These fundamentals give delight *indeed;*
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
A constant, and a sound, but *serious* joy.
Is joy the daughter of severity?
It is;—yet far my doctrine from severe.

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Rejoice for ever!" it becomes a man:
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever!" *Nature* cries, "Rejoice!"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for every sense;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, *good* fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity:
Yet *sparing pledge: her* bowl is not the best
Mankind can boast.—"A rational repast;
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
A military discipline of thought,
To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field;
And ever-waking ardor for *the right*."
'Tis *these* first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nought that is *right*, think little; well aware,
What reason bids, God bids; by *his* command
How aggrandiz'd, the smallest thing we do!
Thus, *nothing* is insipid to the wise:
To thee, insipid all, but what is *mad*;
Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.
"*Mad!*" (thou reply'st, with indignation fir'd)
"Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
I follow *nature*."—Follow *nature* still,
But look it be thine *own*: is *conscience*, then,
No part of nature? Is she not *supreme?*
Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!
Then follow nature, and resemble God.
When, spite of *conscience*, pleasure is pursued,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd;
And what 's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and must disgust e'en thee!
The *fact* thou know'st; but not, perhaps, the *cause*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heaven mixt her with our make, and twisted close
Her sacred interests with the strings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
His better self; and is it greater pain,
Our *soul* should murmur, or our *dust* repine?
And one, in their eternal war, *must* bleed.
If one *must* suffer, which should least be spar'd?
The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of *sense* to *mental* joys are mean:
Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
On past, and future, forages for joy.
'Tis hers, by retrospect, through *time* to range;
And forward *time*'s great sequel to survey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall:
Guard then thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
With every lust that wars against his peace:
And sets him quite at variance with himself.
Thyself, first, know; then love: a *self* there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *self* there is, as fond of every vice,
While every virtue wounds it to the heart:
Humility degrades it, *justice* robs,
Blest *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
And godlike *magnanimity* destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat;
Defend it, feed it:—but when virtue bids
Toss it or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'Tis love of *pleasure* bids thee bleed,
Comply, or own self-love *extinct*, or *blind*.
For what is *vice?* Self-love in a mistake.
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear
And *virtue*, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread power
From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A self-hate, *now*, scarce felt; *then* felt full-sore,
When being curst; extinction, loud implor'd;
And every thing preferr'd to what we *are*.
Yet *this* self-love Lorenzo makes his choice:
And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betray'd
By disaffection to the present hour!
Imagination wanders far afield:
The future pleases: why? The present pains—
"But that's a *secret*." Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the soul,
From *instinct* sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, *reason*, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.
Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself, is *folly*'s character;
As *wisdom*'s is a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is *thy* good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*,
The *true* is fixt, and solid as a rock;
Slippery the *false*, and tossing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on Earth, like Cain;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on Earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels, all, entitled to repose
On *him* who governs fate: though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven!
To lean on *him*, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, Heaven
Hence, are *they* studious of sequester'd scenes,
While noise, and dissipation, comfort *thee*.
Were all men happy, revellings would cease
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blest,

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But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
As *folly* might mistake for want of joy.
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation, swelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?
Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fixt state; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss:
That is the gem: sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst insure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conscious worth! should *absolutely* reign;
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.
Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst, (insatiable thirst!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian shop,
Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,
And hot as Hell (which kindled the black fires,)
With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celestial armor for thy peace.
In *this* is seen imagination's *guilt*;
But who can count her *follies*? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence, what disaster!—Though the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,
Whose foot (ye gods!) though cloven, must be kiss'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)
And poor *magnificence* is starv'd to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!
Be pacified; if *outward* things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;
Pompous expenses, and parades august,
And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of *fortune* ever blest the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor·
So tell his *holiness*, and be reveng'd.
Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Or only contest, what deserves the name.
Give *pleasure's* name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentic seal of *reason*, (which, like Yorke
Demurs on what it passes,) and defies
The tooth of Time; when past, a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
Some joys the future overcast; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb
Some joys endear eternity; some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let Heaven answer for the rest.
Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The *good man* has his clouds that intervene,
Clouds, that *obscure* his sublunary day,
But never *conquer*: e'en the *best* must own,
Patience, and *resignation*, are the pillars
Of human peace on Earth. The pillars, these:
But those of Seth not more remote from thee,
Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learnt;
To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heaven in reversion, like the Sun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
"This," says Lorenzo, "is a fair harangue:
But can harangues blow back strong Nature's stream;
Or stem the tide Heaven pushes through our veins
Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
And lays his labor level with the *world*?"
Themselves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus weakness to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the Muse prescrib'd.
Above,* Lorenzo saw the man of Earth,
The *mortal man*; and wretched was the sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now see the *man immortal*: him, I mean,
Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on Heaven
Leans all *that* way, his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more; though bright, without a soil:
Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed!
A man on Earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while *in*, *above* the world
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm;

* In a former Night.

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All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all *their* care; the future, *his*.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature; *his* exalt.
Mankind's esteem *they* court; and *he*, his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of *false* felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
All of one color, and an even thread;
While party-color'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than *theirs*: where *they*
Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity*:
What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees;
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honors (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity *they* find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.
Too dear *he* holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on Heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart *their* character defends;
A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no-joys end, where *his* full feast begins:
His joys *create*, *theirs* murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, *his* alone;
And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.
But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm
Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise?
They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And show no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they show it, 'tis for glory shown;
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.
A cordial *his* sustains that cannot fail;
By pleasure unsubdued, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.
From magnanimity, all *fear* above;
From nobler recompense, above *applause*;
Which owes to man's *short* out-look all its charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—"Where shines this miracle?
From what root rises this *immortal man?*"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground,
The root dissect, nor wonder at the *flower*.
He follows nature (not like thee*) and shows us
An uninverted system of a man.
His *appetite* wears *reason's* golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His *passion*, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.
Patient his *hope*, unanxious is his *care*,
His *caution* fearless, and his *grief* (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why?—Because, affection, more than meet.
His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from Heaven.
Those secondary goods that smile on Earth,
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *peace*
They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
His *understanding* 'scapes the common cloud
Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The moderate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even scale;
Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice
Thus, in a double sense, the *good* are wise;
On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
What, then, the world? It *must* be doubly weak
Strange truth! as soon would they believe their *Creed*.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwise *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think Earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who care no further, *must* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks Earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
For may not he invade their *good supreme*,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall?
All shines to *them*, that for a season shines.
Each act, each thought, *he* questions, "What its weight,
Its color what, a thousand ages hence?"
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The godlike man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
His *habit's* firmness, and *affection's* flame;
Angels, allied, descend to feed the fire;
And *death*, which others slays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by Heaven!
Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought*:
For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
And like a mist, is nothing when at hand
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies.

* See p. 588.

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By promise *now*, and by possession *soon*,
(Too *soon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own
From this thy just *annihilation* rise,
Lorenzo! rise to *something*, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Canst thou be silent? No; for *wit* is thine;
And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,
And *reason* interrupts not her career.
She'll say—*That mists above the mountains rise;*
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste!
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *sense;*
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes *wine* inspires
The lucky flash; and *madness* rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique the more,
See *dullness*, blundering on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wisdom*, awful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
How rare! in senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or, if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the *few;*
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *wit:* in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser; *sense*, a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In *states*, 'tis dangerous; in *religion*, death:
Shall *wit* turn Christian, when the dull *believe?*
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* exposes, 'tis our *helmet* saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
Thus, a *half*-Chesterfield is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee, shun,
Where Syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
A *joy*, in which our *reason* bears no part,
Is but a *sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know:—
And yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*.
To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy;
Our *thoughtless agitation*'s idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
An *animal* ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes, well strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy Syrens sing no more,
Thy dance is done; the *demi-god* is thrown
(Short apotheosis!) beneath the *man*,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.
Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
And startle at destruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
A single sentence proof against the *world*,
"*Soul, body, fortune!* every good pertain
To one of these; but prize not all alike;
The goods of fortune to the body's health,
Body to soul, and soul submit to God."
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? Do this,
The inverted *pyramid* can never stand.
Is this truth doubtful? It outshines the Sun,
Nay the Sun shines not, but to show us this,
The single lesson of mankind on Earth.
And yet—yet what?—No news! mankind is mad
Such mighty numbers list against the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve?)
They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all Earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh?
Half ignorance, their mirth, and half, a lie;
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes
(And Providence denies it long repose,)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And show us *what* their joy, by their despair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye.
Its impious fury still alive in death!
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But Heaven denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade,
Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream:
The lothesome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot (slower suicides!)
And *pride* in these, more execrable still!
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song.
From *vice*, *sense*, *fancy*, no man can be blest:
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from *reason!* joy from that,
Which makes man *man;* and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more:* a *bounteous* joy! that gives,
And promises; that weaves, with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace
A joy *ambitious!* Joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far;
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy which *death* shall double, *judgment* crown
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Through blest eternity's long day: yet still,
Not more remote from *sorrow*, than from *him*.

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Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!
Affects not this the *sages of the world?*
Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour,
Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on Heaven:
Sole point! where *over-bashful* is your blame.
Are you not *wise?*—You know you are: yet hear
One truth, amid your numerous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen;
"Our schemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
Is the sole difference between wise and fool."
All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* scale;
What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light?*
Is *their* esteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my simple scheme, of *common sense;*
Thus, save your fame, and make *two* worlds your own.
The world *replies* not;—but the world *persists;*
And puts the *cause* off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom.
So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redress,
They then turn *witnesses* against themselves:
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wise to-morrow.
Haste, haste! A man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* sure friend;
And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.
Ye sons of Earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)
Since *verse* you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard in prose)
Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain:
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
But *praise* she need not fear: I see my fate;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf,
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,
Must die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted *page!* go forth among thy foes;
Go nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: nor shalt thou rest
When thou art dead; in Stygian shades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne,
And bold blasphemer of his friend—the world;
The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And *volunteers* around his banner swarm;
Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul!
"Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries—Yes, all,
But such as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee;)
"The mother of true wisdom is the *will*;"
The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.
World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the *most* indulgence can afford;—
"*Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise*"
Nor think this censure is severe on thee:
Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.
II. A Night Address to the Deity.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

——Fatis contraria fata rependens.—*Virg.*

As when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, awhile, his labor lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long-travel'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed;
Where, future wandering banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
I chase the moments with a serious song.
Song soothes our pains; and age has pains to soothe
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breast, and *death's* dark shade
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canst thou, *O Night!* indulge one labor more?
One labor more indulge! then sleep, my strain!
Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow cease;
To bear a part in everlasting lays;
Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.
Has not the Muse asserted *pleasures pure*,
Like those above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still?
I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
But if, beneath the favor of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in *body* call for aid; the sick
In *mind* are covetous of more disease;
And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite *well*.
To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature's* blush by *custom* is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes;*
The curse of curses is, our curse to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet,)
And throw aside our *senses* with our *peace*.
But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unsullied shone
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its sables wove by *destiny;*

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And *that* in sorrow buried; *this*, in shame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where, the prime actors of the last *year*'s scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With lustre, and with noise! Has *Death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high?
Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality,
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Profest diversions!*—cannot these escape?"
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for buried *wealth*,
We ransack tombs for *pastime*; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath, a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?
Lorenzo! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? *Thy* world—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plow, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around Earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.
The *moist* of human frame the Sun exhales;
Winds scatter through the mighty void the *dry*;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As Nature, wide, our ruins spread: man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now
The Roman? Greek? they stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O *Death!* I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at Earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*
But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I see the mighty shadow: oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I trust, to thee.
For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know
The great decree, the counsel of the skies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar,
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this* ordain'd their boundless rage;
When Heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *pestilence*, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.
See'st thou, Lorenzo! what depends *on* man?
The *fate* of Nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change Earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her plowshare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more *can* be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *stars!*
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other *Sun!*—A Sun, O how unlike
The babe at Bethlem! how unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet *he* it is;
That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp
In grandeur terrible, all Heaven descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, Heaven's own pure day
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this scene; the last
In Nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee! *this* awakes
The most supine; *this* snatches man from death

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Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardor wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.
At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis presum'd this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
All Nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are *we now?* Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we stood: Lorenzo! while thou mayst,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the *good man* pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *Earth* rose from *chaos*, man from *Earth;*
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in Heaven.
At *thought* of thee!—and art thou *absent* then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*.
Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?
Is idle *Nature* laughing at her sons?
Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that god in man.
Thrice-happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heaven opens in their bosoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No:) the coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know;*
Asks, "*What is truth?*" with Pilate; and retires;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and Heaven!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To dis-involve the *moral* world, and give
To *Nature*'s renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
All *Nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round
All *deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing!
All basking in the full meridian blaze!
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd
Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes; he curses whom he dreads;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.
'Tis *present* to my thought!—and yet where is it
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *guess*
The *period;* from *created* beings lock'd
In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,
Are less obscure; for these may *man* inquire.
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! say, Where art thou?
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity?*
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their powers allied
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of *him*, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this vast fabric, for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the Sun, extinguish'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber! from Earth's heaving womb,
To second birth! contemporary throng!
Rous'd at one call, upstarted from one bed,
Prest in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee*.
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls *alone;*
His greatest foe falls with him; *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *Time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful eternity! offended queen!
And her resentment to mankind, how just!
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while foulest foes found welcome *there*.
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.
For, lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide
As thrice from Indus to the frozen Pole,
With banners streaming as the *comet*'s blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event

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Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand result;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial: what ensues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a Hell of Hell, a Heaven of Heaven.
The *goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of Heaven,
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds; and Hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole *ethereal*? How the concave rings!
Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* rose.
To see *creation*'s godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
To see the mighty *dramatist*'s last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancied god, a god *indeed*, descends,
To solve all *knots*; to strike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause!
And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.
What then am I?—
Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on Earth
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars on the grand chorus, and *complains*?
Censure on *thee*, Lorenzo! I suspend,
And turn it on *myself*; how greatly due!
All, all is *right*, by God ordain'd or done;
And who, but God, resum'd the friends *he* gave?
And have I been *complaining*, then, so long?
Complaining of his *favors*, *pain*, and *death*?
Who, without *pain*'s advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to save from *pain*; all punishment,
To make for *peace*; and death to save from *death*;
And second death, to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.
Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*.
All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
All discipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
None are unhappy: *all* have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains*;
Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the source
Of endless sighs: we *sin*, or we *mistake*;
And *Nature* tax, when false *opinion* stings.
Let unpious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim,
Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidst *ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy, and conquest; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights
Heaven, Earth, ourselves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As *night* to stars, *woe* lustre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire;
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigor of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot;
A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a *man*;
Who thinks *it is*, shall never be a *God*.
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.
What spoke *proud passion*?—"Wish my being lost?"*
Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!
The triumph of my soul is—That I am;
And therefore that I *may* be—*what*? Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still;
Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deserv'd) by Heaven's redundant love,
Made half-adorable itself, adore;
And find, in adoration, endless joy!
Where thou, not master of a moment *here*,
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
May'st boast a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
No man too largely from Heaven's love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labors to *secure*.
Ills?—there are none:—*All-gracious!* none from *thee*;
From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,
Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty*;
Heaven's daughter, Hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
First barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law,
Whose threats are *mercies*, whose injunctions, *guides*,
Assisting, not restraining, *reason*'s choice;
Whose sanctions, *unavoidable results*
From Nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
"Do this; fly that"—nor always tells the cause,
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repose.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* survey'd,
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)

* Referring to the First Night.

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What *rocks* are *these*, on which to build our trust!
Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
Or this alone—"*That none is to be found.*"
Not one, to soften *censure's* hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peevish *grief's* complaint,
Who like a *demon*, murmuring from the dust,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme!
For *all* I bless thee; most, for the *severe;*
Her* death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve;
It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join Heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great source of good *alone!* How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain, death, gehenna* save.
Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind!*
Not that alone which *solaces*, and *shines*,
The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praise.
The *winter* is as needful as the *spring;*
The *thunder*, as the Sun; a stagnant mass
Of vapors breeds a pestilential air;
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To Nature's health, than purifying storms;
The dread valcano ministers to good.
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are when duly scann'd;
And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.
Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd;
Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost, "*That my heart has bled.*"
'Tis Heaven's last effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bless, Heaven quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reason absolves the grief, which *reason* ends.
May Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *safe* to *smile!*
Such smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinctions, from excess.
My change of *heart* a change of *style* demands;
The consolation cancels the complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.
And when o'erlabor'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And measures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past;
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
The Muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod;
Various, extensive, beaten but by few;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,
Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme.
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The muse has stray'd; and much of *sorrow* seen
In human ways; and much of *false* and *vain;*
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily she wept;
Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd;
Prov'd man *immortal*, show'd the *source of joy;*

* Lucia.

The *grand tribunal* rais'd; assign'd the bounds
Of *human grief:* in *few*, to close the whole,
The moral Muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke.
Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*.
In this our land of travel and of hope,
For peace on *Earth*, or prospect of the *skies*
What then remains? Much! much! a mighty debt
To be discharg'd: these thoughts, O Night! are thine:
From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
In shadows veil'd, soft sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd less,
Than I of thee—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? Or how steal music from the spheres,
To soothe their goddess?
O majestic Night?
Nature's great ancestor? *day's* elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient Sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone, thy waist; clouds, in Heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and Heaven throughout
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (*Nature's* most august,
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall close the scene.
And what, O man! so *worthy* to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of Heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be sung, so *needful?* What so well
Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?
The soul of man, his face design'd to see
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has *here* a previous scene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our spirits are enlarg'd on *Earth*,
The deeper draught shall they receive of *Heaven*.
Heaven's King! whose face unveil'd consummates bliss;
Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres:
While of thy works *material* the supreme
I dare attempt, assist my daring song;
Loose me from *Earth's* inclosure, from the *Sun's*
Contracted circle set my heart at large;
Eliminate my spirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee.
Teach me with *art* great Nature to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *night*
Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the *Sun*
Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whose heart,
Whose *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.

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Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
And whence thou may'st import *eternal* wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
Thou *stranger* to the *world!* thy tour *begin;*
Thy tour through *Nature*'s universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles spacious *Earth*, then travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
Come, my Prometheus,* from thy pointed rock
Of *false* ambition if unchain'd, we 'll mount;
We 'll, *innocently*, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *stars;*
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.
Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; above the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstru'd omens of the sky,
Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze;
Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of *Earth*'s unwholesome air,
Will blossom *here;* spread all her faculties
To these bright ardors; every power unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At *Nature*'s birth,
Thus their commission ran—"Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller?
The *stars* will light thee, though the *Moon* should fail
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!
In ways immoral? The *stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis Nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the *night* inspires.
'Tis *elder* Scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my *radius* (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I 'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprise
An un-adept in mysteries of night;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters, here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
Exists *indeed;*—a lecture to mankind.
What read we *here?*—Th' existence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of ether! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the skies.
And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! *thine;*
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here; *here* springs the sovereign cure
Of almost every vice; but chiefly *thine;*
Wrath, pride, ambition, and *impure desire*.
Lorenzo! thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on *morals* bent: *ambition, pleasure!*

* Night the Eighth.

Those tyrants I for thee so lately* fought,
Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
And the Sun's noontide blaze, prime dawn of day
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes!*
In thy nocturnal rove one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heaven)
To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of space
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our *pride*,
Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light
To draw up man's *ambition* to *himself*,
And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on Earth,
And welcom'd on Heaven's coast with most applause,
An *humble, pure*, and *heavenly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inspir'd:—And canst thou gaze too long
Nor stands thy *wrath*, depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbors; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd
Enlightening, and enlighten'd! All, at once
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
Nothing in Nature, much less *conscious* being
Was e'er created solely for itself:
Thus man his *sovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
'Tis *Nature*'s structure, broke by stubborn *will*,
Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the bias *Nature* gave?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies
And seize thy brother's throat?—For what—a *clod*
An inch of *earth?* The *planets* cry, "Forbear!"
They chase our double darkness; *Nature*'s gloom,
And (kinder still!) our *intellectual* night.
And see, *Day*'s amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain*, and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' entender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy
And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,

* Night the Eighth.

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If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.
What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel?
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck,
(Stupor ordain'd to make her truly wise!)
Then into transport starting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how she glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this display!
This ostentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore?
One sun by day, by night *ten thousand* shine:
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
From urns unnumber'd, down the steep of Heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries *there;* I feel it at my *heart.*
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *him* who made it! worthy praise!
All praise! praise *more* than human! nor denied
Thy praise *divine!*—But though man, drown'd in sleep,
Withholds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul: at once,
The *temple,* and the *preacher!* O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of *night!*
Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An *undevout* astronomer is *mad.*
True, all things speak a God; but in the small,
Men trace out *him;* in great, *he* seizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud arch,
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell,)
Built with divine ambition! in disdain
Of limit built! built in the taste of Heaven!
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?—
Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy *lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *profound,*
And straitens thy *diffusive;* dwarfs the whole,
And makes an universe an *orrery.*
But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O *Nature!* wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vast displosion dissipates the clouds;
Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *sense,*
For, sure, to *sense,* they truly are divine;
And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
In those, who put forth all they had of *mind*
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their highest, must be their ador'd.
But they how *weak,* who could no higher mount
And are there, then, Lorenzo! those, to whom
Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?
And if incomprehensible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madness, to *believe?*
Why has the mighty builder thrown aside
All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)
Deep in the bosom of his universe,
Dropt down that *reasoning* mite, that insect, *man,*
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in *himself.*
Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *mysteries* descend
From *un-mysterious?* Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than created, to the grasp
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
Is heard in *him,* the *more* we should assent.
Could we conceive *him,* God he could not be;
Or *he* not God, or *we* could not be *men.*
A God alone can comprehend a God;
Man's distance how immense! On *such* a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange)
Nothing can *satisfy,* but what *confounds;*
Nothing, but what *astonishes,* is *true.*
The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
And every star sheds light upon thy creed
These stars, this furniture, this cost of Heaven,
If but *reported,* thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In *reason's* court, to silence *unbelief.*
How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!
Has the Great Sovereign sent ten thousand worlds
To tell us, *he* resides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable recess?
And dare *Earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The sumptuous, the magnific embassy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouse;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *reason,* or a God adores?
Mankind was sent into the world to *see:*
Sight gives the science needful to their peace,
That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid.
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: she gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who shall say, "Read thy chief lesson there.
Too late to read this manuscript of Heaven.

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When, like a parchment-scroll shrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.
Lesson how various! Not the God alone,
I see his *ministers:* I see, diffus'd
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heavenly liveries distinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
Listening to catch the master's least command,
And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Christian!* O'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *mind*,
For which *alone* inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler son,
Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much in *excellence*, above mankind,
As above *Earth*, in *magnitude*, the *spheres*.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thousand demi-gods descend
On every beam we see, to walk with men.
Awful reflection! Strong restraint from ill!
Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories *sense* surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault;
With just attention is it view'd? We feel
A sudden succor, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herself does half the work of *man*.
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean, excavated grots,
Black-brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* structure, or the scoop of *Time*,
If ample of dimension, vast of size,—
E'en *these* an aggrandizing impulse give;
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
E'en *these* infuse.—But what of vast in *these?*
Nothing;—or we must own the skies forgot.
Much less in *art!*—Vain *art!* Thou pigmy power!
How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
To show thy littleness! What childish toys,
Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds!
Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated *capitals!* or those
Where three days' travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding *gardens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *temples* proud to meet their gods half-way!
Yet *these* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of such superior scenes?
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
What awe from this the Deity has built!
A *good man* seen, though silent, counsel gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo!
To man abandon'd, "*Hast thou seen the skies?*"
And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still *darker* by their deeds
Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and *murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn
Now *plots*, and foul *conspiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the Moon,
Havoc and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do?—Suppress it? or proclaim?—
Why *sleeps* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.
Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of Heaven
Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
Were Moon and stars for villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light?
No, they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *wise*.
Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals [liv'd
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
Those ancient sages, *human stars!* they met
Their brothers of the *skies*, at midnight hour;
Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.
The *Stagyrite*, and Plato, he who drank
The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
An area fit for gods, and godlike men,
They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
By seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footsteps here below;
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth;*
Of hopes eternal kindled, *there*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to *men*, more joyous to *themselves*.
Through *various virtues*, they, with ardor, ran
The *zodiac* of their learn'd illustrious lives.
In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal!
A *needful*, but *opprobrious* prayer! as much
Our *ardor* less, as greater is our *light*
How monstrous this in *mortals!* Scarce more strange
Would this *phenomenon* in Nature strike,
A *Sun*, that froze her, or a *star*, that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the moral world?
To these thou giv'st thy *praise*, give *credit* too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That narrow views betray to misery:
That wise it is to comprehend the whole:
That virtue rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The single base of *virtue* built to Heaven.
That God and *Nature* our attention claim:
That Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the *sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere.
That mind immortal loves *immortal* aims.
That boundless mind affects a *boundless space*
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great,

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That, therefore, Heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines; *such* the *night* inspir'd.
And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison *here!*
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large;
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own;*
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigor, in her native air;
And feels herself *at home* amongst the stars;
And, feeling, emulates our country's praise.
What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
As *earth* the body, since the *skies* sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, the noble pasture of the *mind;*
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-Priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus have we found a *true* astrology;
Thus have we found a new, and noble sense,
In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
O that the *stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havoc, on embattled realms,
And rescued *monarchs* from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish how generous in a foe!
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a God,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy *tutor:* grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'st not what it is: how great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
And what it *seems*, it *is: great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more godlike, as *these* more divine.
And *more* divine than *these*, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a Paradise *unlost!*
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him!
O that I could but reach the *tree of life!*
For *here* it grows, unguarded from our taste;
No *flaming sword* denies our entrance *here;*
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever.*
Lorenzo! much of *moral* hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *mathematic* glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, *chance*, and *fate*,
Are left to finish his aërial towers;
Wisdom and *choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all, no splendor void of use,
Use rivals *beauty; art* contends with *power*,
No wanton waste, amid effuse expense;
The great economist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
And *newest* to the man that views it *most;*
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
Then, these aërial racers, O how swift!
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
Orb above orb ascending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, inclos'd!
Wheel, within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream;
Though *seen*, we labor to believe it *true!*
What involution! what extent! what swarms
Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth!* immensely great!
Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
What, then, the wondrous *space* through which they roll?
At once it quite ingulfs all human thought;
'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.
Nor think thou see'st a wild disorder here;
Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are tied! How soon are they dissolv'd
And set the seeming married planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
To silence by the presence of their Lord;
Or hush'd by *his* command in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest.
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to *their* God, and *thine*,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of *his* praise.
But, since their *song* arrives not at our ear,
Their *dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair *hieroglyphic* of *his* peerless power.
Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cipher of *Omnipotence;*
To *Gods*, how great! how legible to *man!*
Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?
Where are the pillars that support the skies?
What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what strange art
In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains
And so they are; in the high will of Heaven,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all; if *such* the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of Earth, the broad
And towering Alps, all tost into the sea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,

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Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest *ends?*
More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of Heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,
Discharge high trusts of *vengeance*, or of *love;*
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize?
Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight!
A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!
It drops *new* truths at every *new* survey!
Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundless *space*, through which these rovers take
Their restless roam, suggests the sister-thought
Of boundless *time*. Thus, by kind *Nature*'s skill,
To man unlabor'd, that important guest,
Eternity, finds entrance at the *sight:*
And an *eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
The *stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To *disappoint* it?—That is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article,
Momentous, as the existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought:
And thou may'st read thy *soul immortal*, here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on these glories dwell;
Nor want the guilt-illuminated roof,
That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.
Assemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the Sultan scorn
He, wise as *thou*, no *crescent* holds so fair,
As that, which on his turban awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of *power*.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants she power
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on *Earth*'s infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to Heaven?
Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *Earth*'s joy?
Minds elevate, and panting for *unseen*,
And defecate from *sense*, alone obtain
Full relish of existence undeflower'd,
The life of *life*, the *zest* of worldly bliss:
All else on Earth amounts—to what? To *this:*
'Bad to be *suffer'd;* blessings to be *left:*"
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.
Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wider *here;*
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet soon reprunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plain;
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the same *manna*, mingle Earth and Heaven.
How distant some of the nocturnal suns!
So distant (says the sage,) 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at *Nature*'s birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever:* who can satiate sight
In *such* a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *seraph*'s computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boast thy boundless might
In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is *already* thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *miracle?*—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind;
And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.
To common sense, great *Nature*'s course proclaims
A Deity: when mankind falls asleep,
A *miracle* is sent, as an alarm;
To wake the world, and prove *him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or Nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal?*
To *make* a Sun, or *stop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the freighted *East*,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray;
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's soft, flowery vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater, to *create*.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole train
Of miracles;—resistless is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,
If seen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *spangles* here; the *fool*, no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of *Nature* governs all?"
The *course* of *Nature* is the *art* of God.
The miracles thou call'st for, *this* attests;
For say, Could *Nature Nature*'s course control?
But miracles apart, who sees him not,
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide, and End!
Who turns his eye on *Nature*'s midnight face,
But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
What arm almighty, put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
Who bowl'd them flaming through the dark profound,
Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of *old night* on fire?
Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man
"Who marshals this bright host? enrols their names?
Appoints their post, their marches, and returns
Punctual at stated periods? Who disbands
These veteran troops, their final duty done,

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If e'er disbanded?"— He, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levied first their powers
In *night*'s inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness; arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and discliplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *vice* and *unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!
Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye *dividers of my time!* Ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair calendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Though man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since you and years roll on, though man stands still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *wisdom;* now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smoothes our path to prudence! sweeps aside
The snares keen *appetite* and passion spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,
Whose *folly* would undo what *age* has done!
Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, thou,
Great Artist! thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,
Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With such an *index* fair as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd;
Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they *are*, unalter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. *Time, eternity!*
('Tis these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let *time* appear a *moment*, as it *is;*
And let *eternity*'s full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into Heaven.
When shall I see far more than charms me now?
Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
When this vile, foreign dust, which smothers all
That travel *Earth*'s deep vale, shall I shake off?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, readopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her *apotheosis* in thee?
Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
To wake thy *dead devotion** was my point;
And how I bless *night*'s consecrating shades,
Which to a *temple* turn an *universe;*
Fill us with great ideas, full of Heaven,
And antidote the pestilential Earth!
In every storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray!
And what a God must dwell in such a fane!

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O what a genius must inform the skies!
And is Lorenzo's salamander heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid the sacred fires?
O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers,
On Heaven's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you, or forbears: assist my song;
Pour your whole influence; exorcise his heart,
So long possest; and bring him back to *man*.
And is Lorenzo a demurrer *still?*
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *parts* to shame
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*.
A *faithless* heart, how despicably small!
Too strait aught great, or generous, to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *self!*
And self-mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!
Instincts and *passions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie suffocated there; or *they* alone,
Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere
Where *order, wisdom, goodness, providence,*
Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly-great desire.
The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great;*
Great, in its *wishes;* great, in its *surveys;*
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, *more* than planets shall embrace
A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth;*
Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.
As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
All littleness is in approach to woe;
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in *manhood;* let in *happiness;*
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*.
Take God from *Nature*, nothing great is left!
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!
Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!
Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of Providence.
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free?
This scene is Heaven's indulgent violence:
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate *cause*,
Spite of these numerous, awful *witnesses*,
And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
So sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they *did;* but *no* man *disbelieves*
God is a *spirit; spirit* cannot strike
These gross, material organs; God by man
As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Conception of design, how exquisite!
How complicate, in their divine police

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Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!
Each attribute of these *material* gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
Lorenzo! this may seem *harangue* to thee;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof
Of this great master-moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or disinclin'd, to read it *there?*
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire;—the *world* shut out;—thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repress;—
Lock up thy *senses*;—let no *passion* stir;—
Wake all to *reason*;—let *her* reign alone;
Then, in thy *soul*'s deep silence, and the depth
Of *Nature*'s silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run:—
"What am I? and from *whence?*—I nothing know
But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, conclude
Something *eternal*: had there e'er been *nought*,
Nought still had been; *eternal* there *must* be.—
But *what* eternal?—Why not *human race?*
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That's hard to be conceiv'd, since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail.
Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole?*
Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties rise
I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
Whence *Earth*, and these bright *orbs?*—*Eternal* too?
Grant *matter* was eternal; still these *orbs*
Would want some other father;—much design
Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
Design implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
That can't be from *themselves*—or *man*: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.—
Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute *matter*'s restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter *innate* motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust:
Has matter *none?* Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and *repos'd?*
Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
In *mathematics?* Has it fram'd *such* laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,
Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man!*
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.
Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind;
That granted, all is solv'd.—But, granting that,
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
A being without origin, or end!—
Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
Yet, why? On either scheme that not subsists;
Subsist it *must*, in God, or *human race*:
If in the last, how many knots beside,
Indissoluble all?—Why choose it *there*,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest
Dispers'd, leave *reason*'s whole horizon clear;
This is not reason's dictate; *reason* says,
'Close with the side where *one* grain turns the scale'
What vast preponderance is here! can reason
With louder voice exclaim—'*Believe* a God?'
And *reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system! and how strange
To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *belief*,
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that power, whose providential care
Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray
Of *Nature* universal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
From a fix'd star, in ages can it reach
This distant *Earth?* Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where ends this mighty building? Where, begin
The suburbs of Creation? Where, the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence? Nothing's strange abode!
Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
His slacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and measur'd *infinite*, no more?
Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high
Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,
In characters illustrious as the Sun,
"I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:
Shout, all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods alone;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths, resound
Resound! resound! ye depths, and heights, resound!
Hard are those questions;—answer harder still
Is *this* the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son of *power divine?*
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of distant *space?*
Has *he* not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
Of *night* primeval; barren, now, no more?
And *he* the central sun, transpiercing all
Those *giant-generations*, which disport,
And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
In that *abyss of horror*, whence they sprung;
While *Chaos* triumphs, repossest of all
Rival *creation* ravish'd from his throne?
Chaos! of *Nature* both the womb, and grave!
Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too wide?
Is this *extravagant?*—No; this is *just*;
Just in *conjecture*, though 't were false in *fact*.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
From noble root, high thought of the Most-High
But wherefore error? who can prove it such?—
He that can set Omnipotence a bound.
Can man *conceive* beyond what God can *do?*
Nothing but *quite impossible* is *hard*.
He summons into being, with like ease,
A whole *creation*, and a single *grain*.

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Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
A thousand worlds! there's space for millions more;
And in what space can his great *fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm *imagination*: why condemn?
Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
With fuller admiration of *that power*,
Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
Why not indulge in *his* augmented praise?
Darts not *his* glory a still brighter ray,
The less is left to *chaos*, and the realms
Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* strays aghast;
And, though most *talkative*, makes no *report*?
Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;
Experience 'self shall aid thy lame belief.
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
Have they not led us in the deep disclose
Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *small*,
And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?
If then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation *poise*?
Defect alone can err on such a theme;
What is too great, if we the *cause survey*?
Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
I Am thy name! *existence* all *thine own!*
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd
"*The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.*"
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What voice
Can answer to my wants, in *such* ascent,
As dares to deem one universe too small?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of almighty power)
Is not this home-creation, in the map
Of universal *Nature*, as a speck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball:
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,
But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far out-shone?
In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an *isle*, almost
Too small for notice, in the vast of being;
Sever'd by mighty seas of *unbuilt* space
From other *realms*; from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Less *northern*, less remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme;
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of *human* worth, but ripen soon to gods?
Yet why drown *fancy* in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover, and confess
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small.
Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen*?
Full ample the dominions of the Sun!
Full glorious to behold, how far, how wide
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Further, and faster, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And *he* alone, who built it, can destroy.
Beyond this *city*, why strays human thought?
One wonderful! enough for man to know!
One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament! enough for man to read!
O what voluminous instruction here!
What page of wisdom is denied him? None;
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is *instruction*, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts
How eloquently shines the glowing Pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Demonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud! heard Earth around, above
The planets heard; and not unheard in Hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
Is *Earth*, then more infernal? has she those,
Who neither *praise* (Lorenzo!) nor *admire*?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er ask'd the *Moon* one question; never held
Least correspondence with a single star;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of Heaven*
Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.
Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion; *stars* malign,
Which made the fond *astronomer* run mad,
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd delight.
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O thou Great Jove unfeign'd;
Divine Instructor! Thy *first* volume, *this*,
For *man*'s perusal; all in capitals!
In *Moon*, and *stars* (Heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who *runs*, may read,
Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind;
A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plow,
Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain,
A language, worthy the Great Mind, that speaks
Preface, and *comment*, to the *sacred page!*
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As presupposing his first lesson *there*,
And Scripture 'self a *fragment*, that unread.
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise;
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
By thee *much* open'd, I confess, O *Night!*
Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night!* whose modest, maiden beam
Give us a *new* creation, and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud and envious star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—And show
The mighty potentate, to whom belong
These rich *regalia* pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I search on every side—
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made her
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?
Where blazes *his* bright court? Where burns *his* throne?
Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,

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Who travel far, discover where *he* dwells?
A *star* his dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempest into port!
On which hand must I bend my course to find *him*?
These courtiers keep the secret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *night*'s radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere; the steps by Nature set
For man's ascent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the *great* God of all.
In ardent *contemplation*'s rapid car,
From *Earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount! diminish'd *Earth* recedes;
I pass the *Moon*; and, from her farther side,
Pierce Heaven's blue curtain; strike into *remote*;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.
I pause at every *planet* on my road,
And ask for him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of *Earths* an army might be lost,
With the bold *comet* take my bolder flight,
Amid those *sovereign* glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud;
The souls of systems! and the lords of life,
Through their wide empires!—What behold I *now*?
A wilderness of wonder burning round;
Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur of his works, whence *folly* sought
For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *him*)
O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?
Pause, then, and, for a moment, here aspire—
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?—Where is *Earth*?—Nay, where art thou,
O *Sun*?—Is the Sun turn'd recluse?—And are
His boasted expeditions short to *mine*?—
To *mine*, how short! On Nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,
How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd?
"O ye, as distant from my little home,
As swiftest sunbeams in an age can fly!
Far from my native element I roam,
In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
What province this, of *his* immense domain,
Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?
A colony from Heaven? Or, only rais'd,
By frequent visit from Heaven's neighboring realms,
To secondary gods, and half-divine?—
Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
Far other life you live, far other tongue
You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
Than man. How various are the works of God!
But say, *what* thought? is *reason* here enthron'd,
And absolute? or *sense* in arms against her?
Have you *two* lights? or need you no *reveal'd*?
Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
And ask their Adams—'*Who would not be wise?*'
Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd*?
And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer *scorn'd*?
Is this your final residence? if not,
Change you your scene, *translated*? or by *death*?
And if by *death*, *what death*?—Know you *disease*?
Or horrid *war*?—With war, this fatal hour,
Europe groans (to call we a small field,
Where kings run mad.) In *our* world, Death de putes
Intemperance to do the work of *age*;
And hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
As slow of execution, for dispatch
Sends forth *imperial* butchers; bids them slay
Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before)
And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god*?
And *bloodshed* wash out every other stain?—
But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter gross
Your *spirits* clean, are delicately clad
In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,
Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
The lot of man! How few of human race
By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
Self-war eternal! Is your painful day
Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you still
Raw candidates at school? And have you those
Who disaffect *reversions*, as with *us*?
But what are *we*? You never heard of *man*;
Or *Earth*, the *bedlam* of the universe!
Where *reason* (undiseas'd with you) runs mad,
And nurses *folly*'s children as *her own*;
Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
Of *holiness*, where reason is pronounc'd
Infallible; and *thunders*, like a god;
E'en *there*, by *saints*, the demons are outdone;
What *these* think wrong, our *saints* refine to right,
And kindly teach *dull* Hell her own black arts;
Satan, instructed, o'er their *morals* smiles.—
But *this*, how strange to you, who know not *man*!
Has the least rumor of our race arriv'd?
Call'd *here* Elijah in his flaming car?
Pass'd by you the good Enoch, on his road
To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent,
Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall
A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home.
Then blacken'd *Earth* with footsteps foul'd in Hell
Nor wash'd in *ocean*, as from Rome he pass'd
To Britain's isle; *too*, *too*, conspicuous *there*!
But this is all digression: where is he,
That o'er Heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkness? Where is he
Who sees creation's summit in the vale?
He, whom, while man is *man*, he can't but seek;
And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
O for a telescope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth*! or blest *above*!
Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where, your great Master's orb? His planets where
Those *conscious* satellites, those *morning-stars*,

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First-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration most profound, thrown off!
By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn,
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;
Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams,
In still approaching circles, still *remote*,
Revolving round the Sun's eternal Sire?
Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
High errands sent?—Here *human* effort ends;
And leaves me still a stranger to *his* throne.
Full well it might! I quite mistook my road;
Born in an age more curious than devout;
More fond to fix the *place* of Heaven, or Hell,
Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or *star*, or *angel*, for their guide,
Who worship God, shall *find* him. Humble *love*,
And not proud *reason*, keeps the door of Heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud *science* fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plummet in the depths
Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *here!*)
Past doubt is deep philosophy *above*;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.
For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in all!
In *man!* in *Earth!* in more amazing *skies!*
Teaching this lesson, *pride* is loth to learn—
"Not *deeply* to *discern*, not *much* to *know*,
Mankind was born to wonder, and adore."
And is there cause for higher *wonder* still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys?
Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! this;
Each of these stars is a religious house;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise;
And heard *hosannas* ring through every sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *consecrated* ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The great proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise
Beneath *his* genial ray: and, if escap'd
The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies
And is *devotion* thought too much on *Earth*,
When beings, so superior, homage *boast*,
And *triumph* in prostration to the throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?
Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,
Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
All *Nature* sending incense to the throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere?
Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
Nor see, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
Invites the Muse.—Here turn we, and review
Our past nocturnal landscape wide:—Then say
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
"O what a root! O what a branch, is here!
O what a Father! What a family!
Worlds! systems! and creations!—And creations
In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
Great Vine!* on thee; on thee the cluster hangs
The filial clustre! infinitely spread
In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
Or, shall I say (for *who* can say enough?)
A constellation of ten thousand gems,
(And, O! of what dimension! of what weight?)
Set in one *signet*, flames on the right hand
Of Majesty Divine! The *blazing seal*,
That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,
Indelible, *his* sovereign attributes,
Omnipotence, and love! *That*, passing bound;
And *this*, surpassing that. Nor stop we *here*,
For want of *power* in God, but *thought* in man.
E'en *this* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt:
If *greater* aught, that greater all is thine,
Dread Sire!—Accept this *miniature* of thee;
And pardon an *attempt* from mortal thought,
In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd.†
How such ideas of th' Almighty's *power*,
And such ideas of th' Almighty's *plan*,
(Ideas not absurd,) distend the thought
Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
The fullness of the Deity breaks forth
In *inconceivables* to men, and gods
Think, then, O think, nor ever drop the thought,
How *low* must *man* descend, when *gods* adore!
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
Did I not tell thee, "We would mount, Lorenzo!
And kindle our devotion at the *stars?*"
And have I *fail'd?* And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all adamant? And dost confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable *smile?*
Lorenzo! *mirth* how miserable *here!*
Swear by the *stars*, by him who made them, swear:
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *they*:
Then *thou*, like *them*, shalt shine; like *them*, shall *rise*
From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
By due gradation, *Nature*'s sacred law,
The *stars*, from whence?—Ask *Chaos*—he can tell.
These bright temptations to idolatry,
From *darkness* and *confusion*, took their birth;
Sons of *deformity!* from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
And then, to spheres opaque; then dimly shone,
Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in *perfect day*.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
From worse to better; but, when *minds* ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.
Heaven aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The *voluntary* little lessens more.
O be a *man!* and thou shalt be a *God!*
And *half self-made!*—Ambition how divine
O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout! Unkindled?—Though high-taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to Heaven?
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest Hell!
Pride in *religion* is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,

* John, xv. 1. † Page 358.

Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets *despair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *night*,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene!
A scene more sad *sin* makes the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.
Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of *matter's* grandeur, know, one end is this:
To tell the *rational*, who gazes on it—
"Though *that* immensely great, still greater *he*,
Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
Unburthen'd, Nature's universal scheme;
Can grasp *creation* with a *single* thought;
Creation grasp; and not exclude its Sire."—
To tell him farther—"It behoves him much
To *guard* th' important, yet depending, fate
Of being, brighter than a thousand suns:
One single ray of *thought* outshines them all."
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Rising, where *thought* is now denied to rise,
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.
Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd,
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;
Vain, and far worse!—Think thou, with dying men;
O *condescend* to think as angels think!
O *tolerate* a chance for happiness!
Our nature such, ill choice insures ill fate;
And Hell had been, though there had been no God.
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer!
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his *God*, brings *endless* night;
Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
How *deep* the darkness! and the groan, how *loud!*
And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames!—
Such is Lorenzo's purchase! such his praise!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!
Though in his ear, and level'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.
For think not thou hast heard all this from *me;*
My song but echoes what great *Nature* speaks.
What has she spoken? Thus the goddess spoke,
Thus speaks for ever:—"Place, at Nature's head,
A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
But, above all, diffuses endless good:
To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly;
The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
By whom, the various tenants of these spheres,
Diversified in fortunes, place, and powers,
Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
At that blest fountain-head, from which they stream;
Where conflict past redoubles present joy;
And present joy looks forward on increase;
And that, on more; no period! every step
A double boon! a *promise*, and a *bliss*."
How easy sits *this* scheme on human hearts!
It suits *their* make; it soothes their vast desires;
Passion is pleas'd; and *reason* asks no more;
'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is *thine?*
It darkens! shocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worse; few years, the sport
Of *fortune;* then the morsel of *despair*.
Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'st it well)
What's *vice?*—Mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion, what?—The proof of *common-sense*.
How art thou hooted, where the *least* prevails!
Is it *my* fault, if *these truths* call thee *fool?*
And thou shalt never be *miscall'd* by me
Can neither *shame*, nor *terror*, stand thy friend?
And art thou *still* an insect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from Earth; escorted thee through al'
Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a god,
Through splendors of first magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Close-cruis'd on the bright Paradise of God;
And almost introduc'd thee to the throne!
And art thou still carousing, for delight,
Rank poison; first fermenting to mere *froth*,
And then subsiding into final *gall?*
To beings of sublime, *immortal* make,
How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!
Such joy, *more* shocking still, the more it *charms*
And dost thou choose what ends ere well-begun;
And infamous, as short? And dost thou choose
(*Thou*, to whose palate *glory* is so sweet)
To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.
O thou most awful being; and most vain!
Thy will, how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy power!
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despostic breast;
Though Heaven and Hell depend upon thy choice
A butterfly comes 'cross, and both are fled
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, shall it be most just?
Lorenzo! No: it cannot,—*shall* not, be,
If there is force in *reason;* or, in *sounds*
Chanted beneath the glimpses of the Moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When *slumber* locks the general lip, and dreams
Through senseless mazes hunt souls *uninspir'd*.
Attend—The sacred mysteries begin—
My solemn *night-born* adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust;
While the *stars* gaze on this enchantment *new*
Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!
"By *silence*, Death's peculiar attribute;
By *darkness*, guilt's inevitable doom;
By *darkness*, and by *silence*, sisters dread!
That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene!
By Night, and all of awful, Night presents
To *thought* or *sense* (of awful much, to both,
The goddess brings!) By these her trembling *fires*
Like Vesta's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*,
Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
By these bright orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,
And press thee to revere the Deity;
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
To reach *his throne;* as *stages* of the soul,
Through which, at different periods, she shall pass
Refining gradual, for her final height,
And purging off some dross at every sphere!
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!

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By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
From short ambition's *zenith* set for ever,
Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom'
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this evening knell,
Which midnight waves in *fancy*'s startled eye,
And shocks her with an hundred centuries;
Round *Death*'s black banner throng'd, in human thought!
By thousands, *now* resigning their last breath,
And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!
By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth
Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
The monarch's *terror!* and the sexton's *trade!*
By pompous obsequies that shun the light,
The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
Boast of our *ruin!* triumph of our *dust!*
By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
And the pale lamp that shows the ghastly dead,
More ghastly through the thick incumbent gloom!
By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
The gliding spectre! and the groaning grave!
By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
For the grave's shelter! By desponding men,
Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
By guilt's last audit! By yon *Moon* in blood,
The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
And thunder's last discharge, great Nature's knell!
By second *chaos* and eternal *night*."—
Be wise—Nor let Philander blame my *charm;*
But own not ill-discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; *duty* to the dead!
For know I'm but executor; *he* left
This moral legacy; *I* make it o'er
By *his* command; Philander hear in me;
And Heaven in both.—If deaf to these, O! hear
Florello's tender voice: *his* weal depends
On *thy* resolve; it trembles at thy choice,
For *his* sake—love *thyself:* example strikes
All human hearts; a *bad* example more;
More still a father's; that insures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove
Th' unnatural parent of his miseries,
And make him curse the being which thou gavest?
Is *this* the blessing of so fond a father?
If careless of Lorenzo! spare, Oh! spare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct no dishonor to the dead.
Let *passion* do, what *nobler motive* should;
Let *love*, and *emulation*, rise in aid
To *reason:* and persuade thee to be—blest.
This seems not a request to be denied;
Yet (such the infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the most *hopeless*, man can make to man.
Shall I then rise in argument, and warmth?
And urge Philander's posthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd——
But, Oh! I faint! My spirits fail!—Nor strange.
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
To which my great Creator's glory call'd;
And *calls*—but, now, in vain. *Sleep*'s dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lips, and *promises*
My long arrear of rest; the *downy god*
(Wont to return with our returning *peace*)
Will *pay*, ere long, and bless me with repose.
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw.
Whence *sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring
Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine.
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till *sickness* clogs our wheels.
Or *Death* quite breaks the spring, and motion ends
When will it end with me?
——"THOU only know'st,
Thou, whose broad eye the *future*, and the *past*,
Joins to the *present;* making one of *three*
To mortal thought! Thou know'st, and thou alone,
All-knowing!—all-unknown!—and yet well-known
Near, though remote! and, though unfathom'd felt!
And, though invisible, for ever seen!
And seen in all! the *great* and the *minute:*
Each globe above with its gigantic race,
Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,
(Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
To the first thought, that asks, '*From whence?* declare
Their common source. Thou fountain, running o'er
In rivers of communicated joy!
Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
Say, by what name shall I presume to call
Him I see burning in these countless suns,
As Moses, in the *bush?* Illustrious Mind!
The whole creation, less, far less, to thee,
Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
How shall I name thee?—How my laboring soul
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth
"Great system of perfections! mighty cause
Of causes mighty! cause uncaus'd! sole root
Of *Nature*, that luxuriant growth of God!
First Father of *effects!* that progeny
Of endless series; where the golden chain's
Last link admits a period, who can tell?
Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
Father of all that is or seen, or sees!
Father of all that *is*, or *shall* arise!
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of *matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;
Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.
Father of these bright millions of the *night!*
Of which the least full godhead had proclaim'd,
And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
Is appellation higher still, thy choice?
Father of *matter*'s temporary lord!
Father of *spirits!* nobler offspring! sparks
Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of *instinct, reason, intuition;* beams
More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
The darker matter *organiz'd* (the ware
Of all *created* spirit); beams, that rise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
Of next approach to godhead. Father fond
(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on Earth)
Of *intellectual* beings! beings blest
With powers to please thee! not of passive ply

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To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons;
Of this proud, populous, well-policied,
Though boundless habitation, plann'd by thee:
Whose several clans their several climates suit;
And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
Or, Oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
A title less august indeed, but more
Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears,
Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
Father of immortality to man!
A theme that lately* set my soul on fire—
And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was *bought:*
Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
Were made; and one redeem'd! illustrious light
From light illustrious! Thou, whose *regal* power,
Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
Inviolably reigns; the *dread* of gods!
And Oh! the *friend* of man! beneath whose foot,
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
Through the short channels of expiring *time*,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* spirit breathes),
In absolute subjection!—And, O thou
The glorious third! distinct, not separate!
Beaming from *both!* with both incorporate;
And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
By condescension, as thy glory, great,
Enshrin d in man! of human hearts, if pure,
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
Of Heaven with distant Earth! by whom I trust,
(If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address
To thee, to them—to whom!—Mystérious power!
Reveal'd!—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light!
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
That animates all right, the *triple* sun!
Sun of the soul! her never-setting sun!
Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God!
Greater than greatest! Better than the best!
Kinder than kindest! with soft *pity's* eye,
Or (stronger still to speak it) with *thine own*,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
Beyond archangel's unassisted ken;
From far above what mortals highest call;
From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
Through—What? confounding interval! through all
And more than laboring *fancy* can conceive;
Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;
Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
Round various banners of omnipotence,
With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
Through wondrous beings interposing swarms,
All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee;
Through this wide waste of worlds! this *vista* vast,
All sanded o'er with suns; suns turn'd to *night*
Before *thy* feeblest beam—Look down—down—down,
On a poor *breathing particle* in dust,
Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the Sun (though night's descending scale
Now weighs up morn), unpitied, and unblest!
In *thy* displeasure dwells *eternal* pain;
Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me *now;*
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Though transient, terrible; at *thy* good hour,
Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
My *clay-cold bed!* by nature now, so near;
By nature, near; still nearer by disease!
Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
Let it out-preach the preacher; every night
Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear;
That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
My *senses*, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,
O sink *this* truth still deeper in my soul,
Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by *fate*,
First, in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*—
Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee:
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy;
On thee, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
Nor of *that* pillow shall *my* soul despond;
For—Love almighty! Love almighty! (sing,
Exult, creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
That death of *death!* that cordial of *despair!*
And loud eternity's triumphant song!
"Of whom, no more:—For, O thou Patron God!
Thou *God* and *mortal!* Thence *more* God to man!
Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
Thou canst not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our *praise*.
Uninjur'd from our praise can *he* escape,
Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
The Heaven of Heavens, to kiss the distant Earth
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
Against the *cross*, *Death's* iron sceptre breaks!
From famish'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
Throws wide the gates celestial to his *foes!*
Their *gratitude*, for such a boundless debt,
Deputes their *suffering brothers* to receive!
And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
As deeper guilt prohibits our *despair!*
Enjoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice!*
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes his delight among the sons of men."†
What words are these—And did they come from Heaven?
And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all mysteries to love like this?
The songs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken heart;
Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as *night*.
Rich prelibation of *consummate* joy!
Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.
This final effort of the moral Muse,
How justly *titled!*‡ nor for me alone
For all that read; what spirit of support,
What heights of Consolation, crown my song!

* Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

† Prov. chap. viii.

‡ The Consolation.

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Then, farewell night! of darkness, now, no more:
Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which rises out of *nought* complain
Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union, join
The two supports of human happiness,
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet
True *taste of life*, and constant *thought of death!*
The *thought* of death, sole victor of its *dread*
Hope, be thy *joy*; and *probity*, thy *skill*;
Thy *patron* he, whose diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of Heaven; *eternity*, thy *prize*:
And leave the racers of the *world* their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils
They part with all for that *which is not bread*;
They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;
And laugh to scorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How must a spirit, late escap'd from Earth,
Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our *present privilege* is past,
To scourge us with due sense of its *abuse*,
The *same* astonishment will seize us all.
What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*.
Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize *wisdom*, ere she seizes *thee*.
For what, my small philosopher, is *Hell?*
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of *the truth*,
When *truth*, resisted long, is sworn our foe:
And calls eternity to do her right.
Thus, *darkness* aiding intellectual light,
And sacred *silence* whispering truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatteries and foes;
'Tis pride to praise her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when Heaven's most intimate with man,
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the *just*;
And just are all, *determin'd* to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps,
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
And midnight, *universal* midnight! reigns.

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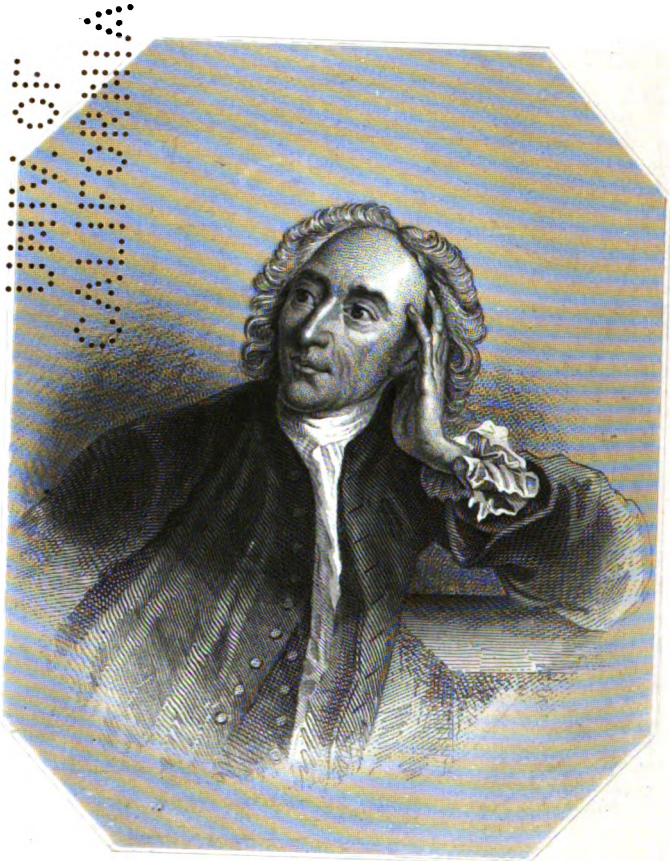

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ALEXANDER POPE.

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ALEXANDER POPE.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 21, 1688. He was deformed from birth, and of small stature; and these circumstances, together with a natural irritability, had an unhappy effect which is observable in many of his writings. His parents were Roman Catholics, and his early education was conducted by priests. His father had acquired a fortune in trade, and retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where the poet spent his youth and early manhood. He had an intense fondness for books; and though perhaps not a very accurate scholar, he read widely and took especial delight in Ogilby's translation of Homer and Sandy's translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." He also acquired a knowledge of French and Italian.

Pope was a poet from his boyhood. His little poem commencing:

> "Happy the man whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound,"

written at the age of thirteen, is quite as good as many respectable poets produce at any age. And his early reading of poetry in foreign languages was always accompanied with attempts at translation and imitation. His pastorals and some translations were first printed in Tonson's Miscellanies in 1709, where they commanded admiration for their melodious versification. They are said to have been written several years before they were published.

In 1711 he wrote his "Essay on Criticism," which won him considerable reputation; as indeed it deserved to, being a remarkable performance in its day and the starting-point of his new school of poetry. The next year he published "The Rape of the Lock," which is generally accounted his best poem in respect of invention. It was avowedly written for the purpose of laughing together again two of his friends who had fallen out in consequence of the petty theft which the poem so elaborately describes. The machinery of the sylphs was an after-thought, added in a later edition.

"Windsor Forest" was published in 1713, and the same year he issued proposals for a translation of the "Iliad," to be published by subscription. In 1715 he published "The Temple of Fame," and set to work upon the "Iliad." The translation was issued in volumes containing four books each, and the enterprise was a grand success. Every scholar knows that Homer's "Iliad" is one thing and Pope's "Iliad" is quite another thing; but that does not prevent the latter from being a fine poem. On the completion of the "Iliad," he began a similar translation of the "Odyssey." But here his artistic success was not as great; for he hired the help of one or two professional rhymers, whose work was noticeably inferior to his own.

From the profits of these translations, about £8,000, Pope purchased a house and five acres of ground at Twickenham, on the Thames, whither he retired with his parents, and divided his time between literature and landscape-gardening. He constructed there a grotto, a temple, and a miniature wilderness, and his house became famous among the poets, artists, and wits of the day.

In a collection of his works published in 1717 first appeared his "Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady" and "Eloisa to Abelard," which are at once the most characteristic and the most genuinely poetical of his poems. The question has been raised, "Was Pope a poet?" And one who considers only his satires and his moral essays may well pause at least before answering it. But the epistle of Eloisa, the Elegy, and a few kindred productions make us regret that one who was so truly a poet did not write less philosophy and more poetry.

His next work was to edit Shakespeare, in which he seems to have failed completely. At least, the edition has not survived, and his biographers do not put it down to his credit.

Like all illustrious men, Pope had his detractors; and as he was peculiarly sensitive to whatever touched his dignity or his reputation, and his age is noted for the bitterness of its literary jealousies and strifes, it may readily be imagined that he could not possess such satirical powers without sooner or later turning them upon his contemporaries. This was accomplished in "The Dunciad," the first three books of which were published in 1728. It is a mock heroic, in which he holds up to ridicule numberless poetasters and critics, and in fact every one who had ever offended him in any way. If they are not literally "damned to everlasting fame," it is because fame ceases to be fame when it has to be explained in elaborate foot-notes. The satire was a great success in its day, but it is no longer worth printing, as most of the victims were so obscure that, to understand the allusions, one must read more notes than text. Furthermore, no satire can live by sheer force of malignity; it must have the spirit of humor as well as the body of abuse, or it will speedily share the tomb of its victims.

Between 1731 and 1739 Pope published a se-

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ries of satires, imitations of Horace, and moral and philosophical essays. The most celebrated of these is the "Essay on Man," which has many fine passages and descriptions, though its philosophy (which has been attributed to Bolingbroke) has ceased to be a theme of discussion. In 1737 he put forth a volume of his literary correspondence, full of gossip and bits of description and criticism. But it was discovered that the pretended letters were spurious—that is, they had not been written and sent at the time of their dates, but were simply manufactured in a lump for publication.

A fourth book of "The Dunciad" was issued, and then the author made a careful revision of all his works, which closed his literary labors. He died on May 30, 1744, and was buried in the church at Twickenham, where a monument was erected to him by Bishop Warburton, the legatee and commentator of his writings.

It is difficult to estimate Pope's character; because his life was subject to so many disturbing influences which were calculated to bring into notice traits that may not have been his strongest or most natural. It has been remarked that his life was "one long disease," and Chesterfield declares that he was "the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them." Yet he seems to have been as sincere and generous in his friendships as he was tenacious of his enmities.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the Year 1712.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.
Mart.

Canto I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t'assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers
Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd;
What, though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the card
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
"Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires.
When music softens, and when dancing fires?

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'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honor is the word with men below.
"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the Gnome's embrace.
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where.
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!" [long,
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner read
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care:
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown
And Betty's prais'd for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the Sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And Beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and every power ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gentle play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair
Soft o'er the shrouds aëreal whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the Sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;

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Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the Sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' aëreal kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintery main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care:
Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favorite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
"To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend.
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend,
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The Sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aëreal guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colored troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board

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As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-color'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look,
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honors shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in Romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again,)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The victor cried,) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give
So long my honor, name, and praise, shall live.
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to Fate.
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial powers of Troy,
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labor'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,

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E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapor reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face,
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapor o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus address'd the power.—"Hail, wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapors, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion where no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or o'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
That single act gives half the world the Spleen."
The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to-day
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! replied
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out:—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
Z—ds. damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on 't! 'tis past a jest—nay pr'ythee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much (replied the peer again),
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair,
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;

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On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:
"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favorite curl away:
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The Sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties prais'd and honor'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd? [beaux?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away:
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas, frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear, good-humor can prevail.
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail:
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate," incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall (he cried), insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind.

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Rather than so, ah! let me still survive.
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the Lock," she cries; and all around,
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the Heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view:)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The Heaven bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.
This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed
Ev'n when proud Cæsar midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage;
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Argument.

Abelard and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies

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[illegible]

[illegible] Fate,
[illegible]
[illegible] Cato's [illegible]
[illegible] worth [illegible]
[illegible] move'd.
[illegible] arts from the [illegible]
[illegible]
You, sense [illegible] translation [illegible]
Dare to have sense you [illegible] assert the [illegible]
[illegible] warm [illegible] with you [illegible]
[illegible] should wonder [illegible] sh'ear.
As [illegible] and not dead, in't to [illegible]

FROM A TRAGEDY APPLAUDED

ABELARD

[illegible] two [illegible] persons of the stage [illegible] beauty [illegible] At [illegible] secreted the [illegible] years after this [illegible] the story of his misfortunes [illegible] those [illegible] passion.

[illegible]
Where, heaven [illegible] Cupid [illegible] reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's [illegible]
Why roves my Congaise [illegible]
Why feel [illegible] long-forgotten [illegible]
[illegible] yet I love?—From [illegible] it earlier
[illegible] kiss the [illegible]
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unknown [illegible]
No pass these lips in holy silence sealed
Hide it, my heart, within that close [illegible]
While mixed with God's [illegible] lies

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O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor Fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid; [spires,
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; Heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that Heaven I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honor! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and Nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on Earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïsa? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled and the lamps grew pale
Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise,
In these lone walls, (their days eternal bound,)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!

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Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain,
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here where frozen Chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget!
But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh, come, oh, teach me Nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for He
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labor and rest that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing:
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what Vengeance snatch'd away,
Then Conscience sleeps, and leaving Nature free
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies:
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise:
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose:
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd Heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye
While, praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers:
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole!
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

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Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign!
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace serene! O Virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbor of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep:
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep;
Ev'n Superstition loses every fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
I come! I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow;
Thou, Abelard. the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah, then thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when Fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round.
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!
May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O, may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more:
Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most!

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year 1711.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader, who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title.

The poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whose works were for the most part visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the Trionfi of the former, and the Dream Flower and the Leaf, &c. of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium.

In that soft season, when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers.
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes, were seen;
There towering cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes!
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd·
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.

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Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt the approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy, than excess of Praise.
Yet part no injuries of Heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The dome swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies
The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the Moon, and call'd the unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd Earth, describ'd the starry spheres
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.
The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As Heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found:
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Lybian god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought.
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, savior of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suffering heroes next their honors claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell

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Here his abode the martyr'd Phocian claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
  But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honors, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
  A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labor'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied Art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden ciphers shone.
  Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labor with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
  Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage to infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head
  Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
  With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

  These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-color'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her towering front she rais'd.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string
With Time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days
  Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honors crown'd
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.
  First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer.
"Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below."
  The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal Praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around,
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud

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By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odors shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
"Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth."
"Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,"
(Said Fame) "but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labor in your praise."
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumors rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The poisonous vapor blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armor wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee" (they cried), "amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."
"Ambitious fools!" (the queen replied, and frown'd)
"Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!"
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
"Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to Fame!
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joys partake,
To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake."
"And live there men, who slight immortal Fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride,
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n listening angels lean from Heaven to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd:
"Hither," they cried, "direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days:
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame."
The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honor dies.
Pleas'd with the same success, vast numbers press
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
"What you!" (she cried) "unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all."
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round.
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne!
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd:
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some power unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the Pole,
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break
On neighboring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

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There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers, not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in every face.
The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below;
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon:
Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon.
Around a thousand winged wonders fly, [the sky.
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, though so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
"What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?"
"'Tis true," said I, "not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice.
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where Fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none:"

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IX

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies:
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offering of a second bride).
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the Fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a watery lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colors with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son;
And I myself the same rash act had done;
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And those offended sylvan powers ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fastening feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below.
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,

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Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains:
"If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of Heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honors prey!
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IV.

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign:
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than Nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ.
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side
To lawless sylvans all access denied.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forest, or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair!
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:
And first a reaper from the field appears;
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears:
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears.
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs:
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And "Happy you!" (he thus address'd the maid)
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine
As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow;)
Then, plac'd beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
"Yet this tall elm, but for his vine" (he said)
"Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground
Ah, beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known

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To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruit are due,
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you,)
He values these; but yet (alas!) complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the god's desire:
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind;
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!"
This when the various god had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging Sun appears,
And, thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design:
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face;
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

AN ESSAY ON MAN.

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO H. ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

The Argument.

Of man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfection of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man:
A mighty maze! but not without a plan
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar,
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
I. Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied Being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade?

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Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confest,
That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labor'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say, rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.
III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler Heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company
IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such:
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In Pride in reasoning Pride, our error lies:
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.
V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings,
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool Earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No," 'tis replied, "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all begun
And what created perfect?" Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline;
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride our very reasoning springs:
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life
The general order, since the whole began
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.
VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears

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Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own.
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the Heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?
VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How Instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied!
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these powers in one?
VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high! progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!
IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same
Great in the Earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
X. Cease, then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good.
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

Argument.

I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties. The limits of his capacity. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary. Self-love the stronger, and why. Their end the same. III. The passions, and their use. The predominant passion, and its force. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the

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things separate and evident: what is the office of reason. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections. How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men. How useful they are to society; and to individuals, in every state, and every age of life.

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure Earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind!
Who saw its fires here rise and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.
Trace Science, then, with Modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct what is but Vanity or dress,
Or Learning's luxury, or Idleness;
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!
II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper, ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot;
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split
With all the rash dexterity of Wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire
But greedy that, his object would devour
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower.
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.
III. Modes of Self-love the passions we may call
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:
But since not every good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide;
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale.
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind
Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
These, mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind;
The lights and shades whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and color of our life.
Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike
On different senses, different objects strike:
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;

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And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of Death;
The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its Ruling Passion came;
Each vital humor which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour
We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway
In this weak queen, some favorite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd ev'n at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.
Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one interest body acts with mind.
As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all woman-kind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.
V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where 's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where
No creature owns it in the first degree.
But thinks his neighbor further gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
VI. But Heaven's great view, is one, and that the whole.
That counter-works each folly and caprice,
That disappoints th' effect of every vice:
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief:
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbor with himself.
The learn'd is happy Nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more.
The rich is happy in the plenty given,
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven

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See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chymist in his golden views
Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happiness by Hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as Knowledge can destroy;
In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain:
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though man 's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

Argument.

I. The whole universe one system of society. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another. The happiness of animals mutual. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals. III. How far society carried by instinct. How much farther by reason. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, and in the forms of society. V. Origin of political societies. Origin of monarchy Patriarchal government. VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle, of love. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle. Mixed government. Various forms of each, and the true end of all.

HERE then we rest; "the Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.
I. Look round our world; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving, vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die,)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign, parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the powerful still the weak control
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
For some, his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favor'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.
II. Whether with reason, or with instinct blest
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best

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To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labors at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long:
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day?
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?
III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
So from the first, eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one Nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands:
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those.
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and Forecast just returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While Pleasure, Gratitude, and Hope, combin'd,
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.
IV. Nor think, in Nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of Nature was the reign of God:
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade,
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb:
Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man, a fiercer savage, man
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part:
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aëreal on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow
And anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."
V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd,
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear
Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend,
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown
Till common interest plac'd the sway in one
'Twas Virtue only, (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.
VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:

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On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that first ador'd.
Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right:
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God: and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world and counter-work its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She midst th' lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal, then, not charity, became the guide;
And Hell was built on spite, and Heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood;
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through just, and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral, Nature gave before,
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings
The less, or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame
And bade self-love and social be the same.

Epistle IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

Argument.

I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of Hope and Fear. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favor of particulars. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches. Honors

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Nobility. Greatness. Fame. Superior talents. With pictures of human infelicity in men, possessed of them all. VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee
Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these:
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less,
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is to pass for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to Vice, to Virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honor, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his favorites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

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But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of Hell;
If Calvin feels Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God
What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak. be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches. your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health. the good want power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and Earth a Heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of Nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man? will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind;
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl!"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But, by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the Flood
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say, where greatness lies:
"Where but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise:
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great;
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown
The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod:
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known:
To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:

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Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How much for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these,
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall
To sigh for ribands, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honor'd, fam'd, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed, as proud Venice rose;
In each, how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that rais'd the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O! wealth ill-fated; which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives,
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blest,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd:
Never dejected, while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins Heaven and Earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul:
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find:)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest;
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part.
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along!
Oh master of the poet, and the song!
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
Show'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know

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MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poëtæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. *Hor.*

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, L. COBHAM.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

Argument.

I That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature. No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions. II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world: and some reason for it. Education alters the nature, or at least character of many. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humors, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human-kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less:
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife
And all opinion's colors cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolor'd through our passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take
Oft, in the passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought,)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others, so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light,)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves;
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, an itch of vulgar praise.
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find:
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
And, in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise,
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigor, in the gout
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave

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Save just at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head! all interests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquette,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.
What made (say, Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots a flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do.
Behold if Fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns;
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions show the man: we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn:
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
n life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same Sun with all diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman meek, and much a liar:
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd
Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.

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Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigor, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.
Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke,)
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind, [stir,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir!"
"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned."
Your money, sir?—"My money, sir, what all?
Why, if I must"—(then wept) "I give it Paul."
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold," he cried.
"Not that—I cannot part with that,"—and died.
And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

TO A LADY.

EPISTLE II.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,
Or dress in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colors and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend.
To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd,
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Haut-gout, and the tip of Taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd.

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Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia 's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind?
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.
Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she 's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a prayer.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair-ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all woman-kind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon Earth:
Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage,
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure mist her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from Hell,
But he 's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.
Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colors do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With every pleasing, every prudent part
Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a favor or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.
One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen
The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill
'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain parson Hale.
But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone.
Our bolder talents in full life display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.
In men, we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age

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For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honor died.
See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old-age of cards:
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.
Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most, when she obeys;
Let fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favorite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a woman's fame! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humor, and a poet.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

EPISTLE III.

ON THE USE OF RICHES.

Argument.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries. That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable. How a prodigal does the same. The due medium, and true use of riches. The Man of Ross. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death. The story of Sir Balaam.

P. WHO shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind,)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when, by man's audacious labor won,
Flam'd forth this rival too, its sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect;
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.
B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.
P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.
B. Trade it may help, society extend:
P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend
B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:
P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke
And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Blest Paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!

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Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro,
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.
Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!
Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say? Why take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire?
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more? *P.* Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres, vigor; Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
Or Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife;
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college, or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love" (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbor as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own.
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown
P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-Sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length Corruption, like a general flood,
(So long by watchful ministers withstood,)
Shall deluge all; and Avarice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box;
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
See Britain sunk in Lucre's sordid charms,
And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's arms!"
'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than even that passion, if it has no aim;
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each passion sends,
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store
Sees but a backward steward for the poor

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This year, a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and salads bless'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before:
To cram the rich, was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curs'd the sav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause,
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendor, charity; with plenty, health;
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.
B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty given,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.
P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,
Un-elbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English Bounty yet awhile may stand,
And Honor linger ere it leaves the land.
But all our praises why should lords engross.
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleest,
The young who labor, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possest—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.
B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That livelong wig, which Gorgon's self might own
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end,
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas, how chang'd from him
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love

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Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimick'd statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends
His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me.'
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John!
That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these are worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd:
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For every want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want; he could not pay a dower
A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! ev'n denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale.—*B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church, and 'Change; his gains were sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqu'd such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."
The tempter saw his time: the work he plied;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent. per cent.,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn.
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church, ('twas such a busy life,)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p–x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France:
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

Argument

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burthensome and ridiculous. A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is, to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind. What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men; and finally the great and public works which become a prince.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;

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Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive Fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use.
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arts of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on 't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty everywhere be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs th' intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follows sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete;
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sate delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an opener Vista loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews:
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labor'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind
His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother
And half the platform just reflects the other
The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain, never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound

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Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-color'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.
Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The laborer bears: What his hard heart denies.
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle?
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbors glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,)
Bid harbors open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land;
These honors, Peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

TO MR. ADDISON.

EPISTLE V.

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of medals: it was some time before he was secretary of state; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time his verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of avarice and profusion; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality, and was, therefore, a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years;
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, christian zeal conspire,
And papal piety, and gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadows stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescenius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine

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Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage:
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass?
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison:
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine:
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
"Statesman, best friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd."

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd, I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me;
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me, just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and, in humble strain,
Apply to mê, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.)
What drop of nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who high in Drury-lane
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends
Oblig'd by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his grace:
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a king,)
His very minister, who spied them first,
(Some say his queen,) was forc'd to speak, or burst
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break.
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain.
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philip seems a wit?
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend;
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend

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I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye!"
Go on, obliging creature, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to Fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd;
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach, the being you preserv'd, to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friend before)
With open arms receiv'd one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret:
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds:
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year
He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these, my modest satire bad translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!
What, though my name stood rubric on the walls
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side!
But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song
His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place,
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise

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To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey goose-quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
Blest be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me; for they left me Gay:
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh let me live my own, and die so too!
To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will,
"No, such a genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?
Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbor's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out:
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honor, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Cannons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile Antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust
Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:
That not for fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad,
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person and the pictur'd shape;
Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a gaol;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride but friend to his distress:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhym'd for Moor,
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie
To please his mistress one aspers'd his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will

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Let the two Curlls of town and court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and Muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbor fool:
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore;
Unspotted names, and memorable long;
If there be force in virtue, or in song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in Honor's cause,
While yet in Britain Honor had applause)
Each parent sprung.—*A.* What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,
And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise;
Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
O friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen!
A. Whether that blessings be denied or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

MESSIAH.

A SACRED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song.
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove
Ye Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, Earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains! and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay!
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear.
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care.
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage.
The promis'd father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!

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See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idumé's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven his sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away!
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

What beckoning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
  Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on Earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
  From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
  But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of Death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way,)
"Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield."
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
  What can atone, oh, ever-injur'd shade:
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face!
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.
  So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
  Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part:
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

SATIRE.

The first Part (to verse 132.) imitated in the Year 1714, by Dr. Swift; the latter Part added afterwards.

I've often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
  Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
"But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever
To me and to my heirs for ever.
  "If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by Reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t' other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plow to find a treasure:'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.

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In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found.
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr Dean, go change your gown
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honor in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green.
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplext,
And smiling whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw:
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my int'rest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone."—
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
Consider 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:—
Then presently he falls to tease,
You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four,)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"
"Who's chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well.
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête*.
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court;
I'm stopt by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum.
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbor's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *à propos*:
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't
On just occasion, *coûte qui coûte*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;

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Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with men;
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport;
(This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.")
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.)
Behold the place, where if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The Moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sate, *tête-à-tête.*
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ca est bon! Ah goûtez ca!*
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.
Was ever such a happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door!"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honor," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

EPISTLE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD AND EARL MORTIMER.

Sent to the Earl of Oxford, with Dr. Parnell's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the Year 1721.

Such were the notes thy once-lov'd poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain!
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, and passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of Death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy evening-walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise),
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that Mortimer is he.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes, it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave, where is thy victory?
O Death, where is thy sting?

CONTENTMENT.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

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Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night: study and ease
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death!

This day be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

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JOHN GAY.

JOHN GAY was born in Barnstaple, Devonshire, in 1688. He was apprenticed to a silk-mercer in London, but quickly forsook the business for literature. His first publication was "Rural Sports," in 1711. The next year he became secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, and wrote "Trivia," which was greatly admired. In 1714 he wrote "The Shepherd's Week," to ridicule Philips's pastorals, and it met with popular favor to an unexpected degree. His poems were published by subscription in 1720, and brought him £1,000. In 1713 he had written a comedy, which failed. He was more successful with a play entitled "What d'ye call It?" Another, entitled "Three Hours after Marriage," failed; and again he was successful with his tragedy "The Captives." In 1727 his "Beggars' Opera," having been rejected at Drury Lane, was brought out at Lincoln's Inn, and had a run of sixty-three nights. By this and his fables he is best known. He wrote a sequel to the "Beggars' Opera," which the Lord Chamberlain would not allow to be represented on the stage; but its publication brought the author £1,200. Gay died on December 4, 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd plowshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind:
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties:
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with rural sports her native strains;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labors of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The laborer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting Sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienced swain foresees the coming hour;
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the fields in equal rows.

Now when the height of Heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake:
O lead me, guard me, from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beach a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labors of Italian swains;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn;
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground;
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims.

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The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend,
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
Or when the plowman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward, whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the Sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And, edg'd with flame, rolls every wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.
Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds;
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!
As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds:
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.
When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
The fisher to the neighboring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout his fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.
You must not every worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose:
The worm that draws a long immoderate size,
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And, if too small, the naked fraud 's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.
But when the Sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let Nature guide thee! sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings;
Silks of all colors must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with excessive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air; [plays,
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays
Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear:
In this revolving Moon one color reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen the skilful angler try
The various colors of the treacherous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When, if an insect fall, (his certain guide,)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size,
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colors shine through every part,
That Nature seems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hopes hang on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows toss in thinner air:
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows

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Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favor the deceit
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake,
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humors with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes,
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race;
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase
(Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake;
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insects stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the plowman's labor vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board;

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the laboring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes;
Or, when the Sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground,
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian Sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way;
The scent grows warm; he stops: he springs the prey;
The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers point their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;

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When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the Sun the transient colors blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.
But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
Now stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But stay, adventurous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.
O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.
What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool:
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.
Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul!
Farewell!—The city calls me from your bowers:
Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours

TRIVIA;

OR, THE

ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Quo te Moeri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?
Virg.

BOOK I.

Of the Implements for Walking the Streets, and Signs of the Weather.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his laboring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries:
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd.

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Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet,
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ancle sprain;
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney* broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names† in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's,‡ assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane:
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace
Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd danger sings!
Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse,
Where slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme;
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend;
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones.
Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.

O happy streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown;
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long training mantua sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair,
With narrow step, affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
For you, O honest men! these useful lays
The Muse prepares; I seek no other praise.
When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou for every season justly drest.
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.
The changing weather certain signs reveal.
Ere Winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.
Nor do less certain signs the town advise
Of milder weather and serener skies.
The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn:
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change,
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught:
The seasons operate on every breast;
'Tis hence the fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancied fares; when tavern doors
The chairmen idly crowd; then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.
But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop 's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care,
Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue;

* A town in Oxfordshire.
† A Joseph, wrap-rascal, &c.
‡ A chocolate-house in St. James's street.

* Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.
Virg. *Georg.* 1

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On hosiers' poles depending stockings tied,
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side;
Church-monuments foretell the changing air,
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear, [sounds
And sweats with sacred grief; you'll hear the
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odors common shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.
All superstition from thy breast repel:
Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell,
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn shall strew the year;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
The laboring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;
But, if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies,
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street;
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every dashing pool, or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But business summons; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scour,
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the shower.
So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of Hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and straight, when first his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.
Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays;
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.
Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.
Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening dews are spread
The milky burthen smokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ancle rose the chalky clay.
Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian power forsakes the realms above
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise?
At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet Winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.
Thus Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintery ways.
Straight the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit: though flattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

Book II.

Of walking the Streets by Day.

Thus far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintery ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town
And for the public safety risk thy own.
For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the streets molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear;
On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gaine,
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way:
These grave physicians with their milky cheer
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair

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Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now Industry awakes her busy sons;
Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground
And all the streets with passing cries resound.
If cloth'd in black you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid: oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.
Ye walkers too, that youthful colors wear
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care;
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat;
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
Butchers, whose hands are dyed with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid:
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road
But, above all, the groping blind direct;
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head;
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But, when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.
If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
Like faithful landmarks, to the walking train.
Seek not from prentices to learn the way,
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray;
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by 't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An enrail'd column rears its lofty head;
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardly Theseus with intrepid feet
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide:
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.
When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters' hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.
What though the gathering mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of Industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race.
Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd,
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd:
And ev'n the proudest goddess, now and then,
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, hath her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina* (goddess of the tide,
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide,)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dried upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace
She gaz'd; she sigh'd; (for love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye)
Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well she knows
That pleasing thunder): swift the goddess rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale Moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to Earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy.
The child, through various risks in years improv'd
At first, a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art.
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.

* Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common sewer; and, not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honors.—Lactant. 1. 20, Minuc Fel. Oct. p. 232

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Oh, happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every rain
The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress
And long had sought his sufferings to redress.
She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd;
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe,
With nimble skill, the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.
Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes;
Then, leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which ease'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face!
At length he sighing cried, "That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flagon charge their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain."
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either side;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now, beckoning to the boy, she thus begun:
"Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil.
On this, methinks, I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling half-pence sound."
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labor plied
Where branching streets from Charing-Cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And Whitehall echoes—"Clean your honor's shoes!"
Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng
The busy city asks instructive song.
Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.
Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering wagons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labors fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney-horse the town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw.
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.
Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street* would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' caldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil
Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Carnavian† cheeses lie;
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise?
O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-Mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs denied,
The soft supports of laziness and pride:
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.
But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;

* Thames-street.
† Cheshire, anciently so called.

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Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.
Careful observers, studious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the Meuse, nor try the thimble's cheats;*
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind:
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.
The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.
Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, denied to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses' foreheads shun the Winter's air?
Nor will I roam where Summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.
Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheels the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw.
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless path the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands;
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose;
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. [prove,
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?
Where Covent-garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend; when, lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the penthouse sound.
O, roving Muse! recall that wondrous year,
When Winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire:
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So, when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.
'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate.
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.
Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: she now a basket bore;
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death!
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cried, but death her voice confounds
And *pip-pip-pip* along the ice resounds.
So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cried,
Euridice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Euridice return'd.
But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds.
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves;
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From every penthouse streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.
Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town, with slow and solemn air
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear:
Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull.
Learn hence the periods of the week to name.
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game

* A cheat commonly practised in the streets with three thimbles and a little ball.

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When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-bellied carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays, you 'll observe from hence,
Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.
When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs,
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.
Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the Spring!
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood;
And, when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Even Sundays are profan'd by mack'rel cries.
Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in Autumn stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain:
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.
When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe.
Now, heaven born Charity! thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul!
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessing shed;
Lo, meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.
Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsied hand.
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd, because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.
Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of Death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er the camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?
Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees, suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment charm'd
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The color'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion, reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein
There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes,)
For Burlington 's belov'd by every Muse.
O ye associate walkers! O my friends!
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath.
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail,
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?
I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the shower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honors of his face.
So, when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the Sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.
If the pale walker pant with weakening ills
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills: [fame
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.
Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden, fruits
Moorfields, old books; and Monmouth-street old suits.
Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.

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Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odors of the Spring,
Walkers at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:
Here sauntering prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleas'd semptresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold;
And Squirts* read Garth, till apozems grow cold.
O Lintot! let my labors obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye!
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.
What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace;
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honors to a sordid mind!
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate!
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout!

Book III.

Of walking the Streets by Night.

O Trivia, goddess! leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee, the villain sheathes his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from Heaven's high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!
When Night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest enwraps the air,
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows† falling threat thy head;
Now laborers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And, as the passes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with tramping feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the street.
Entangled here, the wagon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So, when two boars, in wild Ytene* bred,
Or on Westphalia's fattening chestnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.
Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng:
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honors of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But, lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue "stop thief!" resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these Syrens stand
To aid the labors of the diving hand;
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drive rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side
If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace.

* An apothecary's boy, in the Dispensary.
† A species of window now almost forgotten. N.

* New-Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called

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Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I, (perhaps too fond,) if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.
Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.
That walker who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to stray
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.
Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk, unharm'd, the dangerous night,
Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous steps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie.
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
Though you through cleanlier alleys wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety, and contemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone;
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the land;
No bravoes here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side.
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street,
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread
Whene'er I pass, their poles (unseen below)
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone.
Or wheels inclose the road; on either hand,
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand.
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.
Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands:
There may'st thou pass with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam, where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savory fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.
The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not Luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare!
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food!
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood!
Spungy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.
When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For shouldst thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along,
All press to gain those honors thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post.
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
O think on Œdipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd, he met his sire unknown;
(Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!)
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died!

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Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Thro' Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way
Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns, with outward grief, a parent's fate
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb:
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?
Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall:
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the color'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil.
Has not wise Nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?
Who can the various city frauds* recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?
O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand!
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.
'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunterng pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scour'd manteau, and the slattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flattering sounds she soothes the credulous ear,
"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change:
Nay she will oft the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from sarcenet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.
I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern'd pocket bagg'd with gold.
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd:
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys, to her cobweb room.
Thence thro' the streets he reels from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.
Ah, hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills!
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills!
How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye gods, avert that worst disgrace!)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face!
Then shall thy wife thy lothesome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbors from thy mug refrain.
Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm
But, if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scouring crew
Though Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.
Thus, would you gain some favorite courtier's word
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.
Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying nicker* flings.
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the scourer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side
So Regulus, to save his country, died.
Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common shores descend,
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne,
In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach, o'erthrown,
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So, when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.
Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed?
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

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But hark! Distress, with screaming voice, draws nigher,
And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And, borne by winds, the scattering sparks arise;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers.
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
See, forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls;
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The Heavens are all a-blaze, the face of Night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light.
'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the Sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train,
With running blaze, awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So, when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake
And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend;
And in th' abyss her plunging towers descend.
Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils, of the wintery town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar;
Yet shall I bless my labors, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barbarous Arabs' haunt; or shivering crost
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
Whom Providence, in length of years, restores
To the wish'd harbor of his native shores)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.
And now complete my generous labors lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame
When W— and G—, mighty names!* are dead;
Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair;
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to Fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

* Probably Ward and Gildon.—*N.*

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Susan came aboard.
"Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew"

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hand
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries; and wav'd her lily hand

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.

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Wide o'er the foaming billows
  She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
  That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over
  And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover
  Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
  And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
  To that within my breast?

"The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
  Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
  To losing of my dear?
Sould you some coast be laid on,
  Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
  But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that Nature
  Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
  Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
  That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
  And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
  Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
  Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
  His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
  She bow'd her head, and died.

FABLE.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'Tis certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs
I say that these are proud: what then!
I never said they equal men.
  A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
  "I hate my frowzy beard," he cries,
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigor,
Well might they lothe this reverend figure."
  Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art:
His pole with pewter-basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein,
  The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides
Light, smooth and swift, the razor glides.
  "I hope your custom, sir," says Pug.
"Sure never face was half so smug!"
  The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighboring hill withdraws.
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.
"Heigh-day! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"
  "Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,"
Replies a bearded chief. "Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!"
  Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

FABLE.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A Rake, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigor fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
  As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits,
A ghastly Phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
  "My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies."
  Thus said, the Phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears.
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
  But now again the Sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks, his ear attends,
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail,
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents.

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Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of Fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murdering crew,
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Power may, perhaps, protect his rest.
To power he rose Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How Envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air;
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers;
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labor'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre 's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost addrest:
"Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, should go before."

FABLE.

THE JUGGLERS.

A Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You d think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud.
"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."
Provok'd, the Juggler cried, "'Tis done;
In science I submit to none."
Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But, when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
"This magic looking-glass," she cries,
"(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.
Next, to a senator addressing,
"See this bank-note; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.'
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure 's fled:
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows.
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addrest.
"This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her" With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see,
Take every shape but Charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.
"Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

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What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burthen's light."
The Horse replied, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence: a favorite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But, see, the Goat is just behind."
The Goat remark'd, her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For Hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.
She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from Death a friend distress'd.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For, see, the Hounds are just in view."

FABLE.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death applied?"
"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!"
"Unhappy Widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my Fable."
Betwixt her swagging panniers' load,
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.
"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturned the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."
"Dame," quoth the Raven, "spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

FABLE.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my birds!" the mother cries,
"This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me, with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife;
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savory chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighboring beech:
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

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JOHN DYER.

JOHN DYER was born at Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, Wales in 1700. His father was a solicitor, and intended John for the same profession; but the boy, after being educated at Westminster School, preferred painting, and studied that art under a master. He then became an itinerant painter in South Wales, but is not credited with any high degree of success as an artist.

During his wanderings, however, he found in the celebrated natural scenery of that country an inspiration for poetry that has long outlived his pictures. "Grongar Hill," descriptive of one of his most familiar haunts, was published in 1726, in Lewis's Miscellanies, and became one of the most popular poems of the kind ever written. While it is not the product of any very lofty genius, its charming simplicity and naturalness make it still readable after all the changes that English poetry has gone through in a century and a half.

After the publication of this poem, Dyer went to Italy, where he wandered about for some time, visiting ruins and studying works of art, still intent on success as a painter. How much of this he really attained, it is impossible to say. But he certainly gathered material for poetry, and in 1740 appeared his "Ruins of Rome," included in this collection, a poem which contains many fine verses.

He had returned home in poor health, and soon gave up his occupation as a painter. He married a lady named Esnor, a descendant of Shakespeare, and retired to the country. Soon after, by the advice of friends, he entered into holy orders, and settled on a small living in Leicestershire, which he exchanged for one in Lincolnshire. He seems not to have been very happy there, as the climate did not agree with him, and he lacked books and company.

In 1757 he published "The Fleece," a didactic poem in four books: the first pastoral, the second mechanical, the third and fourth historical and geographical. It is a versified dissertation on wool and its industries, and of course is worthless as a poem, and dead long ago. Somebody said that the author, if he was an old man, would be buried in woollen.

Dyer as a man is said to have been a most excellent character, earnest, conscientious, and humane. He died in 1758. A collected edition of his poems was published in 1761.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;—
Come, with all thy various dues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

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Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summit soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way
The present's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will,
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain you search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vesta theatra situ:
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?
Janus Vitalis.

Enough of Grongar and the shady dales
Of winding Towy: Merlin's fabled haunt
I sing inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave

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Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,
Yet once again and soar a loftier flight;
Lo, the resistless theme, imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;
E'en yet majestical: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference:
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.
Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
Immense along the waste; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immense Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Outstretch'd, unwieldy, his island-length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Grey mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orison hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud-thundering to the Moon;
While murmurs soothe each awful interval
Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile,
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates;* they with drooping locks
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.
Yet here, adventurous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and towering pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,
On numerous arches rear'd: and frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of aisles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changefu. world,
And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.
Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse,
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embowering shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers.
A solemn wilderness! with error sweet,
I wind the lingering step, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes! preposterous gods
Of Fear and Ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as e'en now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths†
In varied appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth in darkening error fall'n)
At length ascrib'd th' inapplicable name.
How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see,
Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; upraie'd,
His outstretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And Eloquence arrays him. There behold,
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war,
The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
In fearful expectation of the strife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er, they soon unsheath the flashing sword,
Their country calls to arms;—now all in vain
The mother clasps the knee, and e'en the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd:
Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd,
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
Deep musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
Of these fall'n piles with show of sad decay
Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteously distinct‡
The numerous porticoes and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' relics o'er th' Egyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools,

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

† Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

‡ From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

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And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-widening to the verge
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
Before th' innumerable shouting crowd
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And desperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart,
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that,* rever'd
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cerulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round Sun ascends; and tower'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too-prosperous Israel from his living strength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majestic emblem, with peculiar grace
Before its ample orb, projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal: noblest work
Of human skill: here, curious architect,
If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
Boasted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
And there the temple,† where the summon'd state
In deep of night conven'd: e'en yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours, Ambition sinks her crest;
And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
Shall Treason walk? Shall proud Oppression yoke
The neck of Virtue? Lo the wretch, abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
Parent of Happiness, celestial-born;
When the first man became a living soul,
His sacred genius thou;—be Britain's care;
With her, secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons
E'en yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board.
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
To quell the proud, to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart!
Inestimable good! who giv'st us Truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,
Array'd in every charm: whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied Toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whose numerous towns and isles, and peopled seas
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer!
And thine those piles‡ undeck'd, capacious, vast
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Dispens'd her timely succors to the poor.
Thine too those musically-falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever; while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the Sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
When impious Tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.
Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome§
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the steed; or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal,
Or, wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,

* The Capitol.

† The Temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.

‡ The public granaries.

§ Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

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The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conquests, honors, in the sculptures live.
And see from every gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame:
Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war;
So many pomps; so many wondering realms:
Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er valleys rais'd,
In even state, to distant seas around,
They stretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of Peace,*
Built by that prince, who to the trust of power
Was honest, the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding aisles remain; the rest a heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
A hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid† divides
The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls,‡
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.
'These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowdon's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,
Its hero to the skies: and his dark tower§
Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome;‖
And the rough relics of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits, lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labors; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young,)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently-wakening call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the setting Sun displays
His visible great round between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs; away, my Muse,
Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.
Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who, so well inspir'd,
Couldst throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice-glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose, to tune th' ennobling rhyme
Melodious; e'en the rugged sons of war,
E'en the rude hinds rever'd the poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing
Since Nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain
See'st thou yon fane?* e'en now incessant time
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp

* Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

† The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

‡ The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

§ Nero's ‖ The Palatin library.

* The temple of Romulus and Remus, under Mount Palatin.

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Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs;
So taught of Jove e'en the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,
Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.
Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
Jealous; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plow
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd
Yes, to the plow return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the generous breast.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd.—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flowery valleys? They, content,
Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought
To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.
They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honor, dar'd in thickest death
To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores; till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half-rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the ear of that fam'd British chief,
Which seven brave years, beneath the doubtful wing
Of Victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd, till Fame was silent to their foes.
And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plated greave and corslet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glittering trophy to the wind.
Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
Till every sun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
Laughs at the winter storm, and summer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flowery bowers they seek
(As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves,
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the soft Ionians); they, along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseate air with fond expense:
Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while Luxury
Over their naked limbs with wanton hand
Sheds roses, odors, sheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants
Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavor'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
To slake patrician thirst; for these, their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale,
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs
But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
Didius,* vile usurer, through the crowd he mounts
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth
O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny, howe'er,
Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæsar! Lo, a god, a god,
He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!
The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.
But see along the north the tempests swell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.
Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease, and luxury! O Luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Asher lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham,
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece
And the great queen of Earth, imperial Rome.

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, Scotland, September 11, 1700. His father was minister of the parish, and James was sent to school at Jedburgh and at the University of Edinburgh. He was intended for the church, and went through a full theological course.

When a schoolboy, he had attracted the attention of his teachers by his propensity for poetical composition, and they had encouraged him in it and corrected his effusions. During his theological studies, the explanation of a psalm was required of him as a probationary exercise, and he gave it in language so elegant that he was reproved for using a diction which his prospective auditors would not be likely to understand. This, together with the advice of a lady, a friend of his mother's, was enough to turn him from a profession which he had not heartily chosen, and he determined to devote himself to literature.

He went to London in 1725, carrying in his pocket the manuscript of his "Winter," though the poem was then in a somewhat fragmentary state. He showed it to his college-friend Mallet, whom he had fallen in with, and by his advice put it in order and published it, selling the copyright for three guineas. The poem did not attract much attention until a Mr. Whateley discovered its merits and brought it into notice. Then Sir Spencer Compton, to whom it was dedicated, befriended the poet and made him a present of twenty guineas. He also obtained an introduction to Pope, and the Lord-Chancellor, and other celebrated men; and the poem went through several editions.

In 1727 he published "Summer," and in the same year his "Poem, Sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton" and his "Rule Britannia." "Spring" was published in 1728, and in 1730, "Autumn" having been completed, the entire poem of "The Seasons" was issued collectively, and it has maintained to this day its place as an English classic.

But Thomson was still poor, and almost the only remunerative literary work to be done in his day was writing for the stage. In 1729 he produced a tragedy entitled "Sophonisba," which was put upon the boards at Drury Lane. It had excited great expectations, but proved a weak performance, and its little chance of success was entirely destroyed when an unfortunate line of it—

"O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, O!"

was parodied by a wag in the pit, who sung out responsive—

"O Jemmy Thomson, Jemmy Thomson, O!"

In 1730 Thomson went to the Continent as the tutor of a son of the Lord-Chancellor Talbot, where he travelled three years. On the death of his pupil, he returned to London, and the Chancellor made him Secretary of the Briefs, which gave him a comfortable income. The Chancellor died in 1737, and Thomson lost his office, but was granted a pension of £100 by the Prince of Wales, to whom he had dedicated his poem "Liberty," which he had planned while abroad. This poem is a long, discursive performance, a sort of versified history of civilization in Greece, Italy, Britain, etc., with the usual machinery of visions, goddesses, etc. It was not very successful, though the author considered it his greatest work.

In 1738 Thomson turned again to dramatic composition, producing "Agamemnon," which Johnson says was "endured, but not favored," followed by "Edward and Eleonora" and "Tancred and Sigismunda." The last-named tragedy, brought out in 1745, met with some measure of success.

In 1746 he wrote "The Castle of Indolence," published in the spring of 1748, which is perhaps his finest poem; and about the same time his friend Lyttleton, having come into power, gave him the office of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, worth about £300 a year.

He was now in easy circumstances once more. But in August, 1748, having contracted a cold and neglected it, he fell into a fever and died. He was buried in the church of Richmond, without any memorial; but in 1762 a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey, from the profits of an edition of his works.

Thomson was large and ungainly in person, with little that was prepossessing in his appearance or manners, and he has also the reputation of having been one of the most indolent men that ever lived. But he was greatly beloved, and his society had a charm for all who were intimate with him. He was genial, even-tempered, and kind-hearted, to an unusual degree.

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RULE BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sing the strain:
Rule Britannia! Brittania rules the waves!
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia! etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blasts that tear thy skies
Serve but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia! etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to hurl thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe—but thy renown.
Rule Britannia! etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircle thine.
Rule Britannia! etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia! etc.

ODE.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under every well-known tree
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream!

SONG.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

TO THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL, IN SUFFOLK, 1738.

Thus safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of Fate,
High bliss is only for a higher state.

SONG.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blesses next your shade,
Oh! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

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THE HAPPY MAN.

He's not the Happy Man to whom is given,
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year;
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the Spring,
Whose carvèd mountains bleat, and forests sing:
For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines;
From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores:
Whose Winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves,
While youth, and health, and vigor string his nerves.
Ev'n not at all these, in one rich lot combin'd,
Can make the Happy Man, without the mind;
Where Judgment sits clear-sighted and surveys
The chain of Reason with unerring gaze;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes
His fairer scenes and bolder figures rise;
Where social Love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand,
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING, 1728.

Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus.
Virg.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, last, on man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulf'd
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.
At last from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plow
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighboring field the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the *rural* Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plow employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war, then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plow, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plow;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the Sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the Sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant Nature's better blessings pour

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O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!
Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative Sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens: and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colors of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields, [drops
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.
If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance! on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff,
And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest,
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.
Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.
The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintery-storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And forests, seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country color round
Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till in the western sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their very music wakes.
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery prism,
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy

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He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.
Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow:
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores,
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendence of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away; while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy,
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Applied their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times.
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbor's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence;
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course
Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toss, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high
With hunger stung and wild necessity,
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay

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With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest: shall he bleed,
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Ev'n of the clown he feeds; and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labor? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores, prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain, and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent Sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channell'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naïads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore, slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear
At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the Sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Ev'n shooting listless languor through the deeps;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd
Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his aëry builds.
There let the classic page the fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
Ting'd with so many colors; and whose power
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love!
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread

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The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.
  See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant: or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence [soul.
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
  At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpled along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors run; and while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled mountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature and her endless bloom.
  Hail, source of Being! Universal Soul
Of Heaven and Earth! essential Presence, hail!
To thee I bend the knee; to thee, my thoughts
Continual climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By thee the various vegetable tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew;
By thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal Sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintery winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-color'd scene of things.
  As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*
  When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
  'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colors burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

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Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamor: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. E'en so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *simple*, art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighboring bush they silent drop,
And whirling thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.
Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low dropping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish'd Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race,
Resign'd the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

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Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardor flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-chequer'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-color'd glory to the Sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample side the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies:
And, neighing, on th' aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round; such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden [heads
And o'er our labors, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this *mighty Breath*, ye sages, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breast
These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
The smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air, attest his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.
Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul.
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of Earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front,
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintery corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you, the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you, the teeming clouds
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the Sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head:
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd
To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!

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These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, through Hagley Park thou stray'st;
Thy British Temple! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time;
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness! which love,
Alone, bestows, and on a *favor'd few*.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:
And stretch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the hall in whose kind haunt
The hospitable genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair,
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast, and low, in meek submission dress,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.
And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.
Ev'n present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang [still
Shoots through the conscious heart, where honor
And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life.
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd Sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dullness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost;
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear.

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And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies,
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colors paint the mimic scene.
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd; or if retir'd
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore; where succorless, and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
  These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens Love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care
His brightest flames extinguish'd al., and all
His lively moments running down to waste.
  But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The lothing virgin, in eternal care,
Well merited, consume his nights and days
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

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SUMMER, 1727.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
  Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.
  Come, Inspiration, from thy hermit seat,
By mortal seldom found: may fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.
  And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;
Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,
In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemish'd honor, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man:
O Doddington! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.
  With what an awful world-revolving power
Were first th' unwieldy planets lanch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years,
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labor'd monuments away.
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round,
Minutely faithful: such th' all-perfect Hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.
  When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest-glade
The wild-deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.
  Falsely luxurious, will not man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of the enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams!
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk?
  But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and color'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun,
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?
  'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
  Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life.
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,

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By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.
The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
The zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And soften'd into joy the surly storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd Earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labor draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How shall I then attempt to sing of Him
Who, Light himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd o'erflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundless sky:
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd Sun,
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faltering tongue of man,
Almighty Father! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice
Ev'n in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial thee resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
And to peruse its all-instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd to translate;
My sole delight, as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.
Now flaming up the Heavens, the potent Sun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs that hover'd round the hills
In party-color'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere
Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, dispreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.
Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the Sun,
Sad when he sits, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.
Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats
His flock before him stepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The dew,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the Sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintery storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.

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Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the greenwood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand.
Resounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon:
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading ev'n the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze;
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant Sun.
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day
Ev'n so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning o'er her cheek.
Ev'n stooping age is here: and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field.
They spread their breathing harvest to the Sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and social glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides: and oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in;
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labor to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream,
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow

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Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cipher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! Yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the Sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through th' unshelter'd glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice-happy he! who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon:
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail:
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd.
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their laboring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding runs low-bellowing round the hills.

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigor, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect! the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts,
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall
And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms.

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On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of Virtue struggling on the brink of Vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favor'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on Deep-rous'd, I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
From the same Parent-Power our beings drew,
The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
Where purity and peace immingle charms.
Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
By noisy folly and discordant vice,
Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
Angelic harps are in full concert heard;
And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:
A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, Stanley,* of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of Death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in aëry vision rapt,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.
Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where, collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad:
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions, through the flood of day,
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the Sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stock-dove only through the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.
Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over-head
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid zone:*
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
See, how at once the bright effulgent Sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The *general breeze*,† to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see each circling year
Returning suns and *double seasons*‡ pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays.
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.

* A young lady who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

† Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the Sun from east to west.

‡ In all climates between the tropics, the Sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

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Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron-groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds, [maze,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmettoes lift their graceful shade.
Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the Sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp
Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!
From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannas, where the wandering eye,
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disports: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth* rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He, fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.†
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the Sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.
But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;
No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops,
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowell'd Earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the Sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell. [noon
How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of
The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,

* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

† In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

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Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapors roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass,
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.
The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile.
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant stream.
There, by the Naïads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand: till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that form the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coast, or Malabar,
From Menam's orient stream,* that nightly shines
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land
Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish'd moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana.† Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the Sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they far-diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying Earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the Sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:
These are not theirs. The parent Sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,

* The river that runs through Siam; on whose banks a vast number of those insects called fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

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The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Niie.
Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting Sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into these black abodes
Of monsters unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours;
When for them she must bend the servile knee
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here:
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still, they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, th' aërial tumult swells.
In the dread Ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon,* whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia* reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck†
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd, the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama‡ fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, laboring round the *stormy Cape;*
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade: the genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince;§ who, Heaven-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy Fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads: or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapors rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent Disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man:
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm,
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

‡ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

§ Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

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No more with ardor bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends?* From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape: man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamor of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men, unless escap'd [reigns,
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unsung: the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to ten-fold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapor, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling Heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over-head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group, the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In Fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
An ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmenmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

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Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe?
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.
As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and Nature smiles reviv'd.
'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man,
Most favor'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes
As humor leads, an easy-winding path:
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.
This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Nor, when cold winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I, weak-shivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.
Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice-happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the veil divine
Cast uncontin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, the alternate breast
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?

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Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for awhile o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statute* that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, th'alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted: even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
By fortune too much favor'd, but by love,
Alas! not favor'd less, be still as now
Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."
'The Sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre; that with various ray [Heaven,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of
Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant Earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light;

* The Venus of Medici.

And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue the sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lycéum, forth they walk;
By that kind school where no proud master reigns
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene?† Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
Now to the sister-hills‡ that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat,
And stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muse.
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames:
Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing god:§ to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrac'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where, in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigor, liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth.

† The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon *shining* or *splendor.*
‡ Highgate and Hampstead
§ In his last sickness.

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And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: ev'n Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labor burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius, and substantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallow'd names the virtuous saint,
And *his own* Muses love; the best of *kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine,
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In *statesmen* thou,
And *patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's lustful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The numerous worthies of the maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
Nor sunk his vigor, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood,
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius,* fearless bled;
Of high-determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning, to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful *sages* and in noble *bards*,
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course; him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous Ashley† thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, *pure Intelligence*, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well-moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;

* Algernon Sidney.
† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

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The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
O Thou! by whose almighty *nod* the scale
Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
Undaunted Truth, and dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue, *public zeal;*
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labors glorious with some great design.
Low walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, Earth, and Ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung,) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild the impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this Earth, an idle blank:
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who, all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.
But to the generous still-improving mind,
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew,
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this*
She sends on Earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a *deeper* still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;
While the quail clamors for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye:
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky; or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immensity of space
Returning with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the Sun descends;
And as he sinks below the shading Earth,
With awful train projected o'er the Heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;
While, from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
From his huge vapory train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

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With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd: and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
The *first* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects, to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the *last* receives
The whole magnificence of Heaven and Earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.
Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning Line, or dares the wintry Pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this evanescent speck of Earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN, 1730.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest-storm Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discolored, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and Summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
Awhile engage. Thy noble care she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue; she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From Heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air

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Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden Sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-chequer'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power;
Whom labor still attends, and sweat, and pain:
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human-kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in the unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey: or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supported and supporting, polish'd friends,
And dear relations, mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Ev'n desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waste of time: till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted Earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;
But, still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.
Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the patriot-council met, the full,
The free, and fairly-represented *whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable; nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.
Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
Rais'd the strong crane; chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak
To bear the British thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
Then too the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores; the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.
All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waste;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,
While through their cheerful band the rural talk
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, husbandmen; but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think
How good the God of Harvest is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of Heaven

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And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold;
And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O, Heavens! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend.
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that hateful pittance from thy hand.
But ill applied to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth, yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labors of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir

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Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves,
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over-head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvest, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along: his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labors scatter'd round.
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride:
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamor of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game:*
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground: or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song,
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive, and happy 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death,
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn:
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt
The thistly lawn; the thick-entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the Sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase: and the loud hunter's shout:
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the brunching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short; though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.

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The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops,
Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honors grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.
But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigor: or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke.
Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving Miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.
At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse, go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the Sun wading through the misty sky.
Then sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter; where astride
The *lubber power* in filthy triumph sits,
Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.
But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them.
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone

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Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance,
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavor to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity and praise.
Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
With active vigor crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy year
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon-inspirer too,
Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song:
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the laboring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.
In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The Sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
Of Doddington, thy seat, serene, and plain;
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect: yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
New beauties rise with each revolving day;
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:
Where, in the secret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open: aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum;
The ruddy fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent Sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day:
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavor by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press,
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.
Now by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapor, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon oppress, the Sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb
He frights the nations. Indistinct on Earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew bard)
Light, uncollected, through the Chaos urg'd

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Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs,
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
The spoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.
Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O, thou pervading Genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O, lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge encumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O, from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the Frozen Main;
From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the *stony girdle** of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O, sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping Heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon!†
O'ertopping all these giant sons of Earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern Pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose,
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, laboring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky syphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst
And, swelling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling Sun, the vapor-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapors in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.
When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds
Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what transmigrations there

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, *the great stony girdle;* because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa

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Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise!
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here awhile the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely from the Tweed (pure *parent stream*,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil,
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal morn.
Oh, is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the laboring hind the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep?
Yes, there are such. And full on thee, Argyll,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honor, and her courage tried,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.
But see the fading many-color'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the Sun,
And through their lucid vale his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O, let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove,
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till, chok'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
Of philosophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear

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The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim Earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth
Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
With all the *social offspring of the heart.*
Oh, bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear!
Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat
Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
In countless numbers blest Britannia sees;
O, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majestic paradise of Stowe!*
Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
E'er saw such sylvan scenes; such various art
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
Or in that temple† where, in future times,
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;
And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land;
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the purest truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O, through her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest zeal the indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes;
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran skill.
The western Sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapor throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
A smaller Earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when half-blotted from the sky, her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of Heaven,
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots; ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of Heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious through the crowd
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial spears and steeds of fire
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of Heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent; and busy Frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;
Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
Of pestilence, and every great distress;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.
Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom
Magnificent and vast, are Heaven and Earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.
† The temple of Virtue in Stowe-gardens.

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One universal blot: such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatiers round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the *better genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the Morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting Sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah, see, where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honied domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate!) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.
Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er Heaven and Earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant Sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded Earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defied.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age, too, shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's Sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with massy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice: nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When Heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear,
Here, too, dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labor, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation and poetic ease.
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,

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Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another Sun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
By regal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals delight,
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempé wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.
E'en Winter, mild to him, is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond paternal soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt and God himself, with man!
Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling wonder there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral *strata* there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That *best* ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From thee begin,
Dwell all on thee, with thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from thee!

WINTER, 1726.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the Season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme!
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain:
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd
To thee, the patron of *her first* essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds,
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;

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As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice-happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of Heaven, the Sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapory turbulence of Heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plow, the dun discolor'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapor foul;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge, as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of Heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream
There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunder through.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

When from the pallid sky the Sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey: while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-color'd east, the Moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seen to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labor draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolor'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.
Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge.
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste

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Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honors yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commixt
With stars swift gliding, sweep along the sky.
All Nature reels: till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight, air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou good Supreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!
The keener tempests rise: and, fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid Sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.
Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky.
As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track, and blest abode of man,
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown

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What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm,
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Ev'n in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell
With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
And here can I forget the generous band,*
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes:
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled
O, great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains;- in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade,)
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right!
By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains, which the shining Alps,
And wavy Apennine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n Beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.
Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell,
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.
Now all amid the rigors of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore,
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep musing, hail

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

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The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass
Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
Invincible! calm reason's holy law,
That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *wisest of mankind!*
Solon the next, who built his commonweal
On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
The pride of smiling Greece and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
All human passions. Following him I see,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm devoted chief* who prov'd by deeds
The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
In pure majestic poverty rever'd;
Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, swell'd a haughty *rival's*† fame.
Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
Cimon, sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every splendid art;
Modest and simple in the pomp of wealth.
Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild and firm,
Who wept the *brother* while the *tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the best, the Theban pair,‡
Whose virtues, in *heroic concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honor sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind:
Phocion the good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.
And he, the *last* of old Lycurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
Ev'n Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaïan heroes close the train:
Aratus, who awhile relum'd the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece.
And he her darling, as her latest hope,
The *gallant* Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm a simple swain;
Or bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times,
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd:
Her *better founder* first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
Servius the king, who laid the solid base
On which o'er Earth the *vast republic* spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The public father,§ who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to his foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plow.
Thy willing victim,‖ Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honor's dire command.
Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And warm in youth, to the *poetic shade*
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.
Tully, whose powerful eloquence awhile
Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in *extreme*.
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman *steel* against thy *friend*.
Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand; but who can count the stars of Heaven
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in sober state,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:
'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and *equal* by his side,
The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to Fame.
Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral scene:
Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! society divine;
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine:
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudied wit, and humor ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart?
For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?

* Leonidas. † Themistocles.
‡ Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

§ Marcus Junius Brutus. ‖ Regulus.

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Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The Winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
Or sprung *eternal* from th' Eternal Mind;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In *general good*. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest Heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
Then, ev'n superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic Fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
Or folly-painting Humor, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
Still superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honor, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves.
While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks:
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind.
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* show'd
O, thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life; permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song!
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
To mark that spirit, which, with British *scorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Ev'n in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears.
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And ev'n reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous Winter-days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere, and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye

* A character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.

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In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of Heaven
Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labor of the silent Night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise:
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithesome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-resounding course. Meantime, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun,
Broad c'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray;
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields:
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
Wide roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,
That stretch athwart the solitary vast,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,*
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows:
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
The furry nations harbor: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n snows; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race: with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the ensanguin'd snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There, through the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn:
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That sees Boötes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus† pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde,‡ with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,

* The old name for China. † The north-west wind.
‡ The wandering Scythian clans.

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And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives;
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time,
And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With double lustre from the glossy waste,
Ev'n in the depth of polar night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns, and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
Till seen at large for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains rise,
And fring'd with roses Tenglio† rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in useful care employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice-happy race! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath another sky.‡
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud mistule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;
And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps, or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid Pole
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest, taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they,
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending Sun,
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's§ fate,
As with *first* prow (what have not Britons dar'd?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew
Each full-exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.
Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of men;
And half-enliven'd by the distant Sun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till Morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields.
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.
What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
By Heaven inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter! first of monarchs! He
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says, "From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapors rise from the lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii, than bears."

† The same author observes;—"I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

‡ The other hemisphere.

§ Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the north-east passage.

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Through long successive ages to build up
A laboring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste:
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old dishonor proud: it glows around,
Taught by the royal hand that rous'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great *example* show'd.
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark: the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.
'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of Heaven and Earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
And Wisdom oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm,
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,

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Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempests forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms;
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whose Sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the Sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey: there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

Advertisement.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary, to make the imitation more perfect And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to allegorical poems writ in our language; just as in French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I., has been used in tales and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION OF THE OBSOLETE WORDS USED IN THIS POEM.

ARCHIMAGE — *the chief or greatest of magicians or enchanters.*
Apaid — *paid.*
Appal — *affright.*
Atween — *between.*
Aye — *always.*
Bale — *sorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt — *named*
Blazon — *painting, displaying.*
Breme — *cold, raw.*
Carol — *to sing songs of joy.*
Caucus — *the north-east wind.*
Certes — *certainly.*
Dan — *a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly — *skilfully.*
Depainted — *painted.*
Drowsy-head — *drowsiness.*
Eath — *easy.*
Eftsoons — *immediately, often afterwards.*
Eke — *also.*
Fays — *fairies.*
Gear *or* geer — *furniture equipage, dress.*
Glaive — *sword.* (Fr.)
Glee — *joy, pleasure*
Han — *have.*
Hight — *named, called* and sometimes it is used for *is called.* See stanza vii.
Idless — *idleness.*

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Imp — *child, or offspring; from the Saxon impan, to graft or plant.*
Kest — *for cast.*
Lad — *for led.*
Lea — *a piece of land, or meadow.*
Libbard — *leopard.*
Lig — *to lie.*
Losel — *a loose idle fellow.*
Louting — *bowing, bending.*
Lithe — *loose, lax.*
Mell — *mingle.*
Moe — *more.*
Moil — *to labor.*
Mote — *might.*
Muchel or mochel — *much, great.*
Nathless — *nevertheless.*
Ne — *nor.*
Needments — *necessaries.*
Noursling — *a child that is nursed.*
Noyance — *harm.*
Prankt — *colored, adorned gaily.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*) — *an old oath.*
Prick'd thro' the forest — *rode through the forest.*
Sear — *dry, burnt up.*
Sheen — *bright, shining.*
Sicker — *sure, surely.*
Smackt — *savored.*
Soot — *sweet, or sweetly.*
Sooth — *true, or truth.*
Stound — *misfortune, pang*
Sweltry — *sultry, consuming with heat.*
Swink — *to labor.*
Thrall — *slave.*
Transmew'd — *transformed.*
Vild — *vile.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) — *unadorned.*
Ween — *to think, be of opinion.*
Weet — *to know; to weet, to wit.*
Whilom — *erewhile, formerly.*
Wight — *man.*
Wis, *for* wist — *to know, think, understand.*
Wonne (a noun) — *dwelling.*
Wroke — *wreakt.*

N. B. The letter *Y* is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen it a syllable, and *en* at the end of a word, for the same reason, as *withouten, casten, &c.*

Yborn — *born.*
Yblent, *or* blent — *blended, mingled.*
Yclad — *clad.*
Ycleped — *called, named.*
Yfere — *together.*
Ymolten — *melted.*
Yode (*preter tense of* yede) — *went.*

CANTO I.

The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was nought around but images of rest
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny shade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer-sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labor harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of Earth that pass'd thereby:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighboring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this Earth, behold!
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May

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What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plow, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Outcast of Nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted Interest first began
To poison Earth, Astræa left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder, seiz'd on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

"Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labors to the valley deep,
For ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

"With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various stounds:
Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
And sell fair honor for some paltry pounds;
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds:
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

"No cocks, with me, to rustic labor call,
From village on to village sounding clear:
To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall,
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammer's thump; no horrid blacksmith sear,
Ne noisy tradesmen, your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

"Here nought but candor reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down:
They who are pleas'd themselves must always please;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
For Interest, Envy, Pride, and Strife, are banish'd hence.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure, ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above the passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose:
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor grows,
Embitter'd more from peevish day to day.
Ev'n those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stol'n away:
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

"But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the Sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
And gives th' untasted portion you have won.
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign.
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain,
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied Fays through airy portal stream

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty first began:
Though some there were who would not further pass,
And his alluring baits suspected han,
The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For, do their very best, they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
And, soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themselves within the cursed gate;
Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate
Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state,
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue

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For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect, breath'd repose;
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep.
Then, taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those that enter'd in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare.
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasaunce grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten trump, was proclamation made.
"Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade!
Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
And curs'd be he who minds his neighbor's trade!
Here dwells kind Ease, and unreproving Joy;
He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's black area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain,)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I, who have spent my nights, and nightly days,
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavor'd and rich viands crown'd
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this Earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair-rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire

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The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landskips rise,
Or Autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes th' astonish'd eyes,
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling Sun now plays o'er Ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound, too, here, to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease,
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart,
Wild-warbling Nature all above the reach of Art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
Of caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's love
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As Heaven and Earth they would together mell
At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colors that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprites,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon her nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil, good, and strew with pleasure, pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to Hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, awhile, O! lend us from the tomb
These long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or are you sportive?—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays.

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Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill Earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasure vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie:
Most like to carcass parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny saved is a penny got;"
Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigor will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer-air,
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

This globe portray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when useless worldly store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they dash along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbor's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntoes met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When, lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

But what most show'd the vanity of life
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife.
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honorable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea, many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd, not dark;
As soot this man could sing as morning-lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or Nature-painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day!

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke,)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven! the day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a lothely toad:
And sure his linen was not very clean.

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Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest-tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane, though keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not ev'n pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so:
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
And oft he sips their bowl: or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark:
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus* of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

* Mr. Quin.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems
†Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage; his ditty sweet
He lothed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which, when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
When in the hall of smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious, as of old.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom:
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labor was to kill the time;
And labor dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow:
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapory god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
But, ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd and lothesome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of Heaven, they languish'd there,
Unpitied uttering many a bitter groan:
For of these wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of Hell, their only nurses were.

† This character of Mr. Thomson was written by Lord Lyttleton

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Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where Sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway:
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancied in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow.
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humor ever wavering to and fro;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair;
That by his castle's overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.

ESCAP'D the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savoring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter, Indolence, complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labor its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the other Muses meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of Fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray
That from the beating rain, and wintery fray,
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame,
He knew no beverage but the flowing stream,
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan-game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem
The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme

So pass'd his youthful morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

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Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's store,
Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns:
Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly Truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plow he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon Earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvas into life;
With Nature his creating pencil vied,
With Nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife,
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so!

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best Sun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times,
Successive had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at Nature's cost;
Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
"Be this my great, my chosen isle," he cries,
"This, whilst my labors Liberty sustains,
This queen of Ocean all assault disdains."
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindest, firmest hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame:
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from Heaven itself who came
When Eden flourished in unspotted fame:
And still with her sweet Innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind
Nature and Art, at once, delight and use combin'd.

The towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social Commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the Poles, and, without bloody spoil,
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

The drooping Muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city by Propontic sea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous nursling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? They are the quintessence of all,
The growth of laboring time, and slow increase:
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees

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But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
Poor sons of puff-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
Th' eternal patron, Liberty; whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land,
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sovereign laws alone command,
Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain!
His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O, hide thy head, abominable War!
Of crimes and ruffian-idleness the child,
From Heaven this life ysprung, from Hell thy glories vild!

Nor from this deep retirement banish'd was
Th' amusing care of rural industry.
Still as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landskips strike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach;
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Paleas, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

But in prime vigor what can last for aye?
That soul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the sense
Ev'n much of private; ate our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man,
The lackey, be more virtuous than his lord?
Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
"Come, come, sir Knight! thy children on thee call
Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble color stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

"I will," he cried, "so help me God! destroy
That villain Archimage."—His page then straight
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch. "My steed be at the gate;
My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twisted by the sisters three;
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes; replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet gown bedight
As is his sister* of the copses green,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind; all else is vanity and glare.

"Come," quoth the knight, "a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear.
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men! who *will* be slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves
Shall raise. Thrice-happy he! who without rigor saves."

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright; sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,

* The nightingale.

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He pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss.
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:
"From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul;
While vice pours forth the troubled streams of Hell,
The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
Will, through the tortur'd breast, their fiery torrent roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers stay,
And spite ev'n of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the wizard's wonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

"As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive"
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cried)
"The frail good man deluded here to live,
And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be denied,
That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
And vice of virtue. What should then betide
But that our charity be not too nice?
Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice."

"Ay, sicker," quoth the knight, "all flesh is frail,
To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
But let not brutish vice of this avail,
And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;
But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave."

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before had said.
But when he saw, in goodly gear array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right
Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre of old,
The wary Retiarius trapp'd his foe;
Ev'n so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He set him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around,
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprites in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness every creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemish'd look,
As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vex'd Avernus' hole
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.
"There must," he cried, "amid so vast a shoal,
Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:
Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he tried,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain,—
"Ye helpless race,
Dire-laboring here to smother reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us wide o'er Earth unquestion'd sway
What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
What, but eternal never-resting soul,
Almighty power, and all-directing day;
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole

"Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold:
Draw from its fountain life! 'tis thence, alone,
We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,
To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne

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Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
In universal nature this clear shown,
Nor needeth proof; to prove it were, I wis,
To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

'Is not the field with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumberous mass,
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learnt to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honor'd been, none prais'd.

"Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And monkish legions been their only strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

"Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,
And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

"But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
If right I read, your pleasure all require:
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire.
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men to be in love with death!

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

"O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health?
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

"But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
Your talents here. This place is but a show,
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good knight
And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

"Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
To high discovery some, that new-creates
The face of Earth; some to the thriving mart;
Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart;
All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

"There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
'All may be done,' methinks I hear them say,
'Ev'n death despis'd by generous actions fair;
All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
And from the powerful arms of sloth get free.
'Tis rising from the dead:—Alas!—it cannot be!'

"Would you then learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
Here to mankind indulg'd: control desire:
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is done.

"Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
Your few important days of trial here?
Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching, and perfection clear.

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Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll, with vilest brutes, thro' mud and slime?
No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart disdains the sordid crime!"

"Enough! enough!" they cried—straight from the crowd
The better sort on wings of transport fly:
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad warbling thro' the vales, in their new being gay.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
When, just deliver'd from his fleshly den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen:
How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Ev'n so we glad forsook the sinful bowers,
Ev'n such enraptur'd life, such energy, was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
"Ye sons of hate!" they bitterly exclaim'd,
"What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
Then do the fiends of Hell rule in yon Heaven sublime."

"Ye impious wretches," quoth the knight in wrath,
"Your happiness behold!" Then straight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden the landskip sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each lothesome creature crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
Unhappy wights who lothed life yhung;
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night controll'd
The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid,
That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-display'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
The sick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

"O, Heaven!" they cried, "and do we once more see
Yon blessed Sun, and this green Earth so fair?
Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?
And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdest there
That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
But what for us, the children of despair,
Brought to the brink of Hell, what hope remains
Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
"Certes," quoth he, "it is not ev'n in grace,
T' undo the past, and eke your broken years.
Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers,
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven
She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven

"Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd
And by these sufferings purify the mind;
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
And to a life more happy and refin'd,
Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
Till then, you may expect in me to find
One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the skies."

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
"For you," resum'd the knight, with sterner tone,
"Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon sears
That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away:
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's eternal day?"

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad company.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds
Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
The fear supreme around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all-opening Heaven displeads.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescued had from gaping Hell,
Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell:

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Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

But, ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,
With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture, smil'd;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloudless air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
Or else the ground, by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow;
Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile,
Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

The other was a fell despiteful fiend:
Heil holds none worse in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancor keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

Ev'n so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

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CHARLES WESLEY.

CHARLES WESLEY was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, December 18, 1708. He was educated at Oxford, and went to Georgia with his elder brother John, with whom he was closely associated in the Methodist movement, both there and afterward in England. He preached first to large congregations at Blackheath, and then became an itinerant. He is said to have been a clear and earnest preacher, of simple life and unaffected piety. He is now remembered chiefly for his hymns, some of which are among the best in the language and are in constant use by all denominations of Protestants. He died in London, March 29, 1788. His journal, a volume of his sermons, and two volumes of his hymns have been published.

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

JESUS, lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into Thy haven guide—
  Oh receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none—
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
  Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
  All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
  Wilt Thou not regard my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
  Lo! on Thee I cast my care;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand,
  While I of Thy strength receive!
Hoping against hope I stand—
  Dying, and behold I live.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want—
  More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name—
  I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am:
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
  Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound—
  Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art—
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart—
  Rise to all eternity.

DEATH.

AH, lovely appearance of death!
  What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
  Can with a dead body compare;
With solemn delight I survey
  The corpse, when the spirit has fled—
In love with the beautiful clay,
  And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft
  Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
  This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
  Whose relics with envy I see—
No longer in misery now,
  No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
  With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
  And never shall vex him again;
No anger henceforward, or shame,
  Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
  And passion is vanished away.

This languishing head is at rest—
  Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
  Is heaved by affliction no more;
This heart is no longer the seat
  Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat—
  It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,
  By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in their mortal repose,
  Have strangely forgotten to weep,
The fountains can yield no supplies—
  These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wiped from these eyes,
  And evil they never shall see.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
  While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
  And press to the issues of death;
What now with my tears I bedew
  Oh might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
  My flesh be consigned to the tomb!

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven:
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.
Others with softer smiles, and subtle art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away:
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlb'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel:
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics, import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And, bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
Studious to please, and ready to submit;
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows:
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with falt'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for awkward flattery.
Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile:
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labors for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd,
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold:
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favors of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies.
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace or some blissful bower,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth con found,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumor flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;
The laureate tribe in venal verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

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See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.
Couldst thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walk, support thy drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with Nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay;
Lords of the street and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And leaves, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land,
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.
A single jail, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice, then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

IN IMITATION OF THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate.
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy;
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on Earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh, where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause:
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe

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Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human-kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine.
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize:
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below.
What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign.
When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion* trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise,
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glittering eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent:
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Roman shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire,

* There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident, it was pulled down many years since.

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O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honor's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear:
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;

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What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry rein,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior plied:
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice:
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, 1747.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-color'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart:
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.
Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilst Passion slept;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway
But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride:
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet* may dance.
Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET,

A PRACTISER IN PHYSIC.

Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.

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When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The pow'r of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,
The modest wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.

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WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE was born at Hales-Owen, Shropshire, in November, 1714. His father was a gentleman farmer who cultivated an estate of his own called the Leasowes. William received his early education from a clergyman of Solihull, who introduced him to classical literature and gave him a taste for the best English writers. In 1732 he went to Oxford, where he made one of a little club of students who met in the evening to read English literature.

In 1737 Shenstone published at Oxford a small volume bearing this title: "Poems upon Various Occasions, written for the Entertainment of the Author, and printed for the Amusement of a few Friends, prejudiced in his Favour." It did not attract much attention, and some years later he bought up all the copies he could find, and did his utmost to suppress it.

In 1740 he visited London and made the acquaintance of Dodsley, who published his "Judgment of Hercules." The next year he published his "School-mistress," which alone has kept his name on the roll of British poets. Shenstone brought it out in what he calls a sixpenny pamphlet, illustrated with costly engravings designed by himself, among which he contemplated including "the deformed portrait of my old school-dame, Sarah Lloyd." He also supplemented it with a "ludicrous index," which he said was "purely to show fools that I am in jest." But Dodsley suppressed the index in subsequent editions, and it is said that for want of it some noted critics did entirely misapprehend the character of the poem, as its author had feared. It is not improbable that one of the striking passages in this poem suggested one of the most striking in Gray's "Elegy."

In 1745, his parents having died, Shenstone came into possession of the Leasowes, on which he settled, and devoted the remainder of his life to landscape-gardening. All the money he could command was spent in beautifying the place, erecting rustic bridges, temples, and grottoes, while his fancy was continually employed in devising oddities and composing inscriptions and mottoes. His ingenuity was especially displayed in the devices by which he attempted to produce on a small plat of ground the effect of an extensive domain. He prided himself upon a vista which he had formed by planting large and dark-colored trees and shrubs near the point of observation, gradually succeeded by lighter and smaller ones down the pathway, which grew narrower as it receded, thus greatly increasing the apparent distance. But a practical wag in the neighborhood used to take visitors to look at it from the wrong end.

Shenstone's landscape was more famous than his verses, and thousands of visitors were attracted to it by an elaborate description which Dodsley wrote and published. This increased the burden of keeping up the place, and the poet was very near to bankruptcy. Gray says of him: "His whole philosophy consisted in living in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it."

Shenstone was twice in love, but never married, because his finances were never in a condition to support a wife. It is said that his "Pastoral Ballad" was commenced in honor of his first love, and finished under the inspiration of his last. He died on February 11, 1763, and was buried in the churchyard at Hales-Owen. His prose writings have been published in a separate volume.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo.
Virg.

Advertisement.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest Worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blast adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit, ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull Obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow

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And work the simple vassal's mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd. and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
And shap d it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trow,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd:
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontrol'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet portray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or Earth, or Sky, or Main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honor'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favor did her past deportment claim:
And, if Neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marigold of cheerful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear
Oh wassal days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from his lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat;
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foemen did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should o'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd

(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write:
As erst the bard* by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee:
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh Justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astonied, every twig survey,
And, from their fellow's hateful wounds, beware,
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share,
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes, doubly sweet

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth and hence the flower shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines:
And many a sullen look askance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her havior past resent

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is Valor's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than Craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false Deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now sagacious Foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

* Spenser.

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But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-liv'd pastime, I implore!
For well may Freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the Sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud Ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair Peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er penniless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honor'd names* th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known;

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! 'midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose heart did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

ELEGY,

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

Why mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye,
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

"Damon," said he, "thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

"For oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell;
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

"But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd:
In Fortune's train the syren Flattery smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

"Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropp'd the chase, till Jessy was my prey.

"Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expense, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

"School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

"Then, while the fancied rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words their wonted softness wear
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

"To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

"Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame
Erewhile to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"'Henry,' she said, 'by thy dear form subdu'd,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the Sun

"'Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn

'Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

"The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

"'If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

"'Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph so frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair

'Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee:
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

"'Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

"'Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore:
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more

"'Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

'Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

"'Haply, when Age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native soil.'

"She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

"I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!

"—Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain!

"And see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop Reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier!"

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS. 1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.—*Virg.*

I. ABSENCE.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow:
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

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Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
  But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
  But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year
  More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
  But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
  To the bower I have labor'd to rear,
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
  But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
  With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
  To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
  What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
  From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
  Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
  As—she may not be found to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
  She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
  Who would rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
  Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
  How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
  And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
  So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
  Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
  Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
  These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
  Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
  If aught, in her absence, could please

But where does my Phyllida stray?
  And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
  And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
  And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
  But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
  Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
  She 's fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
  With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
  She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
  Come and join in my amorous lays,
I could lay down my life for the swain,
  That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
  Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
  —But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
  Any favor with Phyllis to find,
O how with one trivial glance,
  Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
  And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis, beware
  Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
  'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
  And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labor the strain,
  With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
  Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
  And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
  He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
  More sweet than the jessamine's flower
What are pinks in a morn to compare?
  What is eglantine after a shower?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
  The rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
  And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
  And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
  Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
  So Phyllis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
  So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
  Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
  Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
  And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray;
  I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
  She was fair—and my passion begun,
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
  She is faithless—and I am undone.

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Perhaps I was void of all thought.
  Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
  By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
  It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
  Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile

She is faithless, and I am undone;
  Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
  What it cannot instruct you to cure
Beware how you loiter in vain
  Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
  How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
  What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
  The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
  The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
  In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
  The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
  Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
  But we're not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
  As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
  To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
  I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
  With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd—and I could not but love;
  Was faithless—and I am undone!

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit—— *Virgil.*

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood;
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed;
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore.
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah! soon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee,
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but insipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date;
And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies

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THOMAS GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY was born in London, December 26, 1716. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. At Eton he became intimate with Horace Walpole, and after their college-days were over they travelled together on the Continent. Gray studied law for a while; but after the death of his father, in 1741, he gave it up and went to Cambridge to take the doctor's degree. There he spent the greater part of his life. His passion was for books and for natural scenery. The one he found in the great libraries, and for the other he rambled about in Wales, Scotland, and the lake district of England. In his travels he always carried a note-book, and his letters to his literary friends were filled with descriptions of what he saw. In 1747 he published his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," whose closing lines are one of the most familiar of all quotations. In 1751 his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was published anonymously. Portions of it had been composed several years before. It met with immediate appreciation, went rapidly through eleven editions, and was translated into Latin. And its popularity has never waned. In 1757 he published his "Pindaric Odes." The same year he declined the Laureate-ship, which had become vacant by the death of Cibber. In 1768 he was appointed to the chair of Modern History at Cambridge. The professorship had been held as a sinecure, but Gray prepared to fulfil its duties. His good intentions, however, were defeated by his natural indolence and by declining health. He died of gout, on July 30, 1771, and was buried at Stoke-Pogis, Buckinghamshire, in the churchyard which is the scene of his Elegy. Gray wrote but little poetry (nearly all his poems are in this collection), but what he did write is singularly perfect. In proportion to its quantity, it has probably furnished more popular quotations than the works of any other writer of English verse.

ON VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow,
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace:
While hope prolongs our happier hour;
Or deepest shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads,
Approaching comfort view;
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost,
And breathe, and walk again;
The meanest flowerot of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the course where pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

. . . . .

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HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

.....Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώσαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
Æschylus, in Agamemnone.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on Earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound.
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd
Or wak'd to ecstacy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul

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Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει.
Pindar. Olym. ii.

I.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control:
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,

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With antic sports and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow-melting strains their queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

II.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labor and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling* laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears

Nor second he,† that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bare
Two coursers of ethereal race,‡
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!

* Shakespeare.

† Milton.

‡ Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

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The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the Sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance;
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
"Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May."

ODE FOR MUSIC.

PERFORMED IN THE SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1, 1769, AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE AUGUSTUS-HENRY FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground,)
Comus and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in flowers.
Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-ey'd Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardor stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy."

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers, in long order go:
Great Edward,* with the lilies on his brow,
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon,† on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,‡
And Anjou's§ heroine, and the paler rose,‖
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry¶ there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb,)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude."

* Edward the Third; who added the fleur-de-lis of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

† Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, Comte de St. Paul in France: of whom tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

‡ Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of princely. She founded Clare-Hall

§ Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The poet had celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former ode.

‖ Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth (hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York.) She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

¶ Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

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Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret* see!
"Welcome, my noble son," she cries aloud,
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's† fire, a Beaufort's grace.
Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round Heaven's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from Earth the latent gem,
To glitter on the diadem.

"Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band.
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
The laureate wreath, that Cecil‡ wore, she brings
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.
Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien
Thy steady course of honor keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD-FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sate by, and smil'd,)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A favorite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Not all that glisters, gold.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ἄνθρωπος· ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.
Menander.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's§ holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

* Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

† The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

‡ Lord-treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

§ King Henry the Sixth, founder of the college.

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While some on earnest business bent
  Their murmuring labors ply
Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
  Less pleasing, when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sun-shine of the breast;
Their buxom health, of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
  The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
  And black Misfortune's baleful train.
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
  Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
  The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
  And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love, shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
  That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
  And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
  Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
  And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
  That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
  Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
  A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
  Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
  And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
  Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
  The unfeeling for his own.

Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
  And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their Paradise
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
  'Tis folly to be wise.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's* twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'sterf stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer,‡ and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air,)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they wave
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head
On dreary Arvon's shore§ they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

---

* The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

† Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

‡ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore

§ The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesea.

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No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II.

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race:
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of Hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkeley's roofs that ring,*
Shrieks of an agonizing king;
She-wolf of France,† with unrelenting fangs,
That tears the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven.‡ What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!§
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior‖ fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in the noontide beam were born;
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

"'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare:
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,¶
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius,** London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
Revere his consort's* faith, his father's† fame
And spare the meek usurper's‡ holy head.
Above, below, the rose§ of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread:
The bristled boar‖ in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom

III.

"'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.¶
(The web is wove. The work is done.)'
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur** we bewail.
All-hail, ye genuine kings;†† Britannia's issue, hail

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play,
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,‡‡ hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-color'd wings.

---

* Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkeley castle.

† Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

‡ Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

§ Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

‖ Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

¶ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

** Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

* Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

† Henry the Fifth.

‡ Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

§ The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

‖ The silver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

¶ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

** It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

†† Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor

‡‡ Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

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"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress.
In buskin'd measures* move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice,† as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings‡ lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care:
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

THE FATAL SISTERS.§

AN ODE.

[*From the Norse Tongue.*]

IN THE ORCADES OF THORMODUS TORFÆUS; HALFNIÆ, 1697, FOLIO; AND ALSO IN BARTHOLINUS.

Vitt er oprit fyrir valfalli, &c.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy Sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring

(Weave the crimson web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to Slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live:
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the Sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed;
Each her thundering falchion wield
Each bestride her sable steed:
Hurry, hurry to the field.

* Shakespeare.

† Milton.

‡ The succession of poets after Milton's time.

§ The Valkyriur were female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies choosers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale

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THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

[*From the same.*]

IN BARTHOLINUS, DE CAUSIS CONTEMNENDÆ MORTIS: HAFNIÆ, 1689, QUARTO.

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

UPROSE the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's* drear abode.
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd;
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning Earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of Hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.
Pr. What call unknown, what charms presume,
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?
O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?
Pr. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.
O. Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise, and say
What danger Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?
Pr. In Hoder's hand the horo's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.
O. Prophetess, my spell obey:
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?
Pr. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the Sun's departing beam:
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.
O. Yet awhile my call obey,
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.
Pr. Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line.—
O. No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!
Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok† has burst his ten-fold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Niflheimr, the Hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: over it presided Hela, the goddess of death.

† Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and Sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, quarto.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.‡

A FRAGMENT.

FROM MR. EVANS'S SPECIMENS OF THE WELSH POETRY; LONDON, 1764, QUARTO.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's§ shield, and Britain's gem.

‡ Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 112. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

§ North Wales.

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He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor all profusely pours,
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin* plows the watery way:
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntless on his native sand
The dragon-son† of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar,
Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honorable Death.

* Denmark.

† The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.

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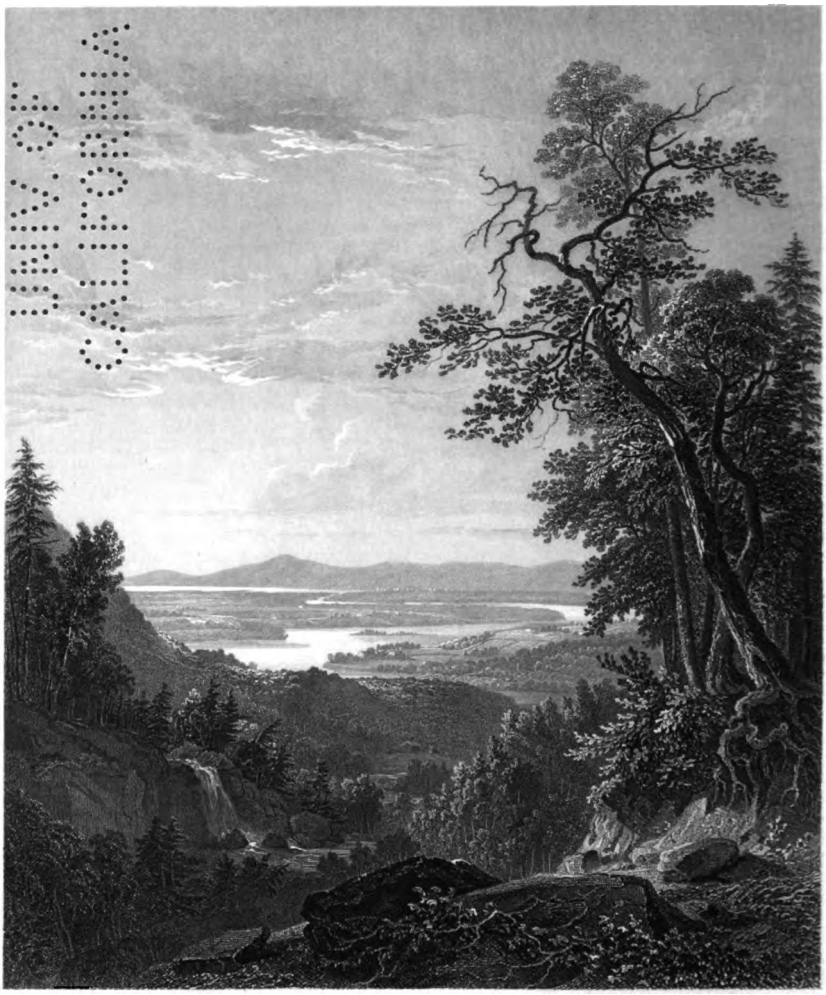

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TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

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TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

Tobias Smollett was born near Renton, Dumbartonshire, Scotland, in 1721. He studied medicine at Glasgow, but gave more thought to poetry than to physic, and at seventeen produced a tragedy founded on the death of James I. of Scotland. He went to London, expecting this production would start him at once on the high-road to wealth and fame. Disappointed, he shipped as surgeon's mate in the navy. He soon left the service in disgust, and attempted practice as a physician; but his ungovernable temper and propensity for satire made him too unpopular. He married a young lady whom he had met in Jamaica, and sued her father for the promised portion, £3,000. Failing in this also, he turned to literature as a profession, and produced his well-known novels "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," "Count Fathom," "Humphrey Clinker," etc. These were very successful, as was also a history of England, which he wrote in fourteen months. He undertook the editorship of a Tory journal, became involved in violent personalities, and was imprisoned and fined. He went to Italy for his health, and died near Leghorn, October 21, 1771. Smollett wrote but few poems, the best of which are in this collection. "The Tears of Scotland" was written just after the battle of Culloden.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more,
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

O baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;

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No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and mottled par.*
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient Faith that knows no guile,
And Industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic Superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd th' infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars stain'd with human gore;
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage past that way,
Impell'd by Destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He stopt: he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seiz'd the advantage Fate allow'd,
And straight compress'd her in his vig'rous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the Tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew;
And Independence saw the light.
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born.
The mountain Dryads, seiz'd with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric Muse caress'd the favorite boy,
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul
On desert islets it was he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;†
And wing'd that arrow, sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted Nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould,
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold.
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips, by him chastis'd to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which the heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
Where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the miscreant's brow:

* The par is a small fish, not unlike the smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavor.

† Alluding to the known story of William Tell and his associates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiss Cantons.

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Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth!
And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppress:
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string,
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay;
And all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;
Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;
And Nature still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of Disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell,
Where the pois'd lark his evening ditty chants,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell
There Study shall with Solitude recline;
And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
And Toil and Temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains·
And fearless Poverty shall guard the door;
And Taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread;
And Industry supply the humble store;
And Sleep unbrib'd his dews refreshing shed.
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

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MARK AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, November 9, 1721. He was sent to Edinburgh to prepare for the Presbyterian ministry, but soon took up the study of medicine, and graduated M. D. at Leyden in 1744. He practised at various places, settling finally in London, but was not very successful. At Leyden he had become intimate with Jeremiah Dyson, who was wealthy, and who gave him an allowance of £300 a year. At the age of twenty-three Akenside published his "Pleasures of Imagination," the poem for which chiefly he is still remembered. It met with a warm welcome, and placed its author at once among the accepted poets. It went rapidly through several editions, and still has its admirers. His next publication was an invective against the Earl of Bath, entitled an "Epistle to Curio," and in 1745 he published ten odes. He wrote other short poems from time to time, and several medical treatises.

Akenside was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had advanced slowly until he reached the position of physician to the queen, soon after his appointment to which, he died, June 23, 1770. It is said that his slow professional progress was owing to his pedantry and haughty manner, and in this light Smollett sketched his character in "Peregrine Pickle." Dissatisfied with the "Pleasures of Imagination," Akenside was continually at work changing it, and at his death he had written a portion of an entirely new poem on the subject. A complete edition of his poetical works was published by Dyson, in 1772.

THE VIRTUOSO.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE AND STANZA.

WHILOM by silver Thames's gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight—
A wight of mickle wealth, and mickle fame,
Book-learned and quaint: a virtuoso hight.
Uncommon things, and rare, were his delight;
From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,
Nor ceaséd he from study day or night,
Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever breeds on earth or air or seas.

He many a creature did anatomize,
Almost unpeopling water, air, and land;
Beasts, fishes, birds, snails, caterpillars, flies,
Were laid full low by his relentless hand,
That oft with gory crimson was distained;
He many a dog destroyed, and many a cat;
Of fleas his bed, of frogs the marshes drained,
Could tellen if a mite were lean or fat,
And read a lecture o'er the entrails of a gnat.

He knew the various modes of ancient times,
Their arts and fashions of each different guise,
Their weddings, funerals, punishments for crimes,
Their strength, their learning-eke, and rarities;
Of old habiliments, each sort and size,
Male, female, high and low, to him were known;
Each gladiator dress, and stage disguise;
With learnéd, clerkly phrase he could have shown
How the Greek tunic differed from the Roman gown.

A curious medallist, I wot, he was,
And boasted many a course of ancient coin;
Well as his wife's he knewen every face,
From Julius Cæsar down to Constantine:
For some rare sculpture he would oft ypine,
(As green-sick damosels for husbands do);
And when obtainéd, with enraptured eyne,
He'd run it o'er and o'er with greedy view,
And look, and look again, as he would look it through.

His rich museum, of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught:
Things ancient, curious, value-worth, and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome, were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought:
On these all tides with joyous eyes he pored;
And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,
When he beheld his cabinets thus stored,
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord.

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THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἀσέβημά ἐςιν ἀνθρωπου τὰς παρὰ τῶ θεῶ χάρθας ἀτιμάζειν.
Epict. apud Arrian. II. 13.

PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1744.

Book I

Argument.

The subject proposed. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the Divine Mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men; with its final cause. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty, in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connexion of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects: color; shape; natural concretes; vegetables; animals; the mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connexion of the imagination and the moral faculty. Conclusion.

With what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of Nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honors, dance around my strain.
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colors through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! descend
And join this festive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Majestic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her sister Liberty will not be far.
Be present, all ye genii, who conduct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your springs and shades: who touch his ear
With finer sounds: who heighten to his eye
The bloom of Nature, and before him turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic strain
The critic-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
Lay this prime subject, though importing most
A poet's name: for fruitless is th' attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obscure to conquer the severe ascent
Of high Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; Nature's hand
Must string his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful steep, to soar
High as the summit; there to breathe at large
Ethereal air; with bards and sages old,
Immortal sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
To this neglected labor court my song;
Yet not unconscious what a doubtful task
To paint the finest features of the mind,
And to most subtle and mysterious things
Give color, strength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muses bids explore,
Through secret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untasted springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
And shade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound recess,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From Heaven my strains begin; from Heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant Sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The Moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the globe
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd th' Almighty One: then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant Sun, the Moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and streams, the rolling globe
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild resounding waves
Hence light and shade alternate; warmth and cold
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life, to different labors urge
The active powers of man! with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful Moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of Heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and Fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clefted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould

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She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand.
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The Moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memmon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sounds, or fair-proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive,
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favorite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring.
Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardor to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native starry. Tir'd of Earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm,
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the Heavens
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the Sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave Heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.
Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of Nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to Earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty Wisdom; Nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze

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Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things,
For such the bounteous Providence of Heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire
Of objects new, and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labor to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him, who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of Hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil,
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs; till eager for the event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee,
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore: thou, better Sun!
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of Heaven!
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The meeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, through Nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labor. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honor'd shades,
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempé's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempé! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral steps
Young Hours and genial Gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odors, shower'd ambrosial dews,
And Spring's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
To thee nor Tempé shall refuse; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O bear then, unreprov'd
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays. With sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel-form
For Beauty's honor'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid
Incline thy polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks: disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as love
With sanctity and wisdom, tempering blend
Their soft allurement. Then the pleasing force
Of Nature, and her kind parental care,
Worthier I'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cerulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favorable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superstition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning Earth
To fright you from your joys: my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardor in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know
Does Beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native powers most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was Beauty sent from Heaven
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,

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And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of Earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did Fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope, that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
Of baleful Superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where Wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel
Those monkish horrors: then in light divine
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom Nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurel'd Science, and harmonious Art,
Proceed, exulting, to the eternal shrine,
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of Bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike band. And if the gracious Power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
When Summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurement; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers Chance and Fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds
And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.
Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd
Adventurous to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd,
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In Beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendor. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colors mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape,
Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With color's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous Earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honors with the spring resume;
And thus the stately tree with Autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members to the bloom
Of color, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed
With rival ardor beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent Sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, Earth and Heaven)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove,
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the Spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honor's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where Nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary Ocean; trace the forms

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Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through Time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms,
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of Earth, to man alone
Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will,
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of Truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant sire,
To deck the honor'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright Imagination's rays:
Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dress'd by Fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenuous youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honor, or, in act serene,
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.
Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Well-pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
Of Nature and of Science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
Of Strife and low Ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious! to my favor'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of Fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
The springs of ancient Wisdom! while I join
Thy name, thrice-honor'd! with the immortal praise
Of Nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

Book II.

Argument.

The separation of the works of imagination from philosophy, the cause of their abuse among the moderns. Prospect of their reunion under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleasures, which increase the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleasures of sense. Particular circumstances of the mind. Discovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and design. Emotion of the passions. All the natural passions partake of a pleasing sensation; with the final cause of this constitution illustrated by an allegorical vision, and exemplified in sorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

When shall the laurel and the vocal string
Resume their honors? When shall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethéan hand,
Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
How slow, the dawn of Beauty and of Truth
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night,
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious Force;
Oft as the gloomy North, with iron-swarms
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of Liberty and Wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring Night. As long immur'd
In noontide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
Each Muse and each fair Science pin'd away
The sordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to Earth.
At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd their bounds
And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flow,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border, and the shore
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
Of dire Ambition and gigantic Power,
From public aims and from the busy walk
Of civil Commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating Science to the cells,
Where studious Ease consumes the silent hour
In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic Fancy and harmonious Joy,

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To priestly domination and the lust
Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue
Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
Of tinsel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their prostrate necks
The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
When Freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore
In full proportion, once more shall extend
To all the kindred powers of social bliss
A common mansion, a parental roof.
There shall the Virtues, there shall Wisdom's train
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of Arts,
The Muses and the Graces. Then no more
Shall Vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot-bosom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod: the harmonious Muse,
And her persuasive sisters, then shall plant
Their sheltering laurels o'er the black ascent,
And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine Philosophy's retreats,
And teach the Muse her lore; already strove
Their long-divided honors to unite,
While tempering this deep argument we sang
Of Truth and Beauty. Now the same glad task
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We hasten to recount the various springs
Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm?
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst
Of Summer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of Spring,
When rural songs and odors wake the Morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigor he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed Sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!
Or shall I mention, where celestial Truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on Beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sunbeams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling shower
Piercing through every crystalline convex
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal surface on each glassy orb
Repels their forward passage into air;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began; and, as they strike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assume a different lustre, through the brede
Of colors changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue.
Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, Wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favor'd steps
The lamp of Science through the jealous maze
Of Nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honors: whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the pensile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand
What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion through the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colors and a night of shade?
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Even to the base; from every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then Nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force
The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.
Yet more: her honors where nor beauty claims
Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,
From Passion's power alone our nature holds
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
Rouses the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers
Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew
By that collision all the fine machine:
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
Encumbering, choke at last what Heaven design'd
For ceaseless motion and a round of toil
—But say, does every passion thus to man
Administer delight? That name indeed
Becomes the rosy breath of Love; becomes
The radiant smiles of Joy, the applauding hand
Of Admiration: but the bitter shower
That Sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave

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But the dumb palsy of nocturnal Fear,
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting Indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue
The unalter'd will of Heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius, wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
Of Wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice,
O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and support this mighty frame
Of universal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the sage his awful tale began.

"'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood
When spotless youth with solitude resigns
To sweet philosophy the studious day,
What time pale Autumn shades the silent eve,
Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man, my thought revolv'd
When starting full on Fancy's gushing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentlest Wisdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honors gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears,
Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell,
Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
As with the hand of Death. At once the shade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark
As midnight storms, the scene of human things
Appear'd before me: deserts, burning sands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen south,
And Desolation blasting all the west
With rapine and with murder: tyrant Power
Here sits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of Superstition there infect the skies,
And turn the Sun to horror. Gracious Heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
Not these portents thy awful will suffice?
That, propagated thus beyond their scope,
They rise to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heir of evils not its own!

"Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd,
A flashing torrent of celestial day
Burst through the shadowy void. With slow descent
A purple cloud came floating through the sky,
And, pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majestic o'er my head,
And instant thunder shook the conscious grove
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
Then all the shining vision stood reveal'd.
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the transparent robe, around his waist
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Ethereal: there in mystic signs engrav'd,
I read his office high, and sacred name,
Genius of human-kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike presence; for athwart his brow
Displeasure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like distant thunders broke the murmuring air.

"'Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy short span
Capacious of this universal frame?
Thy wisdom all-sufficient? Thou, alas!
Dost thou aspire to judge between the Lord
Of Nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Against the sovereign order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaspheme the bands
Of tenderness innate, and social love,
Holiest of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union, and sustain'd
From everlasting? Hast thou felt the pangs
Of softening sorrow, of indignant zeal.
So grievous to the soul, as thence to wish
The ties of Nature broken from thy frame;
That so thy selfish, unrelenting heart
Might cease to mourn its lot, no longer then
The wretched heir of evils not its own?
O fair benevolence of generous minds!
O man by Nature form'd for all mankind!'

"He spoke; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
As conscious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
Before his presence, though my secret soul
Disdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He stoop'd sublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, 'Raise thy sight,' he cried,
'And let thy sense convince thy erring tongue.'

"I look'd, and lo! the former scene was chang'd
For verdant alleys and surrounding trees,
A solitary prospect, wide and wild
Rush'd on my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
Of hills, with many a shaggy forest mix'd,
With many a sable cliff and glittering stream.
Aloft, recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever-trickling springs
Wash'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling soil; and still at every fall
Down the steep windings of the channel'd rock,
Remurmuring rush'd the congregated floods
With hoarser inundation; till at last
They reach'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
Of that high desert spread her verdant lap,
And drank the gushing moisture, where, confin'd
In one smooth current, o'er the lilied vale
Clearer than glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils,
Luxuriant spreading to the rays of morn,
Blush'd o'er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound
As in a sylvan theatre inclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I spied a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
Of osiers. Now the western Sun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that celestial power, the mystic show
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

"'Inhabitants of Earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of Providence to learn,
Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear—
Know then, the sovereign Spirit of the world,
Though, self-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep essence he beheld

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The bounds of true felicity complete;
Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
To spread around him that primeval joy
Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
And sounded through the hollow depth of space
The strong, creative mandate. Straight arose
These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Through endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,
In measure such, that, from the wide complex
Of coexistent orders, one might rise,
One Order, all-involving and entire.
He too beholding in the sacred light
Of his essential reason, all the shapes
Of swift contingence, all successive ties
Of action propagated through the sum
Of possible existence, he at once,
Down the long series of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
To every living soul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
To universal good: with full accord
Answering the mighty model he had chosen,
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds,
That lay from everlasting in the store
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodness to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time,
His parent-hand, with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue, has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher scenes of being; while, supplied
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting Moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The Sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of Nature cease to prompt their eager steps
Aright; nor is the care of Heaven withheld
From granting to the task proportion'd aid;
That in their stations all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

"'That rocky pile thou see'st, that verdant lawn
Fresh-water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat
Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
Along the shady brink; in this recess
To wear the appointed season of his youth,
Till riper hours should open to his toil
The high communion of superior minds,
Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cherish; nor withheld
Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honors of his throne,
He sent whom most he lov'd, the sovereign fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold;
The goddess from whose inspiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whose work divine, in Heaven or Earth
Nought lovely, nought propitious, comes to pass,
Nor hope, nor praise, nor honor. Her the Sire
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
And from the laws of this majestic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her side
With constant steps her gay companions stay'd,
The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen
Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the shining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd
They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies

"I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood,
Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth,
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd
His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
Sate young Simplicity. With fond regard
He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honors breath'd,
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn
Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
The spring of Heaven had shed its blushing spoils
To bind her sable tresses: full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes
To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
From each majestic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks
Benevolent and meet, confiding love
To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp
Around her honor'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the sun-shine streams through vernal clouds,
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
The immortal pair forsook the enamel'd green,
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were heard,
And through the fragrant air ethereal dews
Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds,
Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse
Of empyréan flame, where, spent and drown'd,
Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Endur'd not. Bending down to Earth I stood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades
With sacred invocation thus began

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"'Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd
I seek to finish thy divine decree.
With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds
Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
The latent honors of his generous frame;
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
From Earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice, he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid,
The associate thou hast given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! absent, her he craves;
And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,
I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
Still further aided in the work divine.'

"She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus replied.
O thou! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all the inhabitants of Heaven,
Best image of thy author! far from thee
Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame;
Who, soon or late, shall every work fulfil,
And no resistance find. If man refuse
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honors due to thee alone;
That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil
Go then! but let not this thy smiling friend
Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold!
With thee the son of Nemesis I send;
The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes account
Of sacred Order's violated laws.
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Control his cruel frenzy, and protect
Thy tender charge; that when Despair shall grasp
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone sufficient in the hour of ill
To save his feeble spirit; then confess
Thy genuine honors, O excelling fair!
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging demon, all the storms
Of night infernal, serve but to display
The energy of thy superior charms
With mildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
And shining clearer in the horrid gloom.'

"Here ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
The cloudy curtain of refreshing eve
Was clos'd once more, from that immortal fire
Sheltering my eyelids. Looking up, I view'd
A vast gigantic spectre striding on
Through murmuring thunders and a waste of clouds,
With dreadful action. Black as night, his brow
Relentless frowns involv'd. His savage limbs
With sharp impatience violent he writh'd,
As through convulsive anguish; and his hand,
Arm'd with a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
In madness to his bosom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shock
The void with horror. Silent by his side
The virgin came. No discomposure stirr'd
Her features. From the glooms which hung around
No stain of darkness mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they stoop
Upon the river-bank; and now, to hail
His wonted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
The unsuspecting inmate of the shade.

"As when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
Had rang'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
Of some lone village, a neglected kid
That strays along the wild for herb or spring;
Down from the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: so with tenfold rage,
The monster sprung remorseless on his prey.
Amaz'd the stripling stood: with panting breast
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of helpless consternation, struck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tenderest care
Advanc'd to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempestuous arm
Hung nerveless, nor descended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
With sullen rancor. Lo! the sovran maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his rosy cheek;
Then grasps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue

"'O wake thee, rouse thy spirit! Shall the spite
Of yon tormenter thus appal thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To rescue and to heal? O let thy soul
Remember, what the will of Heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
And soothing sun-shine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flourish. Oft misled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reason wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim; as if to lie
Inglorious in the fragrant shade, and wait
The soft access of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Ask thyself,
This pleasing error did it never lull
Thy wishes? Has thy constant heart refus'd
The silken fetters of delicious ease?
Or when divine Euphrosyné appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy desires
Hang far below the measure of thy fate,
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counsels, turn away
To drink the soft effusion of her smiles?
Know then, for this the everlasting Sire
Deprives thee of her presence, and instead,
O wise and still benevolent! ordains
This horrid visage hither to pursue
My steps; that so thy nature may discern
Its real good, and what alone can save
Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill
From folly and despair. O yet belov'd!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy scatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormenter, nor his proud assault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
Above the generous question of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong
This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, then with ease
Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns
To bondage and to scorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,

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The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world,
Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempest on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever stronger as the storms advance,
Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
Where Nature calls him to the destin'd goal.'
"So spake the goddess; while through all her frame
Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift,
As lightning fires the aromatic shade
In Ethiopian fields, the stripling felt
Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
And, starting from his languor, thus exclaim'd:
"'Then let the trial come! and witness thou,
If terror be upon me; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or falter in my strength
When hardest it besets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
As late thy eyes beheld; for thou hast chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou
Forsake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my constant feet.
But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in Heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear
His hateful presence; but permit my tongue
One glad request, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
The rosy-featur'd maid, again to cheer
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles.'
"He spoke; when instant through the sable glooms
With which that furious presence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flash; the melting clouds
Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene
Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.
"'Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more.—
Hark! how the gentle Echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents—we shall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well-pleas'd on high
The Father has beheld you, while the might
Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever spake
The high decree: That thou, celestial maid!
Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancor of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.'
"She ended; and the whole romantic scene
Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each mysterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When sun-shine fills the bed. Awhile I stood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
Preventing my inquiry, thus began.
"'There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion, swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighboring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The general eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succor, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terror and Compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of Heaven and Earth surveys th' immortal page
Even as a father blessing, while he reads,
The praises of his son If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame,
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown

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Of curst Ambition: when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore when ruffian Pride
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish, empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honor'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward rage
Of regal Envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself—I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear?—The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honors of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.'"

Book III.

Argument.

Pleasure in observing the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or absurd. The origin of vice, from false representations of the fancy, producing false opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cause of the sense of ridicule. The resemblance of certain aspects of inanimate things to the sensations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, described. The secondary pleasure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illustrated in the arbitrary connexion of these pleasures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taste. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages resulting from a sensible and well-formed imagination.

What wonder therefore, since the endearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature through the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms? The spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south,
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
Of Love invite; nor only where the applause
Of cordial Honor turns the attentive eye
On Virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of Nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; so haply where the powers
Of Fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint, in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In Nature; there Opinion will be true,
And Action right. For Action treads the path
In which Opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and Opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true,
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colors and distorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the sound of Death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink
Of light and being, down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
Of Justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
Will not Opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not choose to be a wretch, and live?
Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
Which Fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of Reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurns him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus Ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale Revenge
Unsheathes her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of Lust and Rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keep them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic Muse discloses, under shapes
Of honor, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
Those lying forms which Fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling passions driven
To guilty deeds; nor Reason bound in chains,
That Vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With solemn pageants, Folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways

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She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I sing of Nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
A stricter note: now haply must my song
Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
In lighter strains, how Folly's awkward arts
Excite impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke;
The sportive province of the comic Muse.
See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze,
Unask'd, his motley features. Wait awhile,
My curious friends! and let us first arrange,
In proper order, your promiscuous throng.
Behold the foremost band; of slender thought,
And easy faith; whom flattering Fancy soothes
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the Sun
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wishful Envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In numbers boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By Fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
For adoration. Some in Learning's garb,
With formal band, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
Of stately Valor: listening by his side
There stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulphurous mines, and ambush: then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wondering question of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
And, bending oft their sanctimonious eyes,
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of Heaven! Nor much unlike
Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
And hints deep-omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.
Then comes the second order, all who seek
The debt of praise, where watchful Unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
On some retir'd appearance, which belies
The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause
That Justice else would pay. Here side by side
I see two leaders of the solemn train
Approaching: one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of Death; yet still she stuns
The sickening audience with a nauseous tale;
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the risks of love,
And man's seducing tongue! The other seems
A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
And sordid all his habit; peevish Want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
Of her who blushes at the fond regard
Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
The praise of spotless honor: let the man
Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
And ample store, but as indulgent streams
To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.
Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
By Fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
The images of some peculiar things
With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms:
Hence oft, obtrusive on the eye of Scorn,
Untimely Zeal her witless pride betrays!
And serious manhood from the towering aim
Of Wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells!
Not with intenser view the Samian sage
Bent his fixt eye on Heaven's intenser fires,
When first the order of that radiant scene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd
Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours
Is all he asks, and all that Fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
Of sly Derision! till on every side
Hurling thy random bolts, offended Truth
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves
Of Folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In scoffs and mockery, bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.
But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent Fate,
Of all the Muse's empire, hath assign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your sickles; here the teeming soil affords
Its richest growth. A favorite brood appears;
In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repaid. Ye most illustrious band!
Who, scorning Reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay Vice the reverence Virtue long usurp'd,
And yield Deformity the fond applause
Which Beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
It shuns the unequal province of your praise.
Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of bland Imagination, Folly's train
Have dar'd our search: but now a dastard kind
Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye; enfeebled hearts

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Whom Fancy chills with visionary fears,
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
Who droops abash'd when sullen Pomp surveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and struck with Terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears
At every dream of danger; here subdued
By frontless Laughter, and the hardy scorn
Of old, unfeeling Vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of Temperance and Honor; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
With foulest license mock the patriot's name.
Last of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay Derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful Ignorance presides.
Beneath her sordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, Confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpose; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
For Scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
Of Folly in the mind; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train.
Through every scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenor of my devious lay;
Through every swift occasion, which the hand
Of Laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her sallying nerves and chokes her tongue;
What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the power of Ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer: whether Pomp,
Or Praise, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether these with violation loth'd,
Invade resplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of Beauty, or the boast of Praise.
Ask we for what fair end, the Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of Reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of Folly? Though the light
Of Truth, slow dawning on the inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil! yet benignant Heaven,
Conscious how dim the dawn of Truth appears
To thousands; conscious what a scanty pause
From labors and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of Nature; therefore stamp'd
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad as obvious, to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.
Such are the various aspects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
Attain that secret harmony which blends
The ethereal spirit with its mould of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the graceful charm
That searchless Nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
The inexpressive semblance of himself,
Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa should forsake
The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pausing eye! Behold the expanse
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze:
Now their grey cincture skirts the doubtful Sun;
Now streams of splendor, through their opening veil
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
The aërial shadows; on the curling brook,
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
With quickest lustre glancing; while you view
The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
With clouds and sun-shine chequer'd, while the round
Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue
Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,
Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of such discordant things?
Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At first were strung? Or rather from the links
Which artful custom twines around her frame?
For when the different images of things,
By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
With deeper impulse, or, connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er distinct
The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise,
And each his former station straight resumes.
One movement governs the consenting throng,
And all at once with rosy pleasures shine,
Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient Fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
Of the same parent-stone, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
With fatal impulse quivering to the Pole:
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet know
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
Those long-connected scenes where first they mov'd
The attention: backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton Fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions and designs
Attendant: whence, if pleasing in itself,
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.
By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of Memory her ideal train preserves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste

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Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic Art,
Their largest choice: like Spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in Summer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens,
With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he, whose birth the sister powers of Art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of Nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with un'bating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that Nature can bestow,
The child of Fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic powers
Labor for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest frenzy caught,
From Earth to Heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From Heaven to Earth. Anon ten thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of Earth,
From Ocean's bed, they come; the eternal Heavens
Disclose their splendors, and the dark Abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides,
Enlarges, and extenuates by turns;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till rosy Earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful Sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colors mingle, features join;
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbor smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd; while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of Nature's great original we scan
The lively child of Art; while line by line,
And feature after feature, we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail, with limpid crusts of ice
Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming Sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the Heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.

Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favor'd of Heaven! while, plung'd in sordid cares
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harsh Austerity, from whose rebuke
Young Love and smiling Wonder shrink away
Abash'd, and chill of heart, with sager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
Perhaps even now, some cold fastidious judge
Casts a disdainful eye; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor! say
Is Beauty then a dream, because the glooms
Of dullness hang too heavy on thy sense,
To let her shine upon thee? So the man
Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of Heaven,
Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
Of the gay-color'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wise be far
Such gross unhallow'd pride; nor needs my song
Descend so low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
Result from airy motion; and from shape
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When present in the mind, which in themselves
Have no connexion? Sure the rising Sun
O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,
With equal brightness and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the soul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
Exulting in the splendor she beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft murmuring streams and gales of gentlest breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Through all its tones the sympathy pursue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal through his veins, and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song?

But were not Nature still endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With such enchantment: wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With such ethereal sweetness? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to repress
The impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe? Whence but from thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wondering sense
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,

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Or music to his ear: well-pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of Heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
Than space, or motion, or eternal time;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
A visionary paradise disclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labors, and renews his frame.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of Heaven,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labor, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sun-shine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though Heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labor; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of Heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of some flowery stream,
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the livelong day:
Consenting Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

Oh! blest of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the syren! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Homer, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting Sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the Sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

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ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE FRANCIS, EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

I.

The wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.
For, taught of Heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart:
They best the soul with glory fire;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage enthrone the fixed heart.

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Hastings. Thou my words will own:
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath known;
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble name.

The Muse's awful art,
And the blest function of the poet's tongue,
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honor; to assert
From all that scorned Vice or slavish Fear hath sung.
Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan strings
Warbling at will in Pleasure's myrtle bower;
Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minstrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's reign.
A different strain,
And other themes,
From her prophetic shades and hallow'd streams,
(Thou well canst witness) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal shell
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear;
To hear the sweet instructress tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How well for freedom be resign'd;
And how, by Glory, Virtue shall be crown'd.

II.

Such was the Chian father's strain
To many a kind domestic train,
Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's soul:
When, every hospitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He struck his magic strings;
And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth,
And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient worth,
And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic things.

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming shell,
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The Genius of his country stands.
To listening gods he makes him known
That man divine, by whom were sown
The seeds of Grecian fame:
Who first the race with freedom fir'd;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons inspir'd;
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian trophies came.

O noblest, happiest age!
When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me:
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shrine;
Not that thy lips drank sweetness from the bee;
Nor yet that, studious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng
But that thy song
Was proud to unfold
What thy base rulers trembled to behold,
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muse's law didst rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's* crimes?
Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted bard,
No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills replied,
Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;
Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
With Freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
The spirit which inform'd thy awful song,
Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's fame."

Yet hence barbaric Zeal
His memory with unholy rage pursues;
While from these arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whose thought must visit every theme,

* Octavianus Cæsar.

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Whose heart must every strong emotion know,
Inspir'd by Nature, or by Fortune taught;
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at Freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the Sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile Ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honors to an hateful lord,
Reserv'd for angry Heaven, and scorn'd of honest Fame?

But here, where Freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares;
Here let the Bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

O Hastings, not to all
Can ruling Heaven the same endowments lend:
Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son;
Though with new honors the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial Fame.
The poet's name
He best shall prove,
Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy sires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy sires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V.

From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms;
And kings their stern achievements fear'd;
While private Strife their banners rear'd.
But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
Where Empire's wide-establish'd throne
No private master fills:
Where, long foretold, the people reigns:
Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains;
And judgeth what he sees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling democratic tide;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle Faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that servile band, who kneel
To Freedom's banish'd foes;
That monster, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows

'Tis highest Heaven's command,
That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue;
That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,
And Virtue's worthless foes be false to Glory too
But look on Freedom. See, through every age
What labors, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
Of happy swains,
Which now resound
Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures bound,
Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail
The sacred orchard which embowers his gate,
And show to strangers passing down the vale,
Where Ca'ndish, Booth, and Osborne sate,
When, bursting from their country's chain,
Even in the midst of deadly harms,
Of papal snares and lawless arms,
They plann'd for Freedom this her noblest reign.

VI.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
Which Nassau gave us all to share,
Had ne'er adorn'd the English name
Could Fear have silenc'd Freedom's claim
But Fear in vain attempts to bind
Those lofty efforts of the mind
Which social Good inspires;
Where men, for this, assault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own,
And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
When Fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
And half the astonish'd isle was lost?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durst one in arms appear?
Durst one in counsels pledge his life?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?
Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

Yet, Hastings, these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
The true; the constant: who alone can weigh
What Glory should demand, or Liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking slander, were design'd
Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
Oft nobly sways
Ingenuous youth:
But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth

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Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the historian and the bard
Dispose of honor and of scorn;
Discern the patriot from the slave;
And write the good, the wise, the brave
For lessons to the multitude unborn.

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

1746.

Argument.

The nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honor of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of Nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and, by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favorable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connexion with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry: and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of Sleep; nor shall my lyre
Too far into the splendid hours of morn
Engage your audience: my observant hand
Shall close the strain ere any sultry beam
Approach you. To your subterranean haunts
Ye then may timely steal; to pace with care
The humid sands; to loosen from the soil
The bubbling sources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To slumber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.
Where shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praise and copious—First of things,
First of the lonely powers, ere Time arose,
Were Love and Chaos. Love the sire of Fate;
Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
Who many sons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentless father till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper sky
And quell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
And spotless Vesta; while supreme of sway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys sprang the sedgy-crowned race,
Who from a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent: and from them
Are ye, O Naiads: Arethusa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe; that sweet name,
Bandusia; that soft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne; and the honor'd tribes
Belov'd of Pæon. Listen to my strain,
Daughters of Tethys: listen to your praise.
You, Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old
Aurora to divine Astræus bore,
Owns; and your aid beseecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They ask: Favonius and the mild South-west
From you relief implore. Your sallying streams
Fresh vigor to their weary wings impart.
Again they fly, disporting; from the mead
Half-ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To sweep the noxious mildew; or dispel
Contagious steams, which oft the parched Earth
Breathes on her fainting sons. From noon to eve
Along the river and the paved brook,
Ascend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
Who, fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er rushing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend scene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time; and haply, while he scans
The ruins, with a silent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.
You too O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confess; and still prepare
For you their choicest treasures. Pan commands
Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To spread their deepest umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye supplied
Your genial dews to nurse them in their prime.
Pales, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,
Pursues your steps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profusest hand,
Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with you
Pomona seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canst thou
Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.
For better praise awaits you. Thames, your sire
As down the verdant slope your dutcous rills
Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on secure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words

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Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er Earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-sailing; oft intent your springs
He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse
And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,
Flows wealth and kind society to men.
By you, my function and my honor'd name
Do I possess; while o'er the Bœtic vale,
Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
The English merchant: with the buxom fleece
Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
Sarmatian kings; or to the household gods
Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore,
Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land
Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
Transplanted to a more indulgent Heaven."
Such are the words of Hermes: such the praise,
O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power:
And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own seat on Earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hospitable arts
Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns
The fair associates who extend her sway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you she utterath, oft as from the shore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian surge; her auspices divine
Imparting to the senate and the prince
Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever scorn'd by Pallas: and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge,
To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all
The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaus join'd their servile bands,
To sweep the sons of Liberty from Earth.
In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw:
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
Celestial; felt unrighteous hope forsake
His faltering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.
Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of Liberty for war;
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
Yet mild of nature; to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witness; she who saves
From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane
The wretch devoted to the entangling snares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams:
And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze
And where the fervor of the sunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
His eager bosom, does the queen of health
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, presiding; and the frugal powers
With joy sedate leads in: and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores;
While changing still, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feast,
To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your shelving seats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To slake his veins: till soon a purer tide
Flows down those loaded channels; washeth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds
Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigor, sends repose. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labor, health; to stooping age,
The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your urns
Will I invoke; and, frequent in your praise,
Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.
For not estrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learn'd Pæon. Oft, when all
His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the Sun,
(To rouse dark Fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast
Which pines with silent passion,) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep mansions he descends,
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth; where empurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd supplicants; wafts the seeds
Metallic, and the elemental salts [soon
Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and
Flies pain; flies inauspicious care: and soon
The social haunt or unfrequented shade
Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,
When Python fell. And, Oh propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for helpless mortals I implore
Your salutary springs, through every urn
Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first
And finest breath, which from the genial strife
Of mineral fermentation springs like light
O'er the fresh morning's vapors, lustrate then
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.
My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not yo
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celestial powers,

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I frame their language; and the Muses deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wondering sense
Their secrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
In slumber felt their music: oft at noon,
Or hour of sun-set, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power, from death and envy to preserve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaste companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd scene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefullest repose
To their consorted measure: till again,
With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty strings: those powerful strings
That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares:
Assuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease,
Most welcome ease. The sire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatsoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth, and o'er
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
And troubled at the sound. Ye Naiads, ye
With ravish'd ears the melody attend,
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamors strive
To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove
Irreverent, and by mad presumption fir'd
Their own discordant raptures to advance
With hostile emulation. Down they rush
From Nysa's vine-empurpled cliff, the dames
Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulsions wild
Tossing their limbs, and brandishing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrsus, or the torch
Through black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
With shrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the seats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aspires
From such instructors to inform his breast
With verse; let him, fit votarist, implore
Their inspiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May sing in aptest numbers: he the fate
Of sober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And strong Alcides in the spinster's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Must dwell the man whoe'er to praised themes
Invokes the immortal Muse. The immortal Muse
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian, or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footsteps; and with your unsullied streams
His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majesty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In those unfading islands of the bless'd,
Where sacred bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaic shell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my songs
Be present ye with favorable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

ODE

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN, LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

I.

For toils which patriots have endur'd
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honorable praise.
Envy may rail; and Faction fierce
May strive; but what, alas! can those
(Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse!

O nurse of Freedom, Albion, say,
Thou tamer of despotic sway,
What man, among thy sons around,
Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
What page in all thy annals bright,
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
Than that where Truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through Imposture's solemn shade,
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

To him the Teacher bless'd,
Who sent Religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
And lifted up the veil which Heaven from Earth conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:
"Go thou, and rescue my dishonor'd law
From hands rapacious, and from tongues impure
Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
Fell Persecution's mortal snares to aid:
Let not my words be impious chains to draw
The free-born soul in more than brutal awe.
To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid"

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II.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by Heaven with this command.
The world soon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the blest unfold
The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from Earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd,)
And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus subdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with sacred Folly wage;
Could a whole nation disengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

For not a conqueror's sword,
Nor the strong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful search explor'd,
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sown.
Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
Not monkish craft, the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal, the bigot's cruel shrine,
Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
Nor synods by the papal genius taught,
Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III.

But where shall recompense be found?
Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious scene;
What rugged spaces lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The shade
Of Death, meantime, does oft invade
Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
—O Hoadly, if that favorite hour
On Earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own just Heaven's indulgent law.
And proudly thy success behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praise,
And hail thee in our public ways
Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy steps on Earth, and when by us resign'd
Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
Who rescued or preserv'd the rights of human-kind
O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee still, her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to disclaim
That heritage, our noblest wealth and fame,
Which thou hast kept entire from force and factious guile.

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WILLIAM COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester, December 25, 1721. He was educated at Winchester College and at Oxford, where in 1741 he was elected to Magdalen College as a demy. There he wrote his "Oriental Eclogues" and an "Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer," which were published anonymously in a small volume in 1742. They met with no great success, but Collins was determined to follow literature as a profession, and in 1744 he went to London as an adventurer.

He published separate poems from time to time, and lived an irregular, indolent sort of life, which very soon had its natural effect in checking his ambition and diminishing his chances of success. In 1746 he published a volume entitled "Odes, Descriptive and Allegorical." That kind of poetry has always been the slowest in making its way to public favor, and though Collins's odes, at the time of their publication, were by far the best in the language, they attracted so little notice that the sale did not pay the cost of printing. Collins was thoroughly disheartened. He returned his copy-money, burned all the unsold copies of the book, and, as soon as he could raise the means, indemnified the publisher for his loss.

He next obtained a small advance for an intended translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which, however, he never accomplished, and originated numerous other literary projects. He visited an uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, who was then with the army in Germany, and who, dying soon after, left him a legacy of £2,000.

If Collins had been indolent in poverty, he was absolutely incapable of any exertion when thus raised to comparative affluence. But his melancholy and depression of spirits were not lessened at all by his improved circumstances. He travelled in France and elsewhere, but found no relief. He resorted to drink, and before long it was necessary to confine him in a lunatic asylum, at Islington. Dr. Johnson visited him there, and found him apparently sane. Collins was reading the New Testament. "I have but one book," said he, "but it is the best." He was finally removed to Chichester, and consigned to the care of his sister until his death, which took place on June 12, 1756.

Collins's odes, which are scarcely matched by anything in the language, have gradually won a place among English classics. His peculiar mastery of personification exhibits at once some of the most powerful and most delicate touches, and shows that he might have been (as perhaps he is) the first of our purely lyric poets.

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
  And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
  His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
  Receive my humble rite:
Long Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
  And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
  Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun* too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
  Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
  To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
  Thy turtles mix'd their own.

* A river in Sussex.

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Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design;
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How Chance, or hard involving Fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

ODE TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who see'st appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly.
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixt behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the bard* who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen,†
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought?
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Their Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

* Æschylus.

† Jocasta.

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ODE, TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF COL. CHARLES ROSS, IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY.

Written in May, 1745.

While, lost to all his former mirth
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May.

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honor's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest:
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
E'en humble Harting's cottag'd vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wild and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

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So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favorite name!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, e'en where'er the least appear'd,
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labor'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of Art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they, whom Science lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it!) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem;
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those, whose merchants' sons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favor'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those to whom the stork* is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail.
Hail, nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand,†
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self confounding
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.
This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labors torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne
And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mona,‡ once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight, who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,

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* The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists, too, have endeavored to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

‡ There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid, becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

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Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing goddess, stood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self, o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd sky:
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
E'en now, before his favor'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to choose,
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er Heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, 'grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
"O, how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the West!"

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings

With woful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
Ard blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung

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The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime
Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavors cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.
The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

AN ODE

ON

THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS

THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads long
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some future day
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song.*
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth†
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side
Together let us wish him lasting truth
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the Southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
Where still, 'tis said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There each trim lass, that skims the milky store
To the swart tribes, their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food foregoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain:
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect;
Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
And fill with double force her heart-commanding strain.

* How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!

† A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

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E'en yet preserv'd, how often may'st thou hear,
Where to the Pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his listening son;
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's ear.
At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-color'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd:
Whether thou bidd'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave;
Or whether, sitting in the shepherd's shiel,
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

'Tis thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintry cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells:
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams engross,
With their own vision oft astonish'd droop;
When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop.
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigor seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare
To see the phantom train their secret work prepare.

To monarchs dear, some hundred miles astray,
Oft have I seen Fate give the fatal blow!
The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!
As Boreas threw his young Aurora* forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw at sad Falkirk all their hopes near crown'd!
They rav'd! divining through their second-sight,†
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd!
Illustrious William!‡ Britain's guardian name!
One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a sceptre, gain'd heroic fame,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast broke,
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

These, too, thou 'lt sing! for well thy magic Muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er lose;
Let not dank Will§ mislead you to the heath:
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,
But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrors clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs!
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain, at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,
With drooping willows drest, his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he, perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:
"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's‖ wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle

* By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least, it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no ancient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

† Second-sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

‡ The late Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at the battle of Culloden.

§ A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

‖ The water-fiend.

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To that hoar pile* which still its ruin shows:
In whose small vaults a Pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither,† where beneath the show'ry west
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid:
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting tides,
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintry main.
With sparing temperance at the needful time
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's‡ nest.
Thus blest in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possest;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd in elder time th' historic page.
There, Shakspeare's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen;
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrors dress'd the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and color bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art.
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword!

How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills the impassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear!

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Anan fill'd, or past'ral Tay,
Or Don's* romantic springs, at distance, hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens† o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade;‡
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
Meantime, ye powers, that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains§ attend!
Where'er Home dwells, on hill or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend!

* One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies; where it is reported that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

† Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

‡ An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

* Three rivers in Scotland. † Valleys.

‡ Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet, Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

§ Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh University which is in the county of Lothian.

‖ The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

ODE
ON
THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp‖ shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is dress'd,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

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And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,*
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

* Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view:
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads† assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
"O! vales, and wild woods," shall he say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

† Mr. Thomson resided in the neighborhood of Richmond some time before his death.

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JOSEPH AND THOMAS WARTON.

JOSEPH and THOMAS WARTON were sons of Rev. Thomas Warton, who was for some time Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Joseph was born at Dunsfold, Surrey, in 1722, and Thomas at Basingstoke, Hampshire, in 1728. Both were educated at Oxford. Joseph early contributed verses to the "Gentleman's Magazine," and published "Odes, on Various Subjects" in 1746. He travelled on the Continent with the Duke of Bolton in 1751, and two years later issued an edition of Virgil, with a translation of the Eclogues and Georgics. In 1756 he published the first volume of his "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," of which the second volume was not published until 1782. In this work he questioned the supremacy of Pope, and exhibited an amount of critical skill and knowledge that forced an honorable recognition for the book in the face of universal prejudice. He took orders and obtained several valuable livings. He issued an annotated edition of Pope in 1797, and died on February 23, 1800.

Thomas, who was also a clergyman, was less fortunate than his brother in the matter of preferment, but far excelled him as a poet. He occupied the chair of Poetry at Oxford, and his lectures were held in high esteem. In 1754 he published "Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser," which gave him high reputation as a critic. In 1774 he published the first volume of his "History of English Poetry," which is still a standard work. Two other volumes were published in 1778 and 1781, but it was never finished. In 1777 he published a collection of all his poems that he cared to preserve. These went through several editions, and on the death of Whitehead, the poet-laureate, Warton was appointed to that position. He improved the style of work usually done by the laureate, and was somewhat ridiculed for his pains. His last publication was an annotated edition of the minor poems of Milton. He died on May 21, 1790. Of the following selections, the first two are by Joseph Warton, the others by Thomas.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murdered fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crowned,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens blow,
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast, various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor even one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wanderer, tell,
To thy unknown sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till, suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right hand lead
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-robed Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,

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Nodding their lily-crownéd heads,
Where laughter rose-lipped Hebe leads,
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
Listening to the shepherd's song:
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ.
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms, and sigh;
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where, to avoid cold wintry showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly!
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to th' ensanguined field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!
O guide me from this horrid scene,
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervors of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, oh remove!
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale,
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallowed strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bidd'st me sing;
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb,
Who, filled with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new unequalled song,
May rise above the rhyming throng,
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terror shake, and pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love;
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptured heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause
Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

VERSES

WRITTEN AT MONTAUBAN IN FRANCE, 1750.

Tarn, how delightful wind thy willowed waves.
But ah! they fructify a land of slaves!
In vain thy bare-foot, sun-burnt peasants hide
With luscious grapes yon hill's romantic side;
No cups nectareous shall their toil repay,
The priest's, the soldier's, and the farmer's prey:
Vain glows this sun, in cloudless glory drest,
That strikes fresh vigor through the pining breast;
Give me, beneath a colder, changeful sky,
My soul's best, only pleasure, Liberty!
What millions perish'd near thy mournful flood,*
When the red papal tyrant cried out—"Blood!"
Less fierce the Saracen, and quiver'd Moor,
That dashed thy infants 'gainst the stones of yore.
Be warned, ye nations round; and trembling see
Dire superstition quench humanity!
By all the chiefs in freedom's battles lost,
By wise and virtuous Alfred's awful ghost;
By old Galgacus' scythéd, iron car,
That, swiftly whirling through the walks of war,
Dashed Roman blood, and crushed the foreign throngs;
By holy Druids' courage-breathing songs;
By fierce Bonduca's shield and foaming steeds;
By the bold peers that met on Thames's meads;
By the fifth Henry's helm and lightning spear;
O Liberty, my warm petition hear;
Be Albion still thy joy! with her remain,
Long as the surge shall lash her oak-crown'd plain.

* Alluding to the persecutions of the Protestants, and the wars of the Saracens, carried on in the southern provinces of France.

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ODE TO THE FIRST OF APRIL.

With dalliance rude young Zephyr wooes
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flower,
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps;
O'er the fields of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.
Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half-rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.
The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green;
From the grey moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon:
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.
Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the Sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin descending hail;
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.
Where in venerable rows
Widely-waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.
Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.
Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's* low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.
O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.
His free-born vigor yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noontide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pied
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where Nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass
Yet, in these presages rude,
'Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn

ODE.

THE CRUSADE.

Bound for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
English Richard plows the deep!
Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy
From distant towers, with anxious eye,

* The Glym is a small river in Oxfordshire, flowing through Warton's parish of Kiddington, or Cuddington, and dividing it into upper and lower town. It is described by himself in his account of Cuddington, as a deep but narrow stream, winding through willowed meadows and abounding in trouts, pikes, and wild-fowl. It gives name to the village of Glymton, which adjoins to Kiddington.

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The radiant range of shield and lance
Down Damascus' hills advance;
From Sion's turrets as afar
Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
Saladin, thou paynim king,
From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
On Acon's spiry citadel,
Though to the gale thy banners swell
Pictur'd with the silver Moon;
England shall end thy glory soon!
In vain, to break our firm array,
Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
Those sounds our rising fury fan:
English Richard in the van,
On to victory we go,
A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.
Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Savior birth;
Then with ardor fresh endu'd,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.
"Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
Heaven's favor'd hills appear at last!
Object of our holy vow,
We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
Waves the date-empurpled palm:
See Lebanon's aspiring head
Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
Your ravish'd honors to restore,
Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
And thou, the sepulchre of God;
By mocking Pagans rudely trod,
Bereft of every awful rite,
And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;
For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
Aloft in his heroic hand,
Blazing like the beacon's brand,
O'er the far-affrighted fields,
Resistless Kaliburn* he wields.
Proud Saracen, pollute no more
The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
From each wild mountain's trackless crown
In vain thy gloomy castles frown:
Thy battering engines, huge and high,
In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
And, rolling in terrific state,
On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
Amid the moonlight vapors damp,
Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
Haunt us on the tented plain:
We bid the spectre-shapes avaunt,
Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt!†
With many a demon, pale of hue,
Doom'd to drink the bitter dew,
That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
'Mid the dread grove of ebony.
Nor magic charms, nor fiends of Hell,
The Christian's holy courage quell.
Salem, in ancient majesty
Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
Soon on thy battlements divine
Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
Ye barons, to the Sun unfold
Our cross with crimson wove and gold!"

* Kaliburn is the sword of king Arthur; which, as the monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard I., and was given by that monarch, in the Crusades, to Tancred king of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable value, about the year 1190.

† Ashtaroth is mentioned by Milton as a general name of the Syrian deities: Par. Lost, i. 422. And Termagaunt is the name given in the old romance to the god of the Saracens. See Percy's Relics, vol. i. p. 74.

THE

PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

When now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to College,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor:
"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown
I'll warrant that his good behavior
Will justify your future favor;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, sir!"—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns.
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.
When nine full tedious winters past,‡
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
"These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dullness of a college,
Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
O! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head?

‡ The scholars of Trinity are superannuated, if they do not succeed to fellowships in nine years after their election to scholarships.

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Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of dean, vice pres.—of bursar too;
Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
Come, tythes, and house, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patron's vanity to please,
Long-time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
"What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here 's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new-plann'd—
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flow'ry shrub of thousand dyes:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy:
Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an arbor at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor lov'd devotion—
But of a garden had no notion."
Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a cousin of the 'squire,
Not over-weighty in the purse;
But many doctors have done worse:
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve and make birch-wine.
Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbors not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tythes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—
But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress't;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.

"Why did I sell my college life,"
He cries, "for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christ'ning dinners crost,
No children cried for butter'd toast;
And ev'ry night I went to bed,
Without a modus in my head!"
Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE,

AT ANSLEY HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave
Embowering elms their umbrage wave,
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies:
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?

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Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice grey;*
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

ODE.

THE HAMLET.

WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!
When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.
'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds,
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.
For them the Moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadow's incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.
'Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.
Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

* Grey clothing, from the Latin verb *amicio*, to clothe.

ODE SENT TO A FRIEND

ON HIS LEAVING A FAVORITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

Ah mourn, thou lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?
Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way,
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who 'mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sun-shine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!
For lo! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favor'd haunt retires;
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.
Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse and hedge-row brake:
Where the delv'd mountains headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook

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Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No Fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen water-falls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.
So by some sage enchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell,)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mould:
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

THE

PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene!—

MOTHER of musings, Contemplation sage,
Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
Of Teneriffe; 'mid the tempestuous night,
On which, in calmest meditation held,
Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain
And drifting hail descend; or if the skies
Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault
Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
Of distant billows soothe thy pensive ear
With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
Ascend the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
Remote from man conversing with the spheres!
O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,
To ruin'd seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to muse,
Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
Of Smiles and Graces seem to lead the dance
In sportive round, while from their hand they show'r
Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;
Tempé, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
Adieu, green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
Oft let me sit, at twilight hour of eve,
Where through some western window the pale Moon
Pours her long-level'd rule of streaming light;
While sullen sacred silence reigns around.
Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his bow'r
Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
Or the calm breeze that rustles in the leaves
Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
Its neighb'ring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy void
That far extends beneath their ample arch
As on I pace, religious horror wraps
My soul in dread repose. But when the world
Is clad in Midnight's raven-color'd robe,
'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghostly shape,
At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults
Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
I start: lo! all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men
And every beast, in muté oblivion lie;
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That through the still globe's awful solitude,
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping temples bathes in opiate dews.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead through flow'ry paths of joy;
But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When through bewild'ring Fancy's magic maze,
To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,
When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All Heav'n in tumult, and the seraphim
Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.
Let others love soft Summer's evening smiles,
As list'ning to the distant water-fall,
They mark the blushes of the streaky west,
I choose the pale December's foggy glooms
Then, when the sullen shades of ev'ning close,
Where through the room a blindly glimm'ring gleam
The dying embers scatter, far remote [roof
From Mirth's mad shouts, that through th' illumin'd
Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
Then let my thought contemplative explore
This fleeting state of things, the vain delights,
The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False Folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
Of wily Comus cheat the unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which Reason's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man.
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath
Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From Melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendor and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love

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More genuine transports found, as on some tomb
Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead;
Or through the pillar'd aisles, amid pale shrines
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votaress; than Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the festive ball,
Proud of her conquering charms, and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the silken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of th' assembled fair.
When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian tower,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
That best befriends the melancholy mind!
Hail, sacred Night! thou too shalt share my song!
Sister of ebon-sceptred Hecate, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrapp'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What though beneath thy gloom the sorceress-strain,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody caldron bless;
Though Murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
Summons her slow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conference sits the list'ning band,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:
What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming Morn's approach,
Ev'n than, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews.
Yet not ungrateful is the Morn's approach,
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air scowls the lowering South,
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapors undistinguish'd swim:
Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the sullen gloom: the waving elms
That, hoar through time and rang'd in thick array,
Inclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: secure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;
Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plow:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.
Through Pope's soft song though all the Graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendors of the laughing Sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to soothe your soften'd souls?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To Melody's assuasive voice; to bend
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying Moon,
By many a slow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted; in embow'ring woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dullness of the tedious world,
While Fancy grasps the visionary fair:
And now no more th' abstracted ear attends
The water's murm'ring lapse, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer through th' extended rows
Of thick-rang'd trees; till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
Or heifers rustling through the brake, alarms
Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
These are delights that absence drear has made
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her vi'let-woven couch awak'd
By frolic Zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glistering green
The genial globe, first met my dazzled sight:
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.
The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many-sounding organ peals on high,
The clear slow-dittied chant, or varied hymn
Till all my soul is bathed in ecstasies,
And lapp'd in paradise. Or let me sit
Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And solitude returns, would I forsake
The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway
Measuring time's flight with momentary sound.
Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic Muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet Pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love;
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught:
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.
What are the splendors of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord,
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds,
Who pines all lonesome, in the chambers hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car!
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements, and ivied spires,

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That crown the solitary dome, arise;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock,
Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad-returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.
Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherds from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile! here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice, arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts: here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens tow'rs.
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades; though roseate Morn
Pour all her splendors on th' empurpled scene;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff, that o'er his cavern hangs,
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreathes her spotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples rise, amid whose hallow'd bounds
Spires the black pine, while through the naked street,
Once haunt of tradeful merchants, springs the grass:
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass.
Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils
Of sunk magnificence! a blended scene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces
Where, with his brother Horror, Ruin sits
O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought
O come with saintly look, and stedfast step,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew
Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
List'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
But never let Euphrosyné beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primrose-garland cast.
Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view;
Though Venus, mother of the Smiles and Loves
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron-bow'r
With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast:
What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,
And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds
Disperse in air, and o'er the face of Heav'n
New day diffusive gleam at her approach?
Yet are these joys that Melancholy gives,
Than all her witless revels happier far;
These deep-felt joys, by Contemplation taught.
Then ever, beauteous Contemplation, hail!
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot;
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought
Than all the fabling poet's boasted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once in his evening walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought,
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Meinai, stream of Druids old.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, county of Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father was a poor curate who, about two years after Oliver's birth, succeeded to a rectory and removed to Lissoy, county of Westmeath, where he cultivated a farm of seventy acres. Here the boyhood of the poet was passed, and Lissoy is generally supposed to be the scene of his most popular poem.

Goldsmith's education began at the age of three, in the little school of Mistress Elizabeth Delap, who pronounced him one of the dullest boys she had ever dealt with, but of course boasted in her old age that it was she who first put a book into the hands of the famous poet. At six he was advanced to the village school, kept by a returned soldier commonly called Paddy Byrne, whose portrait is preserved in the schoolmaster of the "Deserted Village." This fellow used to entertain his pupils with endless narratives of his adventures in foreign lands, and with numberless Irish fairy stories. He was also a poetaster, and from him Goldsmith caught the trick of versification which, in the hands of the genius, grew into the divine art of poetry. Some of his rhymes reached his mother, who recognized their promise and at once determined that he should have a liberal education. Her eldest son, Henry, had been sent to college, and the intention was to put Oliver to a trade. The poverty of the family made it difficult to do otherwise; but the mother's counsel prevailed, and the boy was sent to school at Elphin, county of Roscommon. Here, at the age of nine, he made his earliest rhyme which has been preserved. He attended a dancing-party at his uncle's house, and his clumsy figure and face pitted with small-pox made the fiddler quite merry, who called Goldsmith his little Æsop. The boy stopped dancing and replied:

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying:
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing."

This was considered such a wonderful evidence of genius that his relatives, particularly his uncle, resolved to contribute to the expense of his education. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1745, but was an unpromising student, got into various difficulties, and finally left college, wandered aimlessly to Cork, and was reduced to utter destitution. His brother brought him back, and he took his degree in 1749, graduating at the foot of his class.

At the request of his uncle, Goldsmith became a candidate for holy orders; but the bishop rejected him. He was then sent, with £50 in his pocket, to Dublin, to study law; but quickly lost the money at the gaming-table. Then, with a fresh supply, he was sent to Edinburgh, to study medicine. He remained there eighteen months, when without taking a degree he went to Leyden, frequented the gambling-houses, and from there wandered about on foot through several countries, picking up a living by playing the flute. He graduated in medicine at Padua, and returned to England to practise. Of course he failed in this, and then he became usher in a school at Peckham. At the same time he wrote for the "Monthly Review," and was befriended by its editor.

Goldsmith's first separate publication was "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," 1759. The next year he contributed to the "Public Ledger" his "Chinese Letters," which were afterward published in book form as the "Citizen of the World." He wrote a life of Beau Nash and a history of England, and in 1761 made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, who became his best and most useful friend.

"The Traveller" was published in 1764, and Goldsmith was at once recognized as a genuine poet. Nearly two years before this he had written the "Vicar of Wakefield," which Johnson had sold for £60 to a bookseller, who so little appreciated it that he let the manuscript lie in his desk until after "The Traveller" appeared. The success of this novel, in which Goldsmith is believed to have drawn largely from his own experience and family history—his father being the Vicar, and himself Moses—was immediate, and it will probably remain a classic as long as the language endures. His comedy of "The Good-Natured Man" appeared in 1767, "The Deserted Village" in 1770, and "She Stoops to Conquer," which is still a standard drama, in 1773.

For these and other works the author received considerable sums, and, had he been ordinarily provident, he might have lived at ease. But he was one of the most careless and most generous men that ever lived, gave money to everybody who asked for it, never quite got over his passion for gambling, and moreover had a strange liking for fine clothes. Consequently he was always in pecuniary trouble, and he died (April 4, 1774) about £2,000 in debt.

Goldsmith never was married. If he ever felt the tender passion, it was for Miss Mary Horneck, a girl of remarkable beauty, who was popularly called the Jessamy Bride. She admired the genius of the poet, but was never any thing more than a sincere friend to the man. She married a General Gwin, and died in 1840.

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THE TRAVELLER.

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd,
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked Negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As diff'rent good, by Art or Nature giv'n
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings ev'n.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast
Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground,
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain:
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state,
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies:

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The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade.
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, represt by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword:
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May:
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him lothe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plowshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few,
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest:
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cow'ring on the nest:
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way
These, far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain:
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancers' skill
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze:
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land.
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace:

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Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control;
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore;
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charm
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.
Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, the tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fost'ring sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart,
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r;
And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste?
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways;

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While beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day
But chok'd with sedges works its weary way.
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest.
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay,
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more.
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep,
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;

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And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past.
Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school:
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn:
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sun-shine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound
And news much older than their ale went round;
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose,
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart,
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail,

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No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway,
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies:
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!
Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way,
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She, once perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love
Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away:
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.

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With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O Luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own:
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame,
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Pow'r that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego,
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heav'n descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighboring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily prest, and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answ'ring care oppresst:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried
"The sorrows of thy breast?

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"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove;
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling things than they

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest:
On Earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His lovelorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heav'n and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or pow'r had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove

"The blossom op'ning to the day,
The dews of Heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Th' inconstancy was mine!

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heav'n!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

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And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye:
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied:
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord
Lament for Madame Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please
With manners wondrous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satin new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

FROM THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

SONG.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain;

Thou, like the world, th' oppprest oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

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WILLIAM FALCONER.

WILLIAM FALCONER was born in Edinburgh in 1730. Every member of the family except himself was deaf and dumb. He went to sea when a boy, and at eighteen was second mate of a merchant-ship which was wrecked off Cape Colonna, the "Sunium's marbled steep" of Byron. All but Falconer and two of the crew perished. "The Shipwreck" was published in 1762, and next year the author obtained an appointment in the navy. He compiled a "Nautical Dictionary," and wrote a few political satires. About this time he married a very beautiful young lady named Hicks, daughter of a naval surgeon. In 1769 he refused an offer of Murray the bookseller to take him into partnership, and went to sea as purser of the Indiaman "Aurora." The vessel passed the Cape of Good Hope in December, and was never heard of more. She is supposed to have gone down in the Mozambique Channel. Falconer wrote a few other poems, but most of them have very little merit.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

The scene is near the city of Candia; and the time about four days and a half.

WHILE jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll,
Along his trembling wave, from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene where war, with ruthless hand,
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death;
'Tis mine, retired beneath this cavern hoar,
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the scene while pale Remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps,
Here hostile elements tumultuous rise,
And lawless floods rebel against the skies;
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.
Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly strayed
In life's fair morn beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain;
Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
O! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colors give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of wo,
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas; neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train?—
Far from the Muses' academic grove,
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone;
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,"
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coast of savage Labrador.
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the isthmus, laved by adverse tides,
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.
But, while he measured o'er the painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of wo.
In regions where th' Almighty's chastening hand
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe;
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join:
Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail,
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
Where'er he wander'd thus vindictive Fate
Pursued his weary steps with lasting hate!
Roused by her mandate, storms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day,
Relax'd the sinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling spark of vital fire.
Thus while forgotten or unknown he woos,
What hope to win the coy, reluctant Muse?
Then let not Censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth and jarring phrases wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,

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Yet here let listening Sympathy prevail.
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!
And lo! the power that wakes th' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along:
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light;
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began.
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels Oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings, that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores, [shores.
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.
O first-born daughter of primeval Time!
By whom transmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elapsed are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose breath dissolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obscured idea pours the light!
Whose wing unerring glides through time and place,
And trackless scours th' immensity of space!
Say! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befell,
Assail'd by tempests! girt with hostile shores!
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasured stores!
A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held;
Of famed Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew.
The wayward steps of Fortune that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursued;
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,
Advanced incautious of each fatal snare;
Though warn'd full oft the slippery track to shun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
Beguiled to danger thus, they left behind
The scene of peace, and social joy resign'd.
Long absent they, from friends and native home,
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success:
Still to atone for toils and hazards past,
Restored them to maternal plains at last.
Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,
Since last the vessel spread her ample sail
From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale.
She, o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,
Unwearying, wafted her commercial store.
The richest ports of Afric she had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her course pursued;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,
And visited the margin of the Nile.
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage hastens to its goal,
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blast their hope foresaw;
But from gay Venice soon expect to steer
For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near.
A thousand tender thoughts their souls employ,
That fondly dance to scenes of future joy.
Thus time elapsed, while o'er the pathless tide
Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
Occasion call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
Which, bless'd with favouring winds, they soon explore,
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Despatch their commerce, and prepare to sail
Eternal Powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of desolating War!
Here Art and Commerce, with auspicious reign,
Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain
While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song
Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green.
For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
No longer Fame the drooping heart inspires,
For rude Oppression quench'd its genial fires.
But still, her fields with golden harvests crown'd
Supply the barren shores of Greece around,
What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles;
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year scorn the weary labourer's toil
No blooming Venus, on the desert shore,
Now views with triumph captive gods adore:
No lovely Helena now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms:
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While Sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay.
Those charms so long renown'd in classic strains
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains.
Now, in the southern hemisphere, the sun
Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had run
And on th' ecliptic wheel'd his winding way
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray,
The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand:
For sick'ning vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.
True to his trust, when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appals,
Th' advancing season warns him to the main:—
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!
His anxious heart impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
Determined, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.
Thou living Ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire!
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew

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Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?
They can! for gold, too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, sad Merit pleads her cause:
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to pleasure's blest abode;
With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.
O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienced Albert held the chief command;
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined,
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confest the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, just—the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene:
Him Science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd; [known,
Or point her devious track through climes un-
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles,
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force:
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inured to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll;
His genius ever for th' event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.
The second powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy son of England's furthest shore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main:
That with her pitchy entrails stored, resort,
A sooty tribe! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk'd the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skilful bands;
For while, with darkling course, their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar* and shelf the watery path they sound
With dextrous arm; sagacious of the ground!
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclined.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth,
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul!
Where the grim hell-hounds prowling round the shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of wo, her decks they board,
While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword—
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew
The sacred social passions never knew:
Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honours proud:
In art unschool'd; each veteran rule he prized.
And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.
To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of Fame?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danced to Nature's boundless charms.
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;
But frowning Fortune, with untimely blast,
The blossom wither'd and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree,
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore,
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone
In vain—for rude Adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of Hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated swain!
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head,
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both in lamenting numbers o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction panting to the shore.
This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark Oblivion haply yet may save:
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad Remembrance bleeds at every vein.
Such were the pilots—tutor'd to divine
Th' untravell'd course by geometric line;
Train'd to command and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth: Palemon was his name;
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of Folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain
Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please
Of power to melt the female breast with ease
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or land collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

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O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent:
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breathed alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest.
Long had he listen'd with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true!
Full oft his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil:
That soil impregnated with nobler seed,
Refused the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of Fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid:
Indignant he rebuked th' enamoured boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy!
He soothed and menaced, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers, enchanting Music fail'd,
And Pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assumed a harsher strain;
In absence now his only hope remain'd,
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind:
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone
To him since young Arion first was known;
Who, wandering here through many a scene re-
In Alexandria's port the vessel found: [nown'd,
Where, anxious to review his native shore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft, by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night!
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress'd,
Some painful secret of the soul confess'd.
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divined,
Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind:
He felt the chastity of silent wo,
Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow;
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love, in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent shore.
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quickening ore;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress,
And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida, flaming with meridian ray:
Relax'd from toil, the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more:
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the shading canvass spread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on th' enchanted coast,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost—
But with Arion from the sultry heat
Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat.
And lo! the shore with mournful prospects crown'd;*
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the strand;
Bewail the stroke of War's tremendous hand.
What scenes of wo this hapless isle o'erspread!
Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve summers were yon tow'rs assail'd
Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevail'd;
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd

But now before them happier scenes arise.
Elysian vales salute their ravish'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic error stray'd.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the stream renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wand'rers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region Languor stole,
And with sweet Melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend reclined,
In Pity's bleeding bosom pour'd the stream
Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance taught
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By every action, every look betray'd!—
The pride of generous wo disdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal.
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his wo.

Albert thou know'st with skill and science graced
In humble station though by Fortune placed,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,
With flowery lawns and waving woods between.
A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,
Where Thames, slow-winding, rolls his ample tide.

* The intelligent reader will readily discover, that these remarks allude to the ever memorable siege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks, in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

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There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.
This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares applied:
Her spotless soul, where soft Compassion reign'd,
No vice untuned, no sick'ning folly stained.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquisite alarms;
Her face, in Beauty's sweet attraction dress'd,
The smile of maiden-innocence express'd;
While Health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May.
Still, in her look complacence smiled serene;
She moved the charmer of the rural scene.
'Twas at that season when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
While thus my father saw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treasures stored,
Me, with affairs of commerce charged, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion; soon I went—
Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event—
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw:
There wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms.
My ever charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
O! while all-conscious Memory holds her power,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour,
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering spirits first th' infection caught:
When as I gazed, my fault'ring tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid;
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And every limb, unstrung with terror, shook!
With all her powers dissenting Reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of Love;
She strove in vain! subdued by charms divine,
My soul a victim fell at Beauty's shrine.—
Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes to see my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wand'ring current leads,
We roved at evening hour through flowery meads.
There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd,
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth
Nature was hers, and innocence, and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart!
My suit prevail'd; for Love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.—
Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day!
For here, the sigh that soft Affection heaves,
From stings of sharper wo the soul relieves,
Elysian scenes, too happy long to last!
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast!
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.—
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice;
Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought
From its loved object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawless wind:
For Love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure;
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolved;
At last on cruel exile he resolved.
The rigorous doom was fixed! alas! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain!
His soul, that never Love's sweet influence felt
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.
The ship was laden and prepared to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that sad period first to prove
The heartfelt torments of despairing love:
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose,
Desire that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near!
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide;
Yet Time one sacred hour to Love supplied.
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast:
Impatient hope the midnight path explored,
And led me to the nymph my soul adored.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear;
She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!—
O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love!
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell!
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul!
In transport lost, by trembling hope impreat,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While hers congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt.
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire!
Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
For ever destined to lament in vain,
Such flattering fond ideas entertain?
My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd
To joys decreed for some superior maid

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Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of Grief,
Where never gentle hopes afford relief.
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone!
And let this tortured bosom beat alone!
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!
Find out some happier daughter of the town,
With Fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;
Where smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate!
Go then, I charge thee, by thy gen'rous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove:
On me alone let dark Affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then, haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing Fate!
She ceased; while anguish in her angel face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace:
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes! I replied,
Can that soft fabric stem Affliction's tide!
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted Truth!
To Sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb!
Attest, thou Moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where Fate and Ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threat'ning stands
And claims obedience to her stern commands;
Should Fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!—
O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And these sad clouds of Sorrow melt away.
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of wo:
The famed and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.
For this Prosperity, with brighter ray,
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er
Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,
Where never Interest shall divide us more.
Her struggling soul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief
Now found an interval of short relief;
So melts the surface of the frozen stream,
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.
With warning haste the shades of night withdrew,
And gave the signal of a sad adieu!
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung:
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With soft persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear,
While dying fondness languish'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her soul to heaven in suppliant sighs—
Look down with pity, O ye Powers above!
Who hear the sad complaints of bleeding Love
Ye, who the secret laws of Fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wish'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain!
Bid every guardian minister attend,
And from all ill the much-loved youth defend.
—With grief o'erwhelm'd, we parted twice in vain,
And, urged by strong attraction, met again.
At last, by cruel Fortune torn apart,
While tender passion stream'd in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agonizing look,
One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:
She to her silent couch retired to weep,
While her sad swain embark'd upon the deep.
His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief,
Palemon's bosom felt a sweet relief.
The hapless bird, thus ravished from the skies,
Where all forlorn his loved companion flies,
In secret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
Composed at length, his sadly warbling strain,
In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.
Ye tender maids, in whose pathetic souls
Compassion's sacred stream impetuous rolls;
Whose warm affections exquisitely feel
The secret wound you tremble to reveal!
Ah! may no wand'rer of the faithless main
Pour through your breast the soft delicious bane
May never fatal tenderness approve
The fond effusions of their ardent love.
O! warn'd by friendship's counsel, learn to shun
The fatal path where thousands are undone!
Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
First, with attention roused, Arion eyed
The graceful lover, form'd in Nature's pride.
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd;
In every look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
With lighten'd heart he smiled serenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the son of May;
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Received her apple on the Trojan plain!
The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean, hush'd, forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold,
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While all above, a thousand liveries gay,
The skies with pomp ineffable array,
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns

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While yet the shades, on Time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze—
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main.
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring,
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud;
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred Hymeneal fane,
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp and weeping loves are seen.
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love,
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boisterous cry;
All hands unmoor! the cavern'd rocks reply!
Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm.*
The order given, upspringing with a bound,
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round;
At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave:
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvass wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvass guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides
From east to north the transient breezes play,
And in th' Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.†

The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill; the danger's o'er:
The port is doubled and beheld no more.

Now Morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight
Scatter'd before her van reluctant Night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.

With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales
The swelling stud-sails* now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are placed
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud:
Through the wide atmosphere, condensed with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass, placed to catch the rising ray,†
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey!
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on Ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light:
Then through the chiliads triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconciled,
No more th' attentive pilot's eye beguiled.

The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas;
Her milk-white bottom cast a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales,‡ that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal wave that roll'd below:
Where'er she moved the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident graced her dexter hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,

* The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically by a number of long bars or levers; in which operation, it is prevented from recoiling, by the pauls.

† Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward, by means of ropes, extending from her fore part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

* Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

† The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic needle.

‡ The wales, here alluded to, are an assemblage of strong planks which envelope the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which separates the bottom from the upper works.

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Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the watery field:
There her bold Genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beast that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met from age to age,
Tamed into Union, yoked in Friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she received,
When first her head above the waters heaved.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figured scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung:
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptured prow—from van to rear
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius in the youth exprest,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confest,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd:
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe.
Her nervous arm, inured to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear.
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky;
Her crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a scar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy offspring of some Runic dame:
Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow,
Renown'd in song—the terror of the foe!
The sword, that oft the barbarous north defied,
The scourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corslet shone.
Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire:
Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears
The songs of heaven, the music of the spheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing, through air she flies,
Where other suns to other systems rise!—
These front the scene conspicuous—over head
Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread;
While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood;
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.
Yonder fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop, the fluttering wings unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the watery world.
Deep blushing armours all the tops invest,
And warlike trophies either quarter dress; [high
Then tower'd the masts; the canvass swell'd on
And waving streamers floated in the sky,
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus, like a swan she cleaves the watery plain;
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land. The gale continues. A water-spout. Beauty of a dying dolphin. The ship's progress along the shore. Wind strengthens. The sails reduced. A shoal of porpoises. Last appearance of Cape Spado. Sea rises. A squall. The sails further diminished. Mainsail split. Ship bears away before the wind. Again hauls upon the wind. Another mainsail fitted to the yard. The gale still increases. Topsails furled. Top-gallant yards sent down. Sea enlarges. Sunset. Courses reefed. Four seaman lost off the lee main yard-arm. Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation. Resolute behaviour of the sailors. The ship labours in great distress. The artillery thrown overboard. Dismal appearance of the weather. Very high and dangerous sea. Severe fatigue of the crew. Consultation and resolution of the officers. Speech and advice of Albert to the crew. Necessary disposition to veer before the wind. Disappointment in the proposed effect. New dispositions equally unsuccessful. The mizen mast cut away.

The scene lies in the sea, between Cape Freschin, in Candia, and the Island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spado.—The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene!
To me, in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
With summer crown'd th' Elysian valleys smile!
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
For these, alas! reluctant I forego,
To visit storms and elements of wo!
Ye tempests! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul!
In black progression, lo! they hover near—
Hail, social Horrors! like my fate severe!
Old Ocean, hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplored, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me!
Ye native guardians of your country's laws
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!
The muse invites you, judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art
In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.
O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
Rodmond, exulting, felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confined.—
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:

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Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate
E'en they th' impressive dart of Love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheathed in triple steel.
Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth.
In distant bosoms equal ardours glow;
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.—
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column, towering, shoot on high:
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps:
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror through the skies.
The swift volution and th' enormous train
Let sages versed in Nature's lore explain!
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly,
The guns were primed—the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fired; and while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around.
The watery volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down the dreadful deluge from on high;
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclosed th' abyss of hell.
But soon this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of Cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvass, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aërial tide;
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam'd refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends.
Unerring aim'd the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonished sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Nor equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest;
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl th' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem'd to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye;
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray—
What terms of Art can Nature's powers display?
Now, while on high the freshening gale the reels
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels
Th' auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fix'd attention eyes th adjacent shore;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow—
The wind. that still th' impressive canvass swell'd
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus she glides along the coast,
Till, far behind, the hill of Jove is lost:
And while aloof from Retimo she steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
That once enclosed the hallow'd fane of Jove.
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
This gloomy tyrant, whose triumphant yoke
The trembling states around to slavery broke;
Through Greece, for murder, rape, and incest known,
The muses raised to high Olympus throne.—
For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
The prince whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.
But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast;
The blackening ocean curls; the winds arise;
And the dark scud* in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high
Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie,†
The sailors now, to give the ship relief,
Reduce the topsails by a single reef.‡
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the topsails sink amain;
And, soon reduced, assume their post again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore;
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.
Four hours the sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone:
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A squall deep lowering blots the southern sky,
Before whose boisterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topsails can no more sustain:
'Reef topsails, reef!' the boatswain calls again!

* Scud is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

† When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely, that side of the ship upon which it acts, is called the weather side: and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side, on which they are situated; as the lee cannon, the lee braces, the weather braces, &c.

‡ The topsails are large square sails, of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionably, when its force abates.

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The haliards* and top-bow-lines† soon are gone,
To clue-lines‡ and reef-tackles next they run:
The shivering sails descend; and now they square
The yards, while ready sailors mount in air.
The weather-earings§ and the lee they past;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend.
It comes resistless; and with foaming sweep,
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep.
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And storm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her side the reeling vessel lies—
"Brail up the mizen,‖ quick!" the master cries,
"Man the clue-garnets!¶ let the main sheet fly!"**
The boisterous squall still presses from on high,
And swift, and fatal, as the lightning's course,
Through the torn mainsail bursts with thundering force,
While the rent canvass flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the stooping bark inclined.—
'Bear up the helm†† a-weather!" Rodmond cries;
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The prow, with secret instinct veers apace:
And now the foresail right athwart they brace;
With equal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
Spreads a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer‡‡ the helm applies.
As in pursuit along the aërial way,
With ardent eye the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chase,
Obliquely wheeling through the liquid space;
So, govern'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion still commands.
But now the transient squall to leeward past,
Again she rallies to the sullen blast.
The helm to starboard* turns—with wings inclined
The sidelong canvass clasps the faithless wind,
The mizen draws; she springs aloof once more,
While the fore-staysail† balances before.
The fore-sail braced obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confined;
Then on the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
And haul the bow-line to the bowsprit end.
To topsails next they haste—the bunt-lines gone,
The clue-lines through their wheel'd machinery run.
On either side below the sheets are mann'd:
Again the fluttering sails their skirts expand,
Once more the topsails, though with humbler plume
Mounting aloft their ancient post resume.
Again the bow-lines and the yards are braced,‡
And all th' entangled cords in order placed.
The sail, by whirlwinds thus so lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering, is unbent.
With brails§ refix another soon prepared,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head rope‖ they extend,
And soon their earings and the roebins¶ bend.
That task perform'd, they first the braces** slack,
Then to its station drag th' unwilling tack;
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet they tally and belay.††
Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore;
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide.
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main.
These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' etherial vault deface,
Their rout to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.

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* Haliards are either single ropes or tackles, by which the sails are hoisted up and lowered, when the sail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are ropes extended to keep the windward edge of the sail steady, and to prevent it from shaking in an unfavourable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes used to truss up the clues, or lower corners of the principal sails to their respective yards, particularly when the sail is to be close reefed or furled.—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef close up to the yard, so that the interval becomes slack, and is therefore easily rolled up and fastened to the yard by the points employed for this purpose.

§ Earings are small cords, by which the upper corners of the principal sails, and also the extremities of the reefs, are fastened to the yard-arms.

‖ The mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure, extended upon the mizen mast.

¶ Clue garnets are employed for the same purposes on the mainsail and foresail, as the clue-lines are upon all other square sails. See note ‡, above.

** It is necessary in this place to remark that the sheets, which are universally mistaken by the English poets and their readers for the sails themselves, are no other than the ropes used to extend the clues or lower corners of the sails to which they are attached. To the mainsail and foresail there is a sheet and a tack on each side; the latter of which is a thick rope, serving to confine the weather clue of the sail down to the ship's side, whilst the former draws out of the lee-clue or lower corner on the opposite side. Tacks are only used in a side wind.

†† The helm is said to be *a-weather*, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the side of the ship next the wind.

‡‡ Timoneer, (from *timonnier*, Fr.) the helmsman or steersman.

* The helm being turned to starboard, or to the right side of the ship, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and *vice versa*. Hence the helm being put a starboard, when the ship is running northward, directs her prow towards the west.

† This sail, which is with more propriety called the fore-topmast-staysail, is a triangular sail, that runs upon the fore-topmast-stay, over the bowsprit. It is used to command the fore part of the ship, and counterbalance the sails extended towards the stern. See also the last note of this Canto.

‡ A yard is said to be braced when it is turned about the mast horizontally, either to the right or left; the ropes employed in this servi e are accordingly called *braces*.

§ The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached are, in a general sense, called *brails*

‖ The head-rope is a cord to which the upper part of the sail is sewed.

¶ Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are small cords used to fasten the upper edge of any sail to its respective yard.

** Because the lee-brace confines the yard so that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are cast loose.

†† *Taught* implies stiff, tense, or extended straight; and *tally* is a phrase particularly applied to the operation of hauling *aft* the sheets, or drawing them towards the ship's stern. To *belay* is to fasten.

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Fair Candia now no more beneath her lee
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
Roused from their secret deeps, the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
The flattering wind, that late, with promised aid,
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.—
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray,
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight:
Even so caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide—
Fierce, and more fierce the southern demon blew,
And more incensed the roaring waters grew:
The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
Bow-lines and haliards are relax'd again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain;
Clued up each top-sail, and by braces squared,
The seamen climb aloft on either yard;
They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
The yard, by rolling tackles* then confined.
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies:
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries:
Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears;
Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
Now some to strike top-gallant yards attend;†
Some travellers‡ up the weather-backstays§ send
At each mast-head the top-ropes‖ others bend.
The youngest sailors from the yards above
Their parrels,¶ lifts,** and braces soon remove:
Then topt an-end, and to travellers tied, [slide,
Charged with their sails, they down the backstays
The yards secure along the booms†† reclined,
While some the flying cords aloft confined.—

* The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pulleys, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.

† It is usual to send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

‡ Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the backstays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

§ Backstays are long ropes extending from the right and left side of the ship to the top-mast heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

‖ Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

¶ The parrel, which is usually a movable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

** Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called *topping*.

†† The booms, in this place, imply any masts or yards lying on deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.

Their sails reduced, and all the rigging clear,
A while the crew relax from toils severe.
A while their spirits, with fatigue oppresst,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest:
But with redoubling force the tempests blow
And watery hills in fell succession flow;
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies,
New troubles grow; new difficulties rise.
No season this from duty to descend!—
All hands on deck th' eventful hour attend.
His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray
His sick'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immerged the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns!
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast;
No ray of friendly light is seen around:
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.
The ship no longer can her courses* bear:
To reef the courses is the master's care:
The sailors, summon'd aft, a daring band!
Attend th' enfolding brails at his command.
But here the doubtful officers dispute,
'Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.
Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
Still to the hostile fury of the wind
Released the sheet, and kept the tack confined;
To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
But the sage master this advice declines;
With whom Arion in opinion joins.—
The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretells th' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject.
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale!
And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee-yard arm.
The master said;—obedient to command,
To raise the tack, the ready sailors stand†—
Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew
The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by;‡
The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.
Thus all prepared, *Let go the sheet!* he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies:
Shivering at first, till by the blast impell'd,
High o'er the lee-yard arm the canvass swell'd:

* The courses are generally understood to be the main sail, foresail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails of their several masts; the term is, however, sometimes taken in a larger sense.

† It has been remarked before in note **, p. 19, col. 1, that the tack is always fastened to windward; accordingly, as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting or being torn to pieces by shivering.

‡ It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

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By spilling-lines* embraced, with brails confined
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The foresail then secured with equal care,
Again to reef the mainsail they repair.—
While some, high-mounted, overhaul the tye,
Below the down-haul tackle† others ply.
Jears,‡ lifts, and brails, a seaman each attends,
Along the mast the willing yard descends.
When lower'd sufficient, they securely brace,
And fix'd the rolling-tackle in its place;
The reef-lines§ and their earings now prepared,
Mounting on pliant shrouds,‖ they man the yard.
Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
Arion there, the hardy boatswain here;
That in the van to front the tempest hung;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.
Each earing to its station first they bend;
The reef-band¶ then along the yard extend:
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwined,
By outer and by inner turns** they bind.
From hand to hand the reef-lines next received,
Through eye-let holes and roebin legs were reeved.
The reef in double folds involved they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.

Hadst thou, Arion! held the leeward post,
While on the yard by mountain billows tost,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her dusky veil.—
But ruling heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to suffer and relate!

For, while their orders those aloft attend,
To furl the mainsail, or on deck descend,
A seat†† up surging with tremendous roll,
To instant ruin seems to doom the whole.
"O friends! secure your hold!" Arion cries;
It comes all dreadful, stooping from the skies;
Uplifted on its horrid edge she feels
The shock, and on her side half-buried reels:
The sail half bury'd in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the seamen gave:
While from its margin, terrible to tell!
Three sailors, with their gallant boatswain, fell.
Torn with resistless fury from their hold,
In vain their struggling arms the yard infold.
In vain to grapple flying cords they try,
The cords, alas! a solid gripe deny!
Prone on the midnight surge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with Death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep.
Bereft of power to help, their comrades see
The wretched victims die beneath the lee!
With fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!

In dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
Nor can determine on the next command
Though still they knew the vessel's armed side
Impenetrable to the clasping tide;
Though still the waters by no secret wound
A passage to her deep recesses found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er—
A storm, a dangerous sea, and leeward shore!
Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
Or should they stand, beneath the dreadful strain,
The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
Too late to weather* now Morea's land,
Yet verging fast to Athen's rocky strand.—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.
Long in their minds revolving each event,
At last to furl the courses they consent;
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try,† beneath it, sidelong in the sea.

Now down the mast the sloping yard declined,
Till by the jears and topping lift‡ confined;
The head, with doubling canvass fenced around,
In balance near the lofty peak, they bound.
The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles tied,
To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hied.
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd;
The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd:
The helm its post forsook, and lash'd a-lee,§
Inclined the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine implored his consort lost;

* The spilling-lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

† The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling tackle. See note *, 1st col. p. 20.

‡ Jears are the same to the mainsail, foresail, and mizen, as the haliards (note *, 1st col. p. 19) are to all inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

§ Reef-lines are only used to reef the mainsail and foresail. They are past in spiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the sails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, so as to lace the reef close up to the yard.

‖ Shrouds are thick ropes, stretching from the mast-heads downwards to the outside of the ship, serving to support the masts. They are also used as a range of rope-ladders, by which the seamen ascend or descend, to perform whatever is necessary about the sails and rigging.

¶ The reef-band is a long piece of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen the canvass in the place where the eye let holes of the reef are formed.

** The outer turns of the earing serve to extend the sail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope close to its surface. See note ‖, 2d col. p. 19.

†† A sea is the general name given by sailors to a single wave or billow: hence, when a wave bursts over the deck, the vessel is said to have *shipped a sea*.

* To weather a shore is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

† To try, is to lay the ship, with her near side in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in this position. See a farther illustration of this in the last note of this Canto.

‡ The topping lift, which tops the upper part of the mizen-yard, (see note **, p. 20.) This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose, (see note ‡, 1st col. p. 19, and note **, p. 20;) they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope or lower edge of the sail.

§ Lash'd a-lee is fastened to the lee-side. See note † p. 18.

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Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more adventurous was the attempt, to move
The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine, to bid the unwilling Muse explore
The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endured,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immured;
Till Art her salutary help bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode.
Thus long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the sweet Pierian lay.
The Muse that tuned to barbarous sounds her string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of wo.
As yet, amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear
Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appal;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!
But e'en the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdued by toil, a friendly respite crave:
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harass'd powers by slumber to restore.
Far other cares the master's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;
In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful task! for no asylum traced
A passage open'd from the watery waste:
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
"Secure your lives! grasp every man a shroud!"—
Roused from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast;
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie.—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone:
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke:
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke,
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
Th' extended cordage all asunder springs;
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
The balanced mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled,
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams;
They sound the well,* and, terrible to hear!
Five feet immersed along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake,†
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon here,
At this sad task, all diligent appear.
As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
Opposes long th' approach of hostile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way;
Till, in some destined hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall:
The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend,
And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend.
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolved till death their sacred charge to guard
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help, incessant, by rotation lend;
But all in vain,—for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explored.
Nor this severe distress is found alone;
The ribs, oppress'd by ponderous cannon, groan
Deep rolling from the watery volume's height,
The tortured sides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows
Hoarse through his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame.—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies.
One only remedy the season gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms, thus, th' artillery thrown
Eased of their load, the timbers less shall groan:
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hovering fate alone inspires:
For while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow with recoiling sweep,
May hurl the helpless wretches in the deep.
No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Redmond, Arion and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue;
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather side:
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave. [deep,
Like some strong watch-tower, nodding o'er the
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood; the stern aërial war
Had marked his honest face with many a scar—
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,‡

* The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to enclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

† The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

‡ The waist of a ship of this kind is a hollow space about five feet in depth, between the elevations of the

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The cordage of the leeward-guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath the metal placed.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw:
Then from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel'd th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.
The ship, thus eased, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.
Such ease Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenomed mantle from his side he tore;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procured,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endured!
Such, and so short the pause of wo she found!
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings, gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the gloom, a pale disastrous light.
Above, all ether, fraught with scenes of wo,
With grim destruction threatens all below.
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave, assails the skies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half-swallow'd in the black profound!
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess!
For, while with boundless inundation o'er
The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,
Displaced beneath by her capacious womb
They rage their ancient station to resume;
By secret ambushes their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pump with ever-clanking strokes resound,
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdued,
The tough bull hide must ever be renew'd.
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill:
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with some new wo each moment teems.
Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figured plain attentive bends:
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne:
But here alas! his science naught avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way* explored,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discovered by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When Falconera's rugged isle he found,
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound
For, if on those destructive shallows toss,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots, of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal,
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While Ruin glares around, and pale Affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars raised aloft their head:
But here the Queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and shower
Black Melancholy ruled the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where Fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Enclosed with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise,
Expert in action; and in council wise;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd.
"Ye faithful mates, who all my troubles share
Approved companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left.
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast,
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, the occasion all your skill demands;
A leaky ship, embay'd by dangerous lands.
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds:
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind;
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
Yet this or other ills she must endure;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice,
These only in our power are left to try;
To perish here or from the storm to fly,
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign.
Forbid it, Heaven, that, in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay,
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale:
For then, if broaching sideward on the sea,
Our dropsied ship may founder on the lee:
No more obedient to the pilot's power, [your."
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame de-
He said; the listening mates with fix'd regard
And silent reverence his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their councils hung impending Fate
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried.

quarter-deck and fore-castle, and having the upper dock for its base, or platform.

* The lee-way or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is rived of the government of the sails and helm

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Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart:
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th' opposed events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents.

"Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'er-power!
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind;
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chased by this tempest and outrageous sea?
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps;
At random driven, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the Gulf of Corinth on our lee
Now opens to her ports a passage free;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares,
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

"Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with a doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee,
The crew, though harass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious then, the dangers tell,
At once their courage and their hopes to quell!
Prudence forbids!—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon:
Its rage though terrible may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease: the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore."

Thus while he spoke around from man to man,
At either pump, a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below th' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth, they eyed the wetted scale,
And, lo! the leak o'er all their powers prevail,
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubled force their task pursued.

And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught,
Not twice nine summers yet matured his thought.
So oft he bled by Fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resign'd to Fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul.

"With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combined;
While here we linger in the pass of Fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For, some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shattered state, and yon desponding crew,
At once suggest what measures to pursue.
The labouring hull already seems half-fill'd
With waters, through a hundred leaks distill'd,
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight
Thus drenched by every wave, her riven deck
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main:
At every pitch th' o'erwhelming billows bend,
Beneath their load, the quivering bowsprit end
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th' increasing leaks defy:
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom
To light and save us from the watery tomb;
That bids us shun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer,

"'Tis urged indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And, driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste
But haply Falconera we may shun:
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear.
E'en then the wearied storm as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd cables on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er, and marks us for her prey."

He said; Palemon saw, with grief of heart:
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involved,
He heard their last alternative resolved.
High beat his bosom: with such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explored
The midnight wizards breathing rites abhorr'd:
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell
Arion saw, with secret anguish moved,
The deep affliction of the friend he loved;
And, all awake to Friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove.—
With Comfort's soothing voice, from Hope derived,
Palemon's drooping spirit he revived.
For Consolation oft, with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now had the pilots all th' events revolved,
And on their final refuge thus resolved;

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When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs.
"Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmoved behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
That long, in vain, I purposed to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all help of arts we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find;
At once to wear and scud before the wind.*
Perhaps e'en then to ruin we may steer;
For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here;
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or sheltered by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.
"But, if determined by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the watery grave
Our floating sailors on the surf may save.
'And first, let all our axes be secured,
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage, too, must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather rails belay'd;
So they, who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand,
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar.
Thus for the terrible event prepared,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard;
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend;
Then each, secured by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board;
Let the brood axes next assail each mast;
And booms, and oars, and rafts, to leeward cast.
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them, o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!

* For an explanation of these manœuvres, the reader is referred to the last note of this Canto.

If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!
"I know, among you some full oft have view'd
With murdering weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
The foul reproach and scandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
Who 'scaped from every horror of the main,
Implored their mercy, but implored in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress,
Can share affliction with the wretch distrest:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inured to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief."
With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for a while their native land;
They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailors' cause.
Meanwhile the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all revered.
"No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand:
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!—
O Source of Life! our refuge and our stay!
Whose voice the warring elements obey,
On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death!
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! 'Whatever is, is just.'"
He said; and with consenting reverence fraught
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.
His intellectual eyes, serenely bright!
Saw distant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Her bulwarks sinking, as her troops decay;
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise;
With deep attention marks th' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates every blow:
Tries his last art the tottering state to save,
Or in its ruins finds a glorious grave.
Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills:
On either side they rise; tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between.*

* That the reader, who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the "Dictionary of the Marine."

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm; and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have

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The balanced ship, now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclined;
But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.—
The order now was given to bear away;
The order given the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortured sail,
As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew!—
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
"Away there! lower the mizen yard on deck!"
He calls, "and brace the foremost yards aback!"
His great example every bosom fires,
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires,
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries,—
"Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay;
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!"
He said; th' attentive sailors on each side
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound.
The tall mast, groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gash'd with sores, the tottering structure rings!
And crashing, thundering o'er the quarter swings
Thus when some limb, convulsed with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath!
Th' experienced artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays:
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolved at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry. Applied to the subject. Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away. Ship veers before the wind. Her violent agitation. Different stations of the officers. Appearance of the island of Falconera. Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece renowned in antiquity. Athens. Socrates. Plato. Aristides. Solon. Corinth. Sparta. Leonidas. Invasion of Xerxes. Lycurgus. Epaminondas. Modern appearance. Arcadia; its former

all her sails furled: or be, according to the sea-phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time, is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind is called her coming-to: and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward is called her falling-off.

Veering, or wearing, (see line 55, 2d col. p. 23, and line 20, 1st col. p. 25;) as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, that "every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts."

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus, in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of the seamen is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hinder part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case, the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremast sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. See line 9 of preceding column. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite end of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destruction, (see line 20 of preceding column,) the mizen-mast must be cut away, and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest. See line 20, 1st col p. 25.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremast, or, if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea-phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are generally a sea striking a ship's stern; the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes the stern violently may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching-to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of sea-room she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

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happiness and fertility. Present distress, the effect of slavery. Ithaca. Ulysses and Penelope. Argos and Mycenæ. Agamemnon. Macronisi. Lemnos. Vulcan and Venus. Delos. Apollo and Diana. Troy. Sestos. Leander and Hero. Delphos. Temple of Apollo. Parnassus. The Muses. The subject resumed. Sparkling of the sea. Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors. Darkness, lightning, and thunder. Approach of day. Discovery of land. The ship, in great danger, passes the island of St. George. Turns her broadside to the shore. Her bowsprit, foremast, and main topmast carried away. She strikes a rock. Splits asunder. Fate of the crew.

The scene stretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna in Attica.—The time is about seven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age with blood defiled.
The human savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When sullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the shores of light, the Muses came,
The dark and solitary race to tame;
'Twas theirs the lawless passions to control,
And melt in tender sympathy the soul:
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breasts celestial flame.
The kindling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the swelling lay.
Roused from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.
When great Mæonides, in rapid song,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along.
Each ravish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulses beat to arms.
From earth upborne, on Pegasean wings,
Far through the boundless realms of thought he springs;
While distant poets, trembling as they view
His sunward flight, the dazzling track pursue.
But when his strings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire distress Laertes' son befell,
The strains, meandering through the maze of wo,
Bid sacred sympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muses' heavenly breath
With vital force dissolved the chains of death;
Each bard in Epic lays began to sing,
Taught by the master of the vocal string.—
'Tis mine, alas! through dangerous scenes to stray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While, all unused the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!
Full oft, indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
But o'er that scene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subservient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, th' unravell'd prospect to display,
And chain th' events in regular array.
Though hard the task, to sing in varied strains,
While all unchanged the tragic theme remains!
Thrice happy! might the secret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart,
Might the sad numbers draw Compassion's tear
For kindred miseries, oft beheld too near;
For kindred wretches, oft in ruin cast
On Albion's strand beneath the wintry blast:
For all the pangs, the complicated wo,
Her bravest sons, her faithful sailors know!
So pity, gushing o'er each British breast,
Might sympathize with Briton's sons distrest:
For this, my theme through mazes I pursue,
Which nor Mæonides nor Maro knew!
A while the mast in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanced th' impression of the helm and wind:
The wounded serpent, agonized with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain.
But now the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
And while around before the wind it falls,
"Square all the yards!"* th' attentive master calls
"You timoneers, her motion still attend!
For on your steerage all our lives depend.
So, steady!† meet her, watch the blast behind,
And steer her right before the seas and wind!"
"Starboard, again!" the watchful pilot cries;
"Starboard!" the obedient timoneer replies.
Then to the left the ruling helm returns;
The wheel‡ revolves, the ringing axle burns!
The ship, no longer foundering by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea:
All lonely, o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourged on by surges, storm, and bursting skies
As when the masters of the lance assail,
In Hyperborean seas, the slumbering whale;
Soon as the javelins pierce his scaly hide,
With anguish stung, he cleaves the downward tide
In vain he flies! no friendly respite found;
His life-blood gushes through th' inflaming wound.
The wounded bark, thus smarting with her pain
Scuds from pursuing waves along the main;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan;
Upheaved behind her in tremendous height
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
Now shivering o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies.
As that rebellious angel who, from heaven,
To regions of eternal pain was driven;
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore,
The distant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheaved,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleaved;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the rayless void of night was thrown.
E'en so she scales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight
The masts around whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibrations round her axle swing.
To guide the wayward course amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different posts assume.

* To square the yards, in this place, is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

† Steady is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at this instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ships, the helm is managed by a wheel.

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Albert and Rodmond, station'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer;
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To shun the cruisers wandering o'er the deeps;
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends;
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighbouring shore,
Cries, ever and anon, "Look out afore!"
Four hours thus scudding on the tide she flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view:
High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower cast a mournful light.
In dire amazement riveted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand:
But soon beyond this shore the vessel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies.
So from the fangs of her insatiate foe,
O'er the broad champaign scuds the trembling roe.
That danger past, reflects a feeble joy;
But soon returning fears their hopes destroy.
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the sailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of softer skies,
Some alp of ice from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone:
Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales supply;
In cooling streams th' aërial billows fly;
A while deliver'd from the scorching heat,
In gentle tides the feverish pulses beat.
So, when their trembling vessel pass'd this isle,
Such visionary joys the crew beguile;
Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire;
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire!
Say, Memory! thou, from whose unerring tongue
Instructive flows the animated song!
What regions now the flying ship surround?
Regions of old through all the world renown'd;
That once the Poet's theme, the Muses' boast,
Now lie in ruins; in oblivion lost!
Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconcious pass each famous circling shore?
They did; for blasted in the barren shade,
Here, all too soon, the buds of science fade:
Sad Ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every springing flower:
Here Fancy droops, while sullen cloud and storm
The generous climate of the soul deform.
Then if among the wandering naval train,
One stripling exiled from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranced in Fancy's soothing dream,
Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream,
(Since those salubrious streams with power divine,
To purer sense th' attemper'd soul refine,)
His heart with liberal commerce here unblest,
Alien to joy! sincerer grief possest.
Yet on the youthful mind, th' impression cast,
Of ancient glory, shall for ever last.
There, all unquench'd by cruel Fortune's ire,
It glows with inextinguishable fire.
Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head.
Great source of science! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of Fame;
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
The first in Virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By Heaven pronounced the wisest of mankind;
The last foretold the spark of vital fire
The soul's fine essence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage,
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage.
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws
Of all her towering structures, now alone,
Some scatter'd columns stand, with weeds o'er grown.
The wandering stranger near the port descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size;
Unknown the sculpture; marble is the frame;
And hence the adjacent haven drew its name.
Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies,
Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subsued,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd.
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd,*
Spread, like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.
Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra! thy modern turrets stand.
Ah! who, unmoved with secret wo, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell?
Here once she flourish'd at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.
Here brave Leonidas, from shore to shore,
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar.
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanced with Persia's sumless troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train
Tall Œta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd Asia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame!
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause:
E'en great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born spirit now!
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace!
Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.
Thrice happy soil! where still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breathed perpetual May!
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obsequious field.
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield;
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour th' uncultured plain.
Westward of these, beyond the isthmus lies
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise;
Where fair Penelope her absent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplored.

* Architecture.

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Though many a princely heart her beauty won,
She, guarded only by a stripling son,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefiled the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd.
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.
Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Far o'er the Ægean main to Dardan coasts.
Unhappy prince! who on a hostile shore,
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore.
And when to native realms restored at last,
To reap the harvest of thy labours past,
A perjured friend, alas! and faithless wife,
There sacrificed to impious lust thy life;—
Fast by Arcadia, stretch these desert plains;
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
Next the fair isle of Helena* is seen,
Where adverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom, in arms combined, the Grecian host,
With vengeance fired, invaded Phrygia's coast;
For whom so long they labour'd to destroy
The sacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.
The port an image bears of Parian stone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.
Due east from this appears th' immortal shore
That sacred Phœbus and Diana bore.
Delos, through all th' Ægean seas renown'd:
(Whose coast the rocky Cyclades surround)
By Phœbus honour'd and by Greece revered!
Her hallow'd groves e'en distant Persia fear'd:
But now, a silent unfrequented land!
No human footstep marks the trackless sand.
Thence to the north, by Asia's western bound
Fair Lemnos stands, with rising marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ethereal world.
There his eternal anvils first he rear'd;
Then, forged by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by skill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
And living scandal of th' empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt.
In fires profane, can heavenly bosoms melt?
Eastward of this appears the Dardan shore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illustrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,
Through the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou saw'st thy tutelar gods in vain descend!
Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
Though nations perish'd on her bloody plain;
That refuge of perfidious Helen's shame
Was doom'd at length to sink in Grecian flame.
And now, by Time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,
The seat of sacred Troy is found no more:
No trace of all her glories now remains!
But corn and vines enrich her cultured plains.

* Now known by the name of Micronisi.

Silver Scamander laves the verdant shore;
Scamander oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore!
Not far removed from Ilion's famous land,
In counter view, appears the Thracian strand;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Display'd her cresset each revolving night;
Whose gleam directed loved Leander o'er
The rolling Hellespont to Asia's shore,
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coast,
She saw her lover's lifeless body tost;
Then felt her bosom agony severe;
Her eyes, sad gazing, pour'd th' incessant tear!
O'erwhelm'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
She beat her beauteous breast and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain she cried;
Then headlong plunged into the parting tide:
The parting tide received the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight!
Far west of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile;
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors;
And checker'd marble paved the polish'd floors.
The roofs, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of shining porphyry the shafts were framed,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flamed
Apollo's suppliant priests, a blameless train!
Framed their oblation on the holy fane:
To front the sun's declining ray 'twas placed;
With golden harps and living laurels graced.
The sciences and arts around the shrine
Conspicuous shone, engraved by hands divine!
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast;
While, from his eye's insufferable light,
Disease and Death recoil'd, in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.
Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'er-spread,
Parnassus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where from the deluge saved, by Heaven's command,
Deucalion leading Pyrrha, hand in hand.
Repeopled all the desolated land.
Around the scene unfading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol sweet numbers through the vocal grove;
While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath
Young zephyrs borne on rosy pinions breathe.
Fair daughters of the Sun! the sacred Nine,
Here wake to ecstasy their songs divine;
Or crown'd with myrtle in some sweet alcove,
Attune the tender strings to bleeding love;
All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to softest peace the tortured soul,
While hill and vale with choral voice around
The music of immortal harps resound,
Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,
Still scattering where she moves Elysian flowers
Even now, the strains, with sweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought—

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Adieu, ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,
Where Eden's blossoms ever vernal blow!
Adieu, ye streams, that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze the Aonian hills surround!
Ye fairy scenes, where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever, O farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethean dews distil!
Awake, O Memory, from th' inglorious dream
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme!
Collect thy powers! arouse thy vital fire!
Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
n torrents pour along the swelling strain!
Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
For, this assault should either quarter* feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.
The steersmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear:
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one imbodied line.
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd,
While psowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop the audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;
So, while the watery wilderness he roams,
Incensed to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of wo.
Now thunders wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide;
Her joints unhinged, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noontide ray.
The skies asunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terrors Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head.
It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combined;
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!—

* The quarter is the hinder part of a ship side; or that part which is near the stern.

Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks:
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge;
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge,
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood;
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood
Now in a deluge burst the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame.
Sick Earth, convulsive, groans from shore to shore,
And Nature, shuddering, feels the horrid roar.
Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire
But, ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.
But, lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred Vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings!
All Nature, smiling, hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph adored resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain, [reign
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies.
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows
And all their skill relentless fates oppose;
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.*
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore:
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound
Where Death in secret ambush lurks around.
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wandering son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun:
When Palinurus, from the helm descried
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side;

* Broaching-to is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst sailing or scudding before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the second Canto.

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While in the west, with hideous yawn disclosed,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf opposed.
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursued.
Thus while to right and left destruction lies,
Between the extremes the daring vessel flies.
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud dashing surges roar;
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves;
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares.
But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land;
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing the isle she past.
With longing eyes and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confined,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exiled from the realms of day;
No equal pangs his bosom agonize,
When far above the sacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
For scenes he never shall possess again.

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high:
Beside the cape's projecting verge are placed
A range of columns, long by time defaced;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below, with maddening rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard the piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion gazed upon the blind:
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud.
"Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend!" he cries;
"Thy only succour on the mast relies!"—
The helm bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amazed he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gazed young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When, mounted in the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling tried
The immortal coursers of the sun to guide.—
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly;
Fate spurs her on:—thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.

With mournful look the seamen eyed the strand,
Where Death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror they beheld the last.
Now, on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring,
The fatal sisters on the surge before,
Yoked their infernal horses to the prore.—
The steersmen now received their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-prest by watery weight the bowsprit bends
And from above the stem deep-crushing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high:
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er the lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main topmast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessels to regain;
The waves they buffet, till bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink, for ever, number'd with the dead!

Those who remain, their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate;
The heart, that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond, and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
E'en they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals;
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Enclosed with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While Fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For Heaven's sweet help, their suppliant cries implore;
But Heaven relentless deigns to help no more.

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
E'en Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress
His soul had trembled to its last recess!
O yet confirm my heart, ye Powers above,
This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove;
The tottering frame of Reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

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In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps resound:
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels:
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges: hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock:
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes,
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak;
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn, her frame divides:
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.
O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress!
Then too severely taught by cruel Fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surge, the stooping mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung;
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
Awile they bore th' o'erwhelming billow's rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego.
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yardarm impetuous thrown,
On marble ridges die without a groan.
Three, with Palemon, on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach a lifeless crew.
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses! red with human blood!
So, pierced with anguish, hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior wo!
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black Adversity's approach exposed,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclosed:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray.—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs enfold—
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For Death bids every clenching joint adhere.
All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes.
And "O protect my wife and child!" he cries·
The gushing stream rolls back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!
Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all th' assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
"Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die;
And, now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost!"
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round,
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly:
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away;
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gasp! they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon th' illusive weed;—
Another billow burst in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and Memory views no more!
Ah, total night and horror here preside!
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell; and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd.
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again!
Two, with Arion, yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore:
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow;
A while they wait th' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow
To Thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praise.
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives;

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Her magic powers their exiled health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.
A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Roused by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood,
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around.
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet Nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Straight down the vale with hastening steps they hied,
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.
Meanwhile those three escaped beneath explore
The first adventurous youth who reach'd the shore;
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless on the tangled beach he lay—
It is Palemon;—O what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill-unknown!
Arion thus: but ah! sad doom of Fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate:
While yet afloat, on some resisting rock
His ribs were dash'd, and fractured with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks, so late array'd
In beauty's bloom are pale, with mortal shade!
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head.
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna, hung portray'd;
Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
Hadst thou, soft maiden; in this hour of wo,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony? thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again!
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gazed,
And cautiously the wounded youth upraised.
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress'd,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
"O rescued from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
Are we then exiled to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
For, wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep buried yet in tenfold night.
Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!
Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That deaf to Nature's voice and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavours to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
But, O thou sacred Power! whose law connects
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—
Ah! cease to mourn! those friendly tears restrain
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
When parted, hence, to England's distant shore
Shouldst thou th' unwilling messenger of Fate
To him the tragic story first relate,
O! friendship's generous ardour then suppress,
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
Ah! then remember well my last request,
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succour and defend.
Say, I this suit implored with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
But O, to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befell,
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft Pity's veil;
And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew;
Lo! her bright image pendant on my neck,
Is all Palemon rescued from the wreck:
Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
I struggled life and this alone to save!
"My soul, that fluttering hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee;
But strives in vain;—the chilling ice of Death
Congeals my blood, and choaks the stream of breath:
Resign'd, she quits her comfortless abode,
To course that long, unknown, eternal road.—
O sacred source of ever-living light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death are felt no more!
"When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from Pity's eye the melting tear,
Of two chaste hearts by mutual passion join'd
To absence, sorrow, and despair consign'd,
O! then to swell the tides of social wo
That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While Memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend befell!
Then while in streams of soft compassion drown'd
The swains lament and maidens weep around;
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear
O! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."*
The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;

* ——sed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; "*dicique beatus*
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."
Ovid. Met.

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His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!
As thus defaced in death Palemon lay,
Arion gazed upon the lifeless clay:
Transfix'd he stood with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd
"O ill-starr'd votary, of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy demand:
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day!
Disastrous day! what ruin has thou bred!
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred Justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze
Where Reason, lost in endless error, strays!
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, *Thy will be done!*"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arrived
To aid the helpless few who yet survived:
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corses of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclined;
The generous natives, moved with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

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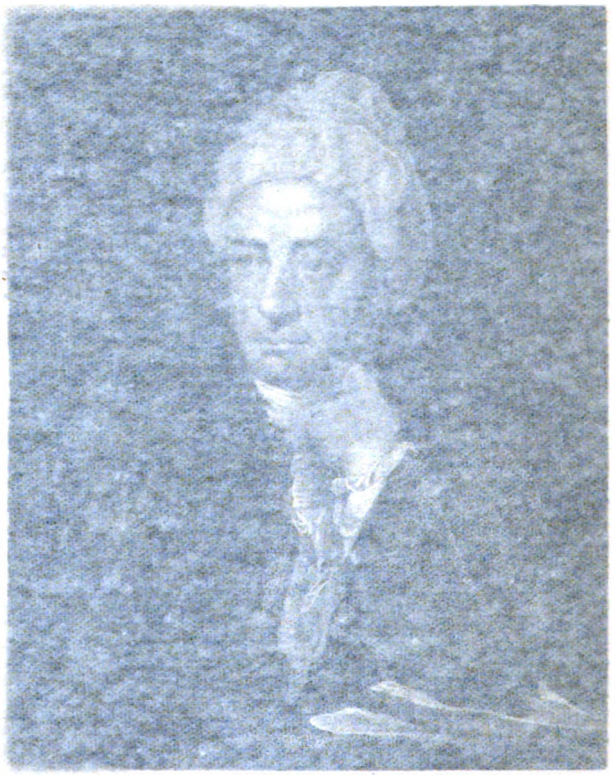

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WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, November 26, 1731. His father was rector of that parish, and had been chaplain to George II. The poet's mother died in childbirth when he was six years old. The event made a deep impression upon him, which ultimately found expression in his well-known lines on receipt of her picture. He was a sensitive and delicate child, disposed to melancholy, and had the misfortune to be sent to a school where he was somewhat harshly treated. This naturally aggravated his fits of despondency, and his unpleasant remembrance of those days appears in his poem "Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools." He finished his studies at Westminster School, and then was articled to an attorney in London. In 1752 he went to reside in the Middle Temple, and two years later was called to the bar; but he never practised.

According to his own story, Cowper was not a very devoted student of the law. He says he spent the greater part of his time with a relative, where he and the future chancellor (Lord Thurlow) amused themselves in "giggling and making giggle." Later, he read the classics attentively, began to write poetry, and with his brother translated a portion of Voltaire's "Henriade."

His father died in 1756, leaving him a small property, and soon afterward he was appointed a commissioner of bankrupts, but he never discharged the duties of the office. His friends also procured him an appointment as reading clerk, and clerk of private committees, in the House of Lords. But when he learned that he must undergo an examination before the House, he became so nervous that he was unable to appear, and resigned the office. At this time he became so despondent as to attempt suicide, but lacked the courage to carry out any such intention.

In December, 1763, he went to reside with Dr. Colton, at St. Albans, being considerably deranged, if not absolutely insane. It is said that his mind was agitated chiefly by religious questions, and that for seven months he was in momentary terror of being plunged into eternal misery. But this has been disputed by some of his biographers, who say that his religious belief and meditation were his sole consolation.

In 1765 he removed to Huntingdon, where he lived in complete retirement for four months. Then he made the acquaintance of Mr. Unwin, son of the clergyman of the parish, and ere long was taken into the house of the Unwins as a boarder. The acquaintance was most congenial, and became a life-long friendship. The Mary of his poems is Mrs. Unwin. After the death of the elder Mr. Unwin, in 1767, the widow and her daughter, accompanied by Cowper, went to reside at Olney, in Buckinghamshire.

While he was on a visit to Rev. Mr. Newton in 1773, he suffered a return of his malady, from which he recovered but slowly. When convalescent, he began writing hymns with Mr. Newton, and amused himself with domesticating hares and making bird-cages.

In December, 1780, he began work on a volume of poems, and finished it by the next March. It contained "Truth," "Table-Talk," "The Progress of Error," and "Expostulation," and was published in 1782.

In 1781 Cowper became acquainted with Lady Austen, who was visiting at Olney. She told him the story of "John Gilpin," which he versified in a single night, urged him to translate Homer, and suggested "The Task."

"John Gilpin" was published anonymously, and for three years failed to attract attention. Suddenly it became popular, and Henderson the actor read it to large audiences.

Lady Austen is described as a most accomplished, agreeable, and somewhat fascinating woman, and Cowper appreciated the charm of her conversation. But Mrs. Unwin looked upon the fair intruder in a different light altogether, and ere long gave the poet his choice of renouncing either Lady Austen's friendship or her own. He decided to retain the older attachment, and wrote Lady Austen a formal letter of farewell. It was a matter of deep regret with him, though there is little reason to suppose that any romantic affection existed between them.

On the publication of "The Task," in 1784, Lady Hesketh, a cousin of Cowper's, whom he had not seen for thirty years, wrote him a congratulatory letter; and two years later she visited him at Olney, and then settled at Weston, near by. She gave Cowper and the Unwins a more commodious house, and lent him her carriage for longer excursions about the country than he had been accustomed to. As soon as "The Task" was sent to press, he wrote "Tirocinium," and began his translation of Homer, which was completed and published in 1791. The second edition of this translation was so thoroughly revised as to be almost a new one.

After this, Cowper undertook to edit Milton's works; but his faculties were rapidly giving way, and he was entirely unfitted for such work. In 1795 he and Mrs. Unwin removed to North Tuddenham, Norfolk, under the care of a relative, where Mrs. Unwin died the next year. His last original poem was "The Castaway," written in 1799, and he died at East Dereham on the 25th of April, 1800. Southey edited his complete works, with a biography, in fifteen volumes, 1838.

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BOADICEA:

AN ODE.

When the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

HEROISM.

There was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves, that girdled her around.
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines.
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines,)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapors rise,
And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,
While through the Stygian veil, that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But oh! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an uninform'd and idle mass;
Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,
Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
O charming Paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
The self-same gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe.
Again pours ruin on the vale below.
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore.
That only future ages can restore.
Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honor draws,
Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires!
Fast by the stream, that bounds your just domain
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbors', and their own
Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road;
At every step beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread!
Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness.
Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun;
And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn
And Folly pays, resound at your return.
A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again,
And years of pining indigence must show
What scourges are the gods that rule below.
Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease,)
Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil,
Rebuilds the tow'rs, that smok'd upon the plain,
And the Sun gilds the shining spires again.
Increasing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part;
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
That wealth within is ruin at the door.

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What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway?
Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe;
And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,
To prove you there destroyers as ye are.
O place me in some Heav'n-protected isle,
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
Where Pow'r secures what Industry has won;
Where to succeed is not to be undone;
A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign!

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK,

THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN ANN BODHAM.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it,) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own.
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went
Till, all my stock of infant-sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.
Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile;
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them; would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"*
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the Earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t'have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;

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* Garth.

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And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

FRIENDSHIP.

What virtue, or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
And dullness, of discretion.

If every polish'd gem we find
Illuminating heart or mind,
Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the same,
That jewel of the purest flame,
Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
A real and a sound one;
Nor any fool, he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
An error soon corrected—
For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
And taken trash for treasure,
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal good,
A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair;
Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
Or mean self-love erected;
Nor such as may awhile subsist,
Between the sot and sensualist,
For vicious ends connected.

Who seek a friend should come dispos'd,
T' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis a union that bespeaks
Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
And constantly supported:
'Tis senseless arrogance t' accuse
Another of sinister views,
Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice?
It is indeed above all price,
And must be made the basis;
But ev'ry virtue of the soul
Must constitute the charming whole,
All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
By ceaseless sharp corrosion;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
At one immense explosion.

In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
The secret just committed,
Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth distress'd
On good, that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling;
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers, will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention;
Aspersion is the babbler's trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
The sparks of disputation,
Like Hand-in-Hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the Pole,
Their humor yet so various—
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviation too,
Their love is so precarious

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The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete;
  Plebeians must surrender,
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
  Obscurity with splendor.

Some are so placid and serene,
(As Irish bogs are always green,)
  They sleep secure from waking,
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares,
  Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeneous politics
  Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon-juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
  A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
  But friends that chance to differ
On points which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge!
  No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
  No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend, we seem
T' adopt the chymists' golden dream,
  With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known,
  By trespass or omission;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
  And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
  And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
  Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
  That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That savor much of commonplace,
  And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
  To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
  The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
  How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
  To pardon or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd
  First fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight,
  Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little, and hear all you can:"
  Safe policy, but hateful—
So barren sands imbibe the show'r
But render neither fruit nor flow'r,
  Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserv'd as he;
  No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again,
I will by no means entertain
  A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
  Of evils yet unmention'd—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed,
  However well-intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
  To be at least expedient,
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
  A principal ingredient.

The noblest friendship ever shown
The Savior's history makes known,
  Though some have turn'd and turn'd it;
And, whether being craz'd or blind,
Or seeking with a biass'd mind,
  Have not, it seems, discern'd it.

O Friendship! if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below;
  To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
  Or may my friend deceive me.

THE TASK.

Advertisement.

The history of the following production is briefly this: A lady, fond of blank verse, demanded a poem of that kind from the author, and gave him the SOFA for a subject. He obeyed; and, having much leisure, connected another subject with it: and, pursuing the train of thought to which his situation and turn of mind led him, brought forth at length, instead of the trifle which he at first intended, a serious affair—a volume.

BOOK I.

THE SOFA.

Argument.

Historical deduction of seats, from the stool to the Sofa. A school-boy's ramble. A walk in the country. The scene described. Rural sounds

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as well as sights delightful. Another walk. Mistake concerning the charms of solitude corrected. Colonnades commended. Alcove, and the view from it. The wilderness. The grove. The thresher. The necessity and the benefits of exercise. The works of nature superior to, and, in some instances, inimitable by, art. The wearisomeness of what is commonly called a life of pleasure. Change of scene sometimes expedient. A common described, and the character of Crazy Kate introduced. Gypsies. The blessings of civilized life. The state most favorable to virtue. The South-Sea islanders compassionated, but chiefly Omai. His present state of mind supposed. Civilized life friendly to virtue, but not great cities. Great cities, and London in particular, allowed their due praises, but censured. Fête-champêtre. The book concludes with a reflection on the fatal effects of dissipation and effeminacy upon our public measures.

I sing the Sofa. I, who lately sang
Truth, Hope, and Charity, and touch'd with awe
The solemn chords, and with a trembling hand,
Escap'd with pain from that advent'rous flight,
Now seek repose upon an humbler theme;
The theme though humble, yet august and proud
Th' occasion—for the Fair commands the song.
Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.
As yet black breeches were not; satin smooth,
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile:
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock
Wash'd by the sea, or on the grav'ly bank
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,
Fearless of wrong, repos'd his weary strength.
Those barb'rous ages past, succeeded next
The birth-day of Invention; weak at first,
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.
Joint-stools were then created; on three legs
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,
And sway'd the sceptre of his infant realms:
And such, in ancient halls and mansions drear,
May still be seen; but perforated sore,
And drill'd in holes, the solid oak is found,
By worms voracious eaten through and through.
At length a generation more refin'd
Improv'd the simple plan; made three legs four,
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,
And o'er the seat, with plenteous wadding stuff'd,
Induc'd a splendid cover, green and blue,
Yellow and red, of tap'stry richly wrought
And woven close, or needle-work sublime.
There might ye see the piony spread wide,
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,
Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.
Now came the cane from India smooth and bright
With Nature's varnish; sever'd into stripes,
That interlac'd each other, these supplied
Of texture firm a lattice-work, that brac'd
The new machine, and it became a chair.
But restless was the chair; the back erect
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease,
The slipp'ry seat betray'd the sliding part
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling down,
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.
These for the rich; the rest whom Fate had plac'd
In modest mediocrity, content
With base materials, sat on well-tann'd hides,
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fix'd,
If cushion might be call'd, what harder seem'd
Than the firm oak, of which the frame was form'd.
No want of timber then was felt or fear'd
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood
Pond'rous and fix'd by its own massy weight.
But elbows still were wanting; these, some say,
An alderman of Cripplegate contriv'd;
And some ascribe th' invention to a priest,
Burly, and big, and studious of his ease.
But rude at first, and not with easy slope
Receding wide, they press'd against the ribs,
And bruis'd the side; and, elevated high,
Taught the rais'd shoulders to invade the ears.
Long time elaps'd or ere our rugged sires
Complain'd, though incommodiously pent in,
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex.
Ingenious Fancy, never better pleas'd
Than when employ'd t' accommodate the fair,
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devis'd
The soft settee; one elbow at each end,
And in the midst an elbow it received,
United yet divided, twain at once.
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne,
And so two citizens who take the air,
Close-pack'd, and smiling, in a chaise and one.
But relaxation of the languid frame,
By soft recumbency of out-stretch'd limbs,
Was bliss reserv'd for happier days. So slow
The growth of what is excellent; so hard
T' attain perfection in this nether world.
Thus first Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,
And Luxury th' accomplish'd Sofa last.
The nurse sleeps sweetly, hir'd to watch the sick,
Whom snoring she disturbs. As sweetly he,
Who quits the coach-box at the midnight hour,
To sleep within the carriage more secure;
His legs depending at the open door.
Sweet sleep enjoys the curate in his desk,
The tedious rector drawling o'er his head;
And sweet the clerk below. But neither sleep
Of lazy nurse, who snores the sick man dead;
Nor his, who quits the box at midnight hour,
To slumber in the carriage more secure;
Nor sleep enjoy'd by curate in his desk;
Nor yet the dozings of the clerk, as sweet,
Compar'd with the repose the Sofa yields.
O may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine Excess. The Sofa suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel:
For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close-cropp'd by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs; have lov'd the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink
E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds,
T' enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
And still remember, nor without regret,
Of hours, that sorrow since has much endear'd
How oft, my slice of pocket-store consum'd

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Still hung'ring pe miless, and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere
Hard fare! but such as boyish appetite
Disdains not; nor the palate, undeprav'd
By culinary arts, unsav'ry deems.
No Sofa then awaited my return!
Nor Sofa then I needed. Youth repairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue; and, though our years,
As life declines, speed rapidly away,
And not a year but pilfers as he goes
Some youthful grace, that age would gladly keep;
A tooth, or auburn lock, and by degrees
Their length and color from the locks they spare;
The elastic spring of an unwearied foot,
That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
That play of lungs, inhaling and again
Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
Mine have not pilfer'd yet; nor yet impair'd
My relish of fair prospect; scenes that sooth'd
Or charm'd me young, no longer young, I find
Still soothing, and of pow'r to charm me still.
And witness, dear companion of my walks,
Whose arm this twentieth winter I perceive
Fast lock'd in mine, with pleasure such as love,
Confirm'd by long experience of thy worth
And well-tried virtues, could alone inspire—
Witness a joy that thou hast doubted long.
Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere,
And that my raptures are not conjur'd up
To serve occasions of poetic pomp,
But genuine, and art partner of them all.
How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plow slow-moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which daily view'd
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years,
Praise justly due to those that I describe.
Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd Art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and ev'n the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns
And only there, please highly for their sake.
Peace to the artist, whose ingenious thought
Devis'd the weather-house, that useful toy!
Fearless of humid air and gath'ring rains,
Forth steps the man—an emblem of myself!
More delicate his tim'rous mate retires.
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Or ford the rivulets, are best at home,
The task of new discov'ries falls on me.
At such a season, and with such a charge,
Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown,
A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
'Tis perch'd upon the green hill top, but close
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset
With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
I call'd the low-roof'd lodge the Peasant's Nest
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From such unpleasing sounds, as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd
Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.
"Here," I have said, "at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence, and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure."
Vain thought! the dweller in that still retreat
Dearly obtains the refuge it affords.
Its elevated site forbids the wretch
To drink sweet waters of the crystal well:
He dips his bowl into the weedy ditch,
And, heavy laden, brings his bev'rage home,
Far fetch'd and little worth; nor seldom waits
Dependent on the baker's punctual call,
To hear his creaking panniers at the door,
Angry, and sad, and his last crust consum'd.
So farewell envy of the Peasant's Nest!
If solitude make scant the means of life
Society for me!—thou seeming sweet,
Be still a pleasing object in my view;
My visit still, but never mine abode.
Not distant far a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns; and in their shaded walks
And long-protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day

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We bear our shades about us: self-depriv'd
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an Indian waste without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus*—he spares me yet
These chestnuts rang'd in corresponding lines;
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade.
Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ancle-deep in moss and flow'ry thyme,
We mount again, and feel at ev'ry step
Our foot half-sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,
Disfigures Earth; and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.
The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove
That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The panels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few,
Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And, posted on his speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheep-fold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees,
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sun-burnt hay-field homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vocif'rous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the grey smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash, far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beach of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odors: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere Autumn yet
Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honors bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interpos'd between,)
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.

* John Courtney Throckmorton, Esq. of Weston Underwood.

Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascent; between them weeps
A little naiad her impov'rish'd urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord† of this inclos'd demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share; the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.
Refreshing change! where now the blazing Sun?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice
That yet a remnant of your race survives
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The chequer'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance
Shadow and sun-shine intermingling quick,
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot.
And now, with nerves new-brac'd and spirits [cheer'd,
We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destir d ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noon-day beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread
Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
By ceaseless action, all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the World.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd
By restless undulation: ev'n the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder: but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When Custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,

† See the foregoing note

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Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a grey beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.
Like a coy maiden, Ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
Who oft'nest sacrifice are favor'd least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange! there should be found,
Who, self-imprison'd in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odors of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom;
Who, satisfied with only pencil'd scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God
Th' inferior wonders of an artist's hand!
Lovely indeed the mimic works of Art;
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shows me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls:
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature's, ev'ry sense.
The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a pow'r
Peculiar and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
'Tis free to all—'tis ev'ry day renew'd;
Who scorns it starves deservedly at home.
He does not scorn it, who, imprison'd long
In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
To sallow sickness, which the vapors, dank
And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
Escapes at last to liberty and light:
His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue;
His eye relumines its extinguish'd fires;
He walks, he leaps, he runs—is wing'd with joy,
And riots in the sweets of ev'ry breeze.
He does not scorn it, who has long endur'd
A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs.
Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflam'd
With acrid salts; his very heart athirst,
To gaze at Nature in her green array,
Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possess'd
With visions prompted by intense desire:
Fair fields appear below, such as he left
Far distant, such as he would die to find—
He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.
The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar, the face of Beauty, when no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears,
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life,
A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb, the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand,
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet ev'n these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he,
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet lothe it, fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits, all forbid.
Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring over-shoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those,
Whose head-aches nail them to a noon-day bed;
And save me too from theirs, whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety, that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.
The Earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, might be indulg'd.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smile, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug inclosures in the shelter'd vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,
Delight us; happy to renounce awhile,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please,
That hides the seamew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man. His hoary head,
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner,
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-wither'd shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common, overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

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There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd
With lace, and hat with splendid riband bound.
A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
Her fancy follow'd him through foaming waves
To distant shores; and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—
And never smil'd again! and now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is craz'd.

I see a column of slow-rising smoke
O'ertop the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.
A vagabond and useless tribe there eat
Their miserable meal. A kettle, slung
Between two poles upon a stick transverse,
Receives the morsel—flesh obscene of dog,
Or vermin, or at best of cock purloin'd
From his accustom'd perch. Hard-faring race!
They pick their fuel out of ev'ry hedge,
Which, kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquench'd
The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide
Their flutt'ring rags, and shows a tawny skin,
The vellum of the pedigree they claim.
Great skill have they in palmistry, and more
To conjure clean away the gold they touch,
Conveying worthless dross into its place;
Loud when they beg, dumb only when they steal.
Strange! that a creature rational, and cast
In human mould, should brutalize by choice
His nature; and, though capable of arts,
By which the world might profit, and himself,
Self-banish'd from society, prefer
Such squalid sloth to honorable toil!
Yet even these, though feigning sickness oft
They swathe the forehead, drag the limping limb,
And vex their flesh with artificial sores,
Can change their whine into a mirthful note,
When safe occasion offers; and with dance,
And music of the bladder and the bag,
Beguile their woes, and make the woods resound.
Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;
And, breathing wholesome air, and wand'ring much,
Need other physic none to heal th' effects
Of lothesome diet, penury, and cold.

Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure,
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many; but supply
Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach
Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands.
Here virtue thrives as in her proper soil;
Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
And terrible to sight, as when she springs
(If e'er she springs spontaneous) in remote
And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails,
And strength is lord of all; but, gentle, kind,
By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd.
War and the chase engross the savage whole;
War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot:
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust
His hard condition with severe constraint
Binds all his faculties, forbids all growth
Of wisdom, proves a school, in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside
Thus fare the shiv'ring natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world,
Where it advances far into the deep,
Tow'rds the antarctic. Even the favor'd isles
So lately found, although the constant Sun
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
Can boast but little virtue; and, inert
Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
In manners—victims of luxurious ease.
These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote
From all that science traces, art invents,
Or inspiration teaches; and inclos'd
In boundless oceans never to be pass'd
By navigators uninform'd as they,
Or plow'd perhaps by British bark again
But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
Thee, gentle savage!* whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain-glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bow'rs, to show thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast thou found
Their former charms? And, having seen our state
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music; are thy simple friends,
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours?
Rude as thou art, (for we return'd thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show,)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears,
A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no pow'r of thine can raise her up.
Thus Fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little, when she paints thee thus.
She tells me too, that duly ev'ry morn
Thou climb'st the mountain-top, with eager eye
Exploring far and wide the wat'ry waste
For sight of ship from England. Ev'ry speck
Seen in the dim horizon turns thee pale
With conflict of contending hopes and fears.

* Omai.

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But comes at last the dull and dusky eve,
And sends thee to thy cabin, well-prepar'd
To dream all night of what the day denied.
Alas! expect it not. We found no bait
To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
Disinterested good, is not our trade.
We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
And must be brib'd to compass Earth again
By other hopes and richer fruits than yours.
But though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft; in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
In cities foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds,
In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth, and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much;
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She plows a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing, London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the Earth than she,
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.
She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two,
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair
May yet be foul; so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law;
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honor too,
To peculators of the public gold;
That thieves at home must hang; but he, that puts
Into his over-gorg'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of Holy Writ, she has presum'd t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing Fashion to the post of Truth,
And cent'ring all authority in modes
And customs of her own, till sabbath-rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd.
God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine;
There only minds like yours can do no harm
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve,
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes; the thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

Book II.

THE TIME-PIECE.

Argument.

Reflections suggested by the conclusion of the former book. Peace among the nations recommended on the ground of their common fellowship in sorrow. Prodigies enumerated. Sicilian earthquakes. Man rendered obnoxious to these calamities by sin. God the agent in them. The philosophy that stops at secondary causes reproved. Our own late miscarriages accounted for. Satirical notice taken of our trips to Fontaine-Bleau. But the pulpit, not satire, the proper engine of reformation. The reverend advertiser of engraved sermons. Petit-maître parson. The good preacher. Picture of a theatrical clerical coxcomb. Story-tellers and jesters in the pulpit reproved. Apostrophe to popular applause. Retailers of ancient philosophy expostulated with. Sum of the whole matter. Effects of sacerdotal mismanagement on the laity. Their folly and extravagance. The mischiefs of profusion. Profusion itself, with all its consequent evils, ascribed, as to its principal cause, to the want of discipline in the universities.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,

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Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which Earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not color'd like his own; and, having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.
Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations, in a world that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the gen'ral doom.* When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath, and meteors† from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and th' old
And crazy Earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature‡ with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all? But grant her end
More distant, and that prophecy demands
A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet;
Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
Displeasure in His breast, who smites the Earth
Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve
And stand expos'd by common peccancy
To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
And brethren in calamity should love.
Alas for Sicily! rude fragments now
Lie scatter'd, where the shapely column stood.
Her palaces are dust. In all her streets
The voice of singing and the sprightly chord
Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause;
While God performs upon the trembling stage
Of his own works his dreadful part alone.
How does the Earth receive him?—with what signs
Of gratulation and delight her king?
Pours she not all her choicest fruits abroad,
Her sweetest flowers, her aromatic gums,
Disclosing Paradise where'er he treads?
She quakes at his approach. Her hollow womb,
Conceiving thunders through a thousand deeps
And fiery caverns, roars beneath his foot.
The hills move lightly, and the mountains smoke,
For he has touch'd them. From th' extremest point
Of elevation down into the abyss,
His wrath is busy, and his frown is felt.
The rocks fall headlong, and the valleys rise,
The rivers die into offensive pools,
And, charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe a gross
And mortal nuisance into all the air.
What solid was, by transformation strange,
Grows fluid; and the fix'd and rooted earth,
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs
And agonies of human and of brute
Multitudes, fugitive on ev'ry side,
And fugitive in vain. The sylvan scene
Migrates uplifted; and with all its soil
Alighting in far-distant fields, finds out
A new possessor, and survives the change
Ocean has caught the frenzy, and, upwrought
To an enormous and o'erbearing height,
Not by a mighty wind, but by that voice
Which winds and waves obey, invades the shore
Resistless. Never such a sudden flood,
Upridg'd so high, and sent on such a charge,
Possess'd an inland scene. Where now the throng
That press'd the beach, and, hasty to depart,
Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,
Gone with the refluent wave into the deep,
A prince with half his people! Ancient tow'rs,
And roofs embattled high, the gloomy scenes,
Where beauty oft and letter'd worth consume
Life in the unproductive shades of death,
Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come forth,
And, happy in their unforeseen release
From all the rigors of restraint, enjoy
The terrors of the day, that sets them free
Who then, that has thee, would not hold thee,
Freedom! whom they that lose thee so regret,
That ev'n a judgment, making way for thee,
Seems in their eyes a mercy for thy sake?
Such evil Sin hath wrought; and such a flame
Kindled in Heav'n, that it burns down to Earth,
And in the furious inquest, that it makes
On God's behalf, lays waste his fairest works

* Alluding to the calamities in Jamaica.
† August 18, 1783.
‡ Alluding to the fog, that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1783.

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The very elements, though each be meant
The minister of man, to serve his wants,
Conspire against him. With his breath he draws
A plague into his blood; and cannot use
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Storms rise t' o'erwhelm him: or if stormy winds
Rise not, the waters of the deep shall rise,
And, needing none assistance of the storm,
Shall roll themselves ashore, and reach him there.
The earth shall shake him out of all his holds,
Or make his house his grave: nor so content,
Shall counterfeit the motions of the flood,
And drown him in her dry and dusty gulfs.
What then! were they the wicked above all,
And we the righteous, whose fast-anchor'd isle
Mov'd not, while theirs was rock'd, like a light
The sport of ev'ry wave? No: none are clear,
And none than we more guilty. But, where all
Stand chargeable with guilt, and to the shafts
Of wrath obnoxious, God may choose his mark;
May punish, if he please, the less, to warn
The more malignant. If he spar'd not them,
Tremble and be amaz'd at thine escape,
Far guiltier England, lest he spare not thee!
Happy the man, who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill, that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-ey'd
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
That live an atheist life; involves the Heav'ns
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming Health.
He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivel'd lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles: of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and reaction: he has found
The source of the disease that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discov'ry of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means,
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! and, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task:
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too, and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonor on the land I love.
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth
And tender as a girl, all essenc'd o'er
With odors, and as profligate as sweet;
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,
And love when they should fight; when such as these
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause?
Time was when it was praise and boast enough
In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,
That we were born her children. Praise enough
To fill th' ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother's tongue
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.
Farewell those honors, and farewell with them
The hope of such hereafter; they have fall'n,
Each in his field of glory; one in arms,
And one in council—Wolfe upon the lap
Of smiling Victory that moment won,
And Chatham heart-sick of his country's shame!
They made us many soldiers. Chatham, still
Consulting England's happiness at home,
Secur'd it by an unforgiving frown,
If any wrong'd her. Wolfe, where'er he fought,
Put so much of his heart into his act,
That his example had a magnet's force,
And all were swift to follow whom all lov'd.
Those suns are set. O rise some other such!
Or all that we have left is empty talk
Of old achievements, and despair of new.
Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savor maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility! Breathe soft,
Ye clarionets; and softer still, ye flutes;
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore!
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True; we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown
With all the cunning of an envious shrew.
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state!
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
And, sham'd as we have been, to th' very beard
Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain

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Some small pre-eminence; we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honors of the turf as all our own!
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame, ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!—
'Tis gen'rous to communicate your skill
To those that need it. Folly is soon learn'd:
And under such preceptors who can fail?
There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
Th' expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
T' arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencil'd off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views;
Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That, each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labor and the skill it cost;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address from themes of sad import,
That lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels th' anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire.
Such joys has he that sings. But ah! not such,
Or seldom such, the hearers of his song.
Fastidious, or else listless, or perhaps
Aware of nothing arduous in a task
They never undertook, they little note
His dangers or escapes, and haply find
Their least amusement where he found the most.
But is amusement all? Studious of song,
And yet ambitious not to sing in vain,
I would not trifle merely, though the world
Be loudest in their praise, who do no more.
Yet what can satire, whether grave or gay?
It may correct a foible, may chastise
The freaks of fashion, regulate the dress,
Retrench a sword-blade, or displace a patch;
But where are its sublimer trophies found?
What vice has it subdued? whose heart reclaim'd
By rigor, or whom laugh'd into reform?
Alas! Leviathan is not so tam'd:
Laugh'd at, he laughs again; and, stricken hard
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales,
That fear no discipline of human hands.
The pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing,)—
The pulpit, (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force, and made no proselyte,)—
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar pow'rs,)
Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war
The sacramental host of God's elect!
Are all such teachers?—Would to Heaven all were
But hark—the doctor's voice! fast wedg'd between
Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks
Inspires the news, his trumpet. Keener far
Than all invective is his bold harangue,
While through that public organ of report
He hails the clergy; and, defying shame,
Announces to the world his own and theirs!
He teaches those to read, whom schools dismiss'd
And colleges, untaught; sells accent, tone,
And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r
Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.
He grinds divinity of other days
Down into modern use; transforms old print
To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes
Of gallery critics by a thousand arts.
Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware?
O name it not in Gath!—it cannot be,
That grave and learned clerks should need such aid
He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,
Assuming thus a rank unknown before—
Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church!
I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof,
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes,
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepar'd, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride.
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.
Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on Earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too, affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text,
Cry—Hem; and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!
In man or woman, but far most in man.

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And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I lothe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn!
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practis'd at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labor, and though much admir'd
By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some decent in demeanor while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves;
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!
Forth comes the pocket-mirror.—First we stroke
An eyebrow; next compose a straggling lock;
Then with an air most gracefully perform'd
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand more busy gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
With opera-glass, to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow-retiring fair.—
Now this is fulsome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heav'nly mind
May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heav'nly mind—demands a doubt.
He, that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and t' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.
O Popular Applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet seducing charms?
The wisest and the best feel urgent need
Of all their caution in thy gentlest gales;
But swell'd into a gust—who then, alas!
With all his canvass set, and inexpert,
And therefore heedless, can withstand thy pow'r
Praise from the rivel'd lips of toothless bald
Decrepitude, and in the looks of lean
And craving Poverty, and in the bow
Respectful of the smutch'd artificer,
Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb
The bias of the purpose. How much more,
Pour'd forth by beauty splendid and polite,
In language soft as Adoration breathes!
Ah, spare your idol! think him human still.
Charms he may have, but he has frailties too!
Dote not too much, nor spoil what ye admire.
All truth is from the sempiternal source
Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,
Drew from the stream below. More favor'd we
Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain-head.
To them it flow'd much mingled and defil'd
With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams
Illusive of philosophy, so call'd,
But falsely. Sages after sages strove
In vain to filter off a crystal draught
Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd
The thirst than slak'd it, and not seldom bred
Intoxication and delirium wild.
In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth
And spring-time of the world; ask'd, Whence is man
Why form'd at all? and wherefore as he is?
Where must he find his Maker? with what rites
Adore him? Will he hear, accept, and bless?
Or does he sit regardless of his works?
Has man within him an immortal seed?
Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
His ashes, where? and in what weal or woe?
Knots worthy of solution, which alone
A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague
And all at random, fabulous and dark,
Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,
Defective and unsanction'd, prov'd too weak
To bind the roving appetite, and lead
Blind Nature to a God not yet reveal'd.
'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries, except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life,
That fools discover it, and stray no more.
Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,
My man of morals, nurtur'd in the shades
Of Academus—is this false or true?
Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools?
If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn
To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short
Of man's occasions, when in him reside
Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store?
How oft, when Paul has serv'd us with a text,
Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd!
Men that, if now alive, would sit content
And humble learners of a Savior's worth,
Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth
Their thirst of knowledge, and their candor too!
And thus it is—The pastor, either vain
By nature, or by flatt'ry made so, taught
To gaze at his own splendor, and t' exalt
Absurdly, not his office, but himself;
Or unenlighten'd, and too proud to learn,
Or vicious, and not therefore apt to teach;
Perverting often by the stress of lewd
And loose example, whom he should instruct;
Exposes, and holds up to broad disgrace,
The noblest function, and discredits much

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The brightest truths, that man has ever seen
For ghostly counsel; if it either fall
Below the exigence, or be not back'd
With show of love, at least with hopeful proof
Of some sincerity on the giver's part;
Or be dishonor'd in th' exterior form
And mode of its conveyance, by such tricks
As move derision, or by foppish airs
And histrionic mumm'ry, that let down
The pulpit to the level of the stage;
Drops from the lips a disregarded thing.
The weak perhaps are mov'd, but are not taught,
While prejudice in men of stronger minds
Takes deeper root, confirm'd by what they see.
A relaxation of religion's hold
Upon the roving and untutor'd heart
Soon follows, and, the curb of conscience snapp'd,
The laity run wild.—But do they now?
Note their extravagance, and be convinc'd.
As nations, ignorant of God, contrive
A wooden one; so we, no longer taught
By monitors, that mother-church supplies,
Now make our own. Posterity will ask
(If e'er posterity see verse of mine)
Some fifty or a hundred lustrums hence,
What was a monitor in George's days?
My very gentle reader, yet unborn,
Of whom I needs must augur better things,
Since Heav'n would sure grow weary of a world
Productive only of a race like ours,
A monitor is wood—plank shaven thin.
We wear it at our backs. There, closely brac'd
And neatly fitted, it compresses hard
The prominent and most unsightly bones,
And binds the shoulders flat. We prove its use
Sov'reign and most effectual to secure
A form, not now gymnastic as of yore,
From rickets and distortion, else our lot.
But thus admonish'd, we can walk erect—
One proof at least of manhood! while the friend
Sticks close, a Mentor worthy of his charge.
Our habits, costlier than Lucullus wore,
And by caprice as multiplied as his,
Just please us while the fashion is at full,
But change with ev'ry moon. The sycophant,
Who waits to dress us, arbitrates their date;
Surveys his fair reversion with keen eye;
Finds one ill-made, another obsolete;
This fits not nicely, that is ill-conceiv'd;
And, making prize of all that he condemns,
With our expenditure defrays his own.
Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor. We have run
Through ev'ry change, that Fancy, at the loom
Exhausted, has had genius to supply;
And, studious of mutation still, discard
A real elegance, a little us'd,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.
We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires;
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
What man that lives, and that knows how to live,
Would fail t' exhibit at the public shows
A form as spendid as the proudest there,
Though appetite raise outcries at the cost?
A man o' the town dines late, but soon enough,
With reasonable forecast and dispatch,
T' insure a side-box station at half-price.
You think, perhaps, so delicate his dress,
His daily fare as delicate. Alas!
He picks clean teeth, and, busy as he seems
With an old tavern quill, is hungry yet!
The rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none, decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape
There we grow early grey, but never wise
There form connexions, but acquire no friend
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood, and devote old age
To sports, which only childhood could excuse.
There they are happiest, who dissemble best
Their weariness; and they the most polite,
Who squander time and treasure with a smile,
Though at their own destruction. She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends, contemns them all,
And hates their coming. They (what can they less?)
Make just reprisals; and with cringe and shrug,
And bow obsequious, hide their hate of her.
All catch the frenzy, downward from her Grace,
Whose flambeaux flash against the morning skies,
And gild our chamber-ceiling as they pass,
To her, who, frugal only that her thrift
May feed excesses she can ill afford,
Is hackney'd home unlackey'd; who, in haste
Alighting, turns the key in her own door,
And, at the watchman's lantern borrowing light,
Finds a cold bed her only comfort left.
Wives beggar husbands, husbands starve their wives
On Fortune's velvet altar off'ring up
Their last poor pittance—Fortune, most severe
Of goddesses yet known, and costlier far
Than all that held their routs in Juno's Heav'n—
So fare we in this prison-house the World;
And 'tis a fearful spectacle to see
So many maniacs dancing in their chains.
They gaze upon the links that hold them fast,
With eyes of anguish execrate their lot,
Then shake them in despair, and dance again
Now basket up the family of plagues,
That waste our vitals; peculation, sale
Of honor, perjury, corruption, frauds
By forgery, by subterfuge of law,
By tricks and lies as num'rous and as keen
As the necessities their authors feel;
Then cast them, closely bundled, ev'ry brat
At the right door. Profusion is the sire.
Profusion, unrestrain'd with all that's base
In character, has litter'd all the land,
And bred, within the mem'ry of no few,
A priesthood, such as Baal's was of old,
A people, such as never was till now.
It is a hungry vice: it eats up all
That gives society its beauty, strength,
Convenience, and security, and use:
Makes men mere vermin, worthy to be trapp'd
And gibbeted, as fast as catchpole claws
Can seize the slipp'ry prey: unties the knot
Of union, and converts the sacred band
That holds mankind together, to a scourge.
Profusion, deluging a state with lusts
Of grossest nature and of worst effects,
Prepares it for its ruin: hardens, blinds,
And warps, the consciences of public men,
Till they can laugh at Virtue, mock the fools
That trust them; and in th' end disclose a face
That would have shock'd Credulity herself

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Unmask'd, vouchsaf'ng this their sole excuse—
Since all alike are selfish, why not they?
This does Profusion, and th' accursed cause
Of such deep mischief has itself a cause.
In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by Time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips; and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
That blush'd at its own praise; and press the youth
Close to his side, that pleas'd him. Learning grew
Beneath his care a thriving vig'rous plant;
The mind was well-inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleap'd
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke:
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and clos'd the breach.
But discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice, unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone blind; Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tassel'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world! What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name,
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world, that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition, thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly; but to spoil him, is a task
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd,
Through want of care; or her, whose winking eye
And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.
All are not such. I had a brother once—
Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too!
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
When gay Good-nature dresses her in smiles.
He grac'd a college,* in which order yet
Was sacred; and was honor'd, lov'd, and wept,
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there
Some minds are temper'd happily, and mix'd
With such ingredients of good sense, and taste
Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake
Nor can example hurt them: what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those, whose negligence or sloth
Expos'd their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.
See then the quiver broken and decay'd,
In which are kept our arrows! Rusting there
In wild disorder, and unfit for use,
What wonder, if, discharg'd into the world,
They shame their shooters with a random flight,
Their points obtuse, and feathers drunk with wine
Well may the church wage unsuccessful war,
With such artill'ry arm'd. Vice parries wide
Th' undreaded volley with a sword of straw,
And stands an impudent and fearless mark.
Have we not track'd the felon home, and found
His birth-place and his dam? The country mourns,
Mourns because ev'ry plague, that can infest
Society, and that saps and worms the base
Of th' edifice, that policy has rais'd,
Swarms in all quarters: meets the eye, the ear,
And suffocates the breath at ev'ry turn.
Profusion breeds them; and the cause itself
Of that calamitous mischief has been found:
Found too where most offensive, in the skirts
Of the rob'd pedagogue! Else let th' arraign'd
Stand up unconcious, and refute the charge.
So when the Jewish leader stretch'd his arm,
And wav'd his rod divine, a race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth,
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were cover'd with the pest; the streets were fill'd
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scap'd;
And the land stank—so num'rous was the fry

* Bene't College, Cambridge.

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Book III.

THE GARDEN.

Argument

Self-recollection and reproof. Address to domestic happiness. Some account of myself. The vanity of many of their pursuits, who are reputed wise. Justification of my censures. Divine illumination necessary to the most expert philosopher. The question, What is truth? answered by other questions. Domestic happiness addressed again. Few lovers of the country. My tame hare. Occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden. Pruning. Framing. Green-house. Sowing of flower-seeds. The country preferable to the town even in the winter. Reasons why it is deserted at that season. Ruinous effects of gaming, and of expensive improvement. Book concludes with an apostrophe to the metropolis.

As one, who long in thickets and in brakes
Entangled winds now this way and now that
His devious course uncertain, seeking home;
Or, having long in miry ways been foil'd
And sore discomfited, from slough to slough
Plunging and half-despairing of escape;
If chance at length he find a green-sward smooth
And faithful to the foot, his spirits rise,
He cherups brisk his ear-erecting steed,
And winds his way with pleasure and with ease;
So I, designing other themes, and call'd
T' adorn the Sofa with eulogium due,
To tell its slumbers, and to paint its dreams,
Have rambled wide. In country, city, seat
Of academic fame (howe'er deserv'd),
Long held, and scarcely disengag'd at last.
But now with pleasant pace a cleanlier road
I mean to tread. I feel myself at large,
Courageous, and refresh'd for future toil,
If toil await me, or if dangers new.
Since pulpits fail, and sounding-boards reflect
Most part an empty ineffectual sound,
What chance that I, to fame so little known,
Nor conversant with men or manners much,
Should speak to purpose, or with better hope
Crack the satiric thong? 'Twere wiser far
For me, enamour'd of sequester'd scenes,
And charm'd with rural beauty, to repose,
Where chance may throw me, beneath elm or vine,
My languid limbs, when summer sears the plains;
Or, when rough winter rages, on the soft
And shelter'd Sofa, while the nitrous air
Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth;
There, undisturb'd by folly, and appriz'd
How great the danger of disturbing her,
To muse in silence, or at least confine
Remarks that gall so many, to the few
My partners in retreat. Disgust conceal'd
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.
Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys, that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honor, dignity, and fair renown!
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets; and senates seem
Conven'd for purposes of empire less,
Than to release th' adult'ress from her bond.
Th' adult'ress! what a theme for angry verse!
What provocation to th' indignant heart,
That feels for injur'd love! but I disdain
The nauseous task, to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame!
No:—let her pass, and charioted along
In guilty splendor, shake the public ways,
The frequency, of crimes has wash'd them white,
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now of character unsmirch'd
And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own.
Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time,
Not to be pass'd: and she, that had renounc'd
Her sex's honor, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it; not for prudery's sake,
But dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard perhaps on here and there a waif,
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd:
But was a wholesome rigor in the main,
And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honor in those days,
And judg'd offenders well. Then he that shar'd,
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,
Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood, that he had basely spar'd,
The price of his default. But now—yes, now
We are become so candid and so fair,
So lib'ral in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, (good-natur'd age!)
That they are safe, sinners of either sex,
Transgress what laws they may. Well-dress'd, well bred,
Well-equipag'd, is ticket good enough,
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet,)
May claim this merit still—that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care
And thus gives virtue indirect applause;
But she has burnt her mask not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.
I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew,
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one, who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live

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Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods, I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wand'rers, gone astray
Each in his own delusion; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still woo'd
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream, that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams. The million flit as gay,
As if created only like the fly,
That spreads his motley wings in th' eye of noon,
To sport their season, and be seen no more.
The rest are sober dreamers, grave and wise,
And pregnant with discov'ries new and rare.
Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes little known; and call the rant
A history: describe the man, of whom
His own coëvals took but little note,
And paint his person, character, and views,
As they had known him from his mother's womb.
They disentangle from the puzzled skein,
In which obscurity has wrapp'd them up,
The threads of politic and shrewd design,
That ran through all his purposes, and charge
His mind with meanings that he never had,
Or, having, kept conceal'd. Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register, by which we learn,
That he who made it, and reveal'd its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age.
Some, more acute, and more industrious still
Contrive creation; travel nature up
To the sharp peak of her sublimest height,
And tell us whence the stars; why some are fix'd,
And planetary some; what gave them first
Rotation, from what fountain flow'd their light.
Great contest follows, and much learned dust
Involves the combatants; each claiming truth,
And truth disclaiming both. And thus they spend
The little wick of life's poor shallow lamp
In playing tricks with nature, giving laws
To distant worlds, and trifling in their own.
Is 't not a pity now, that tickling rheums
Should ever tease the lungs, and blear the sight
Of oracles like these? Great pity too,
That having wielded th' elements, and built
A thousand systems, each in his own way,
They should go out in fume, and be forgot!
Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it? all for smoke—
Eternity for bubbles proves at last
A senseless bargain. When I see such games
Play'd by the creatures of a Pow'r who swears
That he will judge the Earth, and call the fool
To a sharp reck'ning, that has liv'd in vain;
And when I weigh this seeming wisdom well,
And prove it in the infallible result
So hollow and so false—I feel my heart
Dissolve in pity, and account the learn'd,
If this be learning, most of all deceiv'd.
Great crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps,
While thoughtful man is plausibly amus'd.
Defend me therefore, common sense, say I,
From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up!
"'Twere well," says one sage erudite, profound,
Terribly arch'd, and aquiline his nose,
And overbuilt with most impending brows,
"'Twere well, could you permit the World to live
As the World pleases: what's the World to you?
Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
As sweet as charity from human breasts.
I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
And exercise all functions of a man.
How then should I and any man that lives
Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
Take of the crimson stream meand'ring there
And catechize it well: apply thy glass,
Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
Congenial with thine own; and, if it be,
What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
One common Maker bound me to the kind?
True, I am no proficient, I confess,
In arts like yours. I cannot call the swift
And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath,
I cannot analyze the air, nor catch
The parallax of yonder lum'nous point,
That seems half-quench'd in the immense abyss.
Such pow'rs I boast not—neither can I rest
A silent witness of the headlong rage,
Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,
Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine.
God never meant, that man should scale the Heav'ns
By strides of human wisdom, in his works
Though wondrous: he commands us in his word
To seek him rather, where his mercy shines.
The mind, indeed, enlighten'd from above,
Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.
But never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of Observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover him, that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her author more;
From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy, baptiz'd
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne such fruit in other days
On all her branches: piety has found
Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r
Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dews.
Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,

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And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom
Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,
And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
For sanctity of manners undefil'd.
All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flow'r dishevel'd in the wind,
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
And we that worship him ignoble graves.
Nothing is proof against the gen'ral curse
Of vanity, that seizes all below.
The only amaranthine flow'r on Earth
Is virtue; th' only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To Truth itself, that deign'd him no reply.
And wherefore? will not God impart his light
To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
What's that, which brings contempt upon a book,
And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
The method clear, and argument exact?
That makes a minister in holy things
The joy of many, and the dread of more;
His name a theme for praise and for reproach?—
That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it, that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up;
But which the poor, and the despis'd of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.
O friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasure past!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favors, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
Ev'n as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though plac'd in Paradise, (for Earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left,)
Substantial happiness for transient joy.
Scenes form'd for contemplation, and to nurse
The growing seeds of wisdom; that suggest,
By ev'ry pleasing image they present,
Reflections such as meliorate the heart,
Compose the passions, and exalt the mind;
Scenes such as these, 'tis his supreme delight
To fill with riot, and defile with blood.
Should some contagion, kind to the poor brutes
We persecute, annihilate the tribes,
That draw the sportsman over hill and dale
Fearless and rapt away from all his cares;
Should never game-fowl hatch her eggs again,
Nor baited hook deceive the fish's eye;
Could pageantry and dance, and feast and song,
Be quell'd in all our summer-months' retreats;
How many self-deluded nymphs and swains,
Who dream they have a taste for fields and groves,
Would find them hideous nurs'ries of the spleen,
And crowd the roads, impatient for the town!
They love the country, and none else, who seek
For their own sake its silence, and its shade,
Delights which who would leave, that has a heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultur'd and capable of sober thought,
For all the savage din of the swift pack,
And clamors of the field?—Detested sport
That owes its pleasures to another's pain;
That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
Of harmless nature, dumb but yet endued
With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
Of silent tears and heart-distending sighs?
Vain tears, alas! and sighs that never find
A corresponding tone in jovial souls!
Well—one at least is safe. One shelter'd hare
Has never heard the sanguinary yell
Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
Innocent partner of my peaceful home
Whom ten long years' experience of my care
Has made at last familiar; she has lost
Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
Not needful here, beneath a roof like mine.
Yes thou may'st eat thy bread, and lick the hand
That feeds thee; thou may'st frolic on the floor
At ev'ning, and at night retire secure
To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
All that is human in me, to protect
Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
And, when I place thee in it, sighing say,
I knew at least one hare that had a friend.
How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle; and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation, who has these?
Will he be idle, who has much t' enjoy?
Me therefore studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful, happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it, and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings, business finds
Ev'n here! while sedulous I seek t' improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd,
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He, that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has business; feels himself engag'd t' achieve
No unimportant, though a silent, task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies:
He that is ever occupied in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.
The morning finds the self-sequester'd man
Fresh for his task, intend what task he may.
Whether inclement seasons recommend
His warm but simple home, where he enjoys
With her, who shares his pleasures and his heart
Sweet converse, sipping calm the fragrant lymph
Which neatly she prepares; then to his book
Well chosen, and not sullenly perus'd
In selfish silence, but imparted oft,
As aught occurs, that she may smile to hear

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Or turn to nourishment, digested well.
Or if the garden with its many cares,
All well repaid, demand him, he attends
The welcome call, conscious how much the hand
Of lubbard Labor needs his watchful eye,
Oft loit'ring lazily, if not o'erseen,
Or misapplying his unskilful strength.
Nor does he govern only or direct,
But much performs himself. No works, indeed,
That ask robust, tough sinews, bred to toil,
Servile employ; but such as may amuse,
Not tire, demanding rather skill than force.
Proud of his well-spread walls, he views his trees,
That meet, no barren interval between,
With pleasure more than ev'n their fruits afford;
Which, save himself who trains them, none can feel.
These therefore are his own peculiar charge;
No meaner hand may discipline the shoots,
None but his steel approach them. What is weak,
Distemper'd, or has lost prolific pow'rs,
Impair'd by age, his unrelenting hand
Dooms to the knife: nor does he spare the soft
And succulent, that feeds its giant growth,
But barren, at th' expense of neighb'ring twigs
Less ostentatious, and yet studded thick
With hopeful gems. The rest, no portion left
That may disgrace his art, or disappoint
Large expectation, he disposes neat
At measur'd distances, that air and sun,
Admitted freely, may afford their aid,
And ventilate and warm the swelling buds.
Hence Summer has her riches, Autumn hence,
And hence ev'n Winter fills his wither'd hand
With blushing fruits, and plenty not his own.
Fair recompense of labor well-bestow'd,
And wise precaution; which a clime so rude
Makes needful still, whose Spring is but the child
Of churlish Winter, in her froward moods
Discov'ring much the temper of her sire.
For oft, as if in her the stream of mild
Maternal nature had revers'd its course,
She brings her infants forth with many smiles;
But, once deliver'd, kills them with a frown.
He therefore, timely warn'd himself, supplies
Her want of care, screening and keeping warm
The plenteous bloom, that no rough blast may sweep
His garlands from the boughs. Again, as oft
As the sun peeps and vernal airs breathe mild,
The fence withdrawn, he gives them ev'ry beam,
And spreads his hopes before the blaze of day.
  To raise the prickly and green-coated gourd,
So grateful to the palate, and when rare
So coveted, else base and disesteem'd—
Food for the vulgar merely—is an art
That toiling ages have but just matur'd,
And at this moment unessay'd in song.
Yet gnats have had, and frogs and mice, long since,
Their eulogy; those sang the Mantuan bard,
And these the Grecian, in ennobling strains;
And in thy numbers, Phillips, shines for aye
The solitary shilling. Pardon then,
Ye sage dispensers of poetic fame,
Th' ambition of one meaner far, whose pow'rs
Presuming an attempt not less sublime,
Pant for the praise of dressing to the taste
Of critic appetite, no sordid fare,
A cucumber, while costly yet and scarce.
  The stable yields a stercoraceous heap,
Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,
And potent to resist the freezing blast
For, ere the beech and elm have cast their leaf
Deciduous, when now November dark
Checks vegetation in the torpid plant
Expos'd to his cold breath, the task begins.
Warily therefore, and with prudent heed,
He seeks a favor'd spot; that where he builds
Th' agglomerated pile, his frame may front
The Sun's meridian disk, and at the back
Enjoy close shelter, wall, or reeds, or hedge
Impervious to the wind. First he bids spread
Dry fern or litter'd hay, that may imbibe
Th' ascending damps; then leisurely impose
And lightly, shaking it with agile hand
From the full fork, the saturated straw.
What longest binds the closest forms secure
The shapely side, that as it rises takes,
By just degrees, an overhanging breadth,
Shelt'ring the base with its projected eaves;
Th' uplifted frame, compact at ev'ry joint,
And overlaid with clear translucent glass,
He settles next upon the sloping mount,
Whose sharp declivity shoots off secure
From the dash'd pane the deluge as it falls.
He shuts it close, and the first labor ends.
Thrice must the voluble and restless Earth
Spin round upon her axle, ere the warmth,
Slow gath'ring in the midst through the square mass
Diffus'd, attain the surface: when, behold!
A pestilent and most corrosive steam,
Like a gross fog Bœotian, rising fast,
And fast condens'd upon the dewy sash,
Asks egress; which obtain'd, the overcharg'd
And drench'd conservatory breathes abroad,
In volumes wheeling slow, the vapor dank;
And, purified, rejoices to have lost
Its foul inhabitant. But to assuage
Th' impatient fervor, which it first conceives
Within its reeking bosom, threat'ning death
To his young hopes, requires discreet delay.
Experience, slow preceptress, teaching oft
The way to glory by miscarriage foul,
Must prompt him, and admonish how to catch
Th' auspicious moment, when the temper'd heat
Friendly to vital motion, may afford
Soft fomentation, and invite the seed.
The seed, selected wisely, plump, and smooth,
And glossy, he commits to pots of size
Diminutive, well fill'd with well-prepar'd
And fruitful soil, that has been treasur'd long,
And drank no moisture from the dripping clouds
These on the warm and genial earth, that hides
The smoking manure, and o'erspreads it all,
He places lightly, and, as time subdues
The rage of fermentation, plunges deep
In the soft medium, till they stand immers'd.
Then rise the tender germs, upstarting quick
And spreading wide their spongy lobes; at first
Pale, wan, and livid; but assuming soon,
If fann'd by balmy and nutritious air,
Strain'd through the friendly mats, a vivid green
Two leaves produc'd, two rough indented leaves,
Cautious he pinches from the second stalk
A pimple, that portends a future sprout,
And interdicts its growth. Thence straight succeed
The branches, sturdy to his utmost wish;
Prolific all, and harbingers of more.
The crowded roots demand enlargement now,
And transplantation in an ampler space.
Indulg'd in what they wish, they soon supply
Large foliage, overshadowing golden flow'rs,

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Blown on the summit of th' apparent fruit.
These have their sexes! and, when Summer shines,
The bee transports the fertilizing meal
From flow'r to flow'r, and ev'n the breathing air
Wafts the rich prize to its appointed use.
Not so when Winter scowls. Assistant Art
Then acts in Nature's office, brings to pass
The glad espousals, and insures the crop.
Grudge not, ye rich, (since Luxury must have
His dainties, and the world's more num'rous half
Lives by contriving delicates for you,)
Grudge not the cost. Ye little know the cares,
The vigilance, the labor, and the skill
That day and night are exercis'd, and hang
Upon the ticklish balance of suspense,
That ye may garnish your profuse regales
With summer fruits brought forth by wint'ry suns.
Ten thousand dangers lie in wait to thwart
The process. Heat and cold, and wind and steam,
Moisture and drought, mice, worms, and swarming flies,
Minute as dust, and numberless, oft work
Dire disappointment, that admits no cure,
And which no care can obviate. It were long,
Too long, to tell th' expedients and the shifts,
Which he that fights a season so severe
Devises, while he guards his tender trust;
And oft at last in vain. The learn'd and wise
Sarcastic would exclaim, and judge the song
Cold as its theme, and like its theme the fruit
Of too much labor, worthless when produc'd.
Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too.
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug,
While the winds whistle, and the snows descend.
The spiry myrtle with unwith'ring leaf
Shines there, and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and western India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime,
Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear.
Th' amomum there with intermingling flow'rs
And cherries hangs her twigs. Geranium boasts
Her crimson honors; and the spangled beau,
Ficoides, glitters bright the winter long.
All plants, of ev'ry leaf, that can endure
The winter's frown, if screen'd from his shrewd bite,
Live there, and prosper. Those Ausonia claims,
Levantine regions these; th' Azores send
Their jessamine: her jessamine remote
Caffraria: foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade, as if conven'd
By magic summons of th' Orphean lyre.
Yet just arrangement, rarely brought to pass
But by a master's hand disposing well
The gay diversities of leaf and flow'r,
Must lend its aid t' illustrate all their charms,
And dress the regular yet various scene.
Plant behind plant aspiring, in the van
The dwarfish, in the rear retir'd, but still
Sublime above the rest, the statelier stand.
So once were rang'd the sons of ancient Rome
A noble show! while Roscius trod the stage;
And so, while Garrick, as renown'd as he,
The sons of Albion; fearing each to lose
Some note of Nature's music from his lips,
And covetous of Shakspeare's beauty, seen
In ev'ry flash of his far-beaming eye.
Nor taste alone and well-contriv'd display
Suffice to give the marshal'd ranks the grace
Of their complete effect. Much yet remains
Unsung, and many cares are yet behind.
And more laborious; cares on which depends
Their vigor, injur'd soon, not soon restor'd.
The soil must be renew'd, which often wash'd
Loses its treasure of salubrious salts,
And disappoints the roots; the slender roots
Close interwoven, where they meet the vase
Must smooth be shorn away; the sapless branch
Must fly before the knife; the wither'd leaf
Must be detach'd, and where it strews the floor
Swept with a woman's neatness, breeding else
Contagion, and disseminating death.
Discharge but these kind offices, (and who
Would spare, that loves them, offices like these?)
Well they reward the toil. The sight is pleas'd,
The scent regal'd; each odorif'rous leaf,
Each op'ning blossom, freely breathes abroad
Its gratitude, and thanks him with its sweets.
So manifold, all pleasing in their kind,
All healthful, are th' employs of rural life,
Reiterated as the wheel of time
Runs round; still ending, and beginning still.
Nor are these all. To deck the shapely knoll
That softly swell'd and gaily dress'd appears
A flow'ry island, from the dark-green lawn
Emerging, must be deem'd a labor due
To no mean hand, and asks the touch of taste.
Here also grateful mixture of well-match'd
And sorted hues (each giving each relief,
And by contrasted beauty shining more)
Is needful. Strength may wield the pond'rous spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home;
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polish'd mind.
Without it, all is Gothic as the scene
To which th' insipid citizen resorts
Near yonder heath; where Industry misspent,
But proud of his uncouth ill-chosen task,
Has made a Heaven on Earth; with suns and moons
Of close-ramm'd stones has charg'd th' encumber'd soil,
And fairly laid the zodiac in the dust.
He, therefore, who would see his flow'rs dispos'd
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceiv'd display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design.
Nor even then, dismissing as perform'd
His pleasant work, may he suppose it done.
Few self-supported flow'rs endure the wind
Uninjur'd, but expect th' upholding aid
Of the smooth-shaven prop, and neatly tied,
Are wedded thus, like beauty to old age,
For int'rest sake, the living to the dead.
Some clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffus'd
And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,
Like Virtue, thriving most where little seen:
Some more aspiring catch the neighbor shrub
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,
Else unadorn'd, with many a gay festoon
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend
All hate the rank society of weeds,
Noisome, and ever greedy to exhaust
Th' impov'rish'd earth; an overbearing race

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That, like the multitude made faction-mad,
Disturb good order, and degrade true worth.
O blest seclusion from a jarring world,
Which he, thus occupied, enjoys! Retreat
Cannot indeed to guilty man restore
Lost innocence, or cancel follies past;
But it has peace, and much secures the mind
From all assaults of evil; proving still
A faithful barrier, not o'erleap'd with ease
By vicious Custom, raging uncontroll'd
Abroad, and desolating public life.
When fierce Temptation, seconded within
By traitor Appetite, and arm'd with darts
Temper'd in Hell, invades the throbbing breast,
To combat may be glorious, and success
Perhaps may crown us; but to fly is safe.
Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish, that I possess not here?
Health, leisure, means t' improve it, friendship, peace,
No loose or wanton, though a wand'ring, Muse,
And constant occupation without care.
Thus blest, I draw a picture of that bliss;
Hopeless indeed, that dissipated minds,
And profligate abusers of a world
Created fair so much in vain for them,
Should seek the guiltless joys, that I describe,
Allur'd by my report: but sure no less,
That self-condemn'd they must neglect the prize,
And what they will not taste must yet approve.
What we admire, we praise; and, when we praise,
Advance it into notice, that, its worth
Acknowledg'd, others may admire it too.
I therefore recommend, though at the risk
Of popular disgust, yet boldly still,
The cause of piety, and sacred truth,
And virtue, and those scenes, which God ordain'd
Should best secure them, and promote them most;
Scenes that I love, and with regret perceive
Forsaken, or through folly not enjoy'd.
Pure is the nymph, though lib'ral of her smiles,
And chaste, though unconfin'd, whom I extol.
Not as the prince in Shushan, when he call'd,
Vain-glorious of her charms, his Vashti forth,
To grace the full pavilion. His design
Was but to boast his own peculiar good,
Which all might view with envy, none partake.
My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
And she, that sweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand,
That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,
Is free to all men—universal prize.
Strange that so fair a creature should yet want
Admirers, and be destin'd to divide
With meaner objects ev'n the few she finds!
Stripp'd of her ornaments, her leaves and flowers,
She loses all her influence. Cities then
Attract us, and neglected Nature pines
Abandon'd, as unworthy of our love.
But are not wholesome airs, though unperfum'd
By roses; and clear suns, though scarcely felt;
And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure
From clamor, and whose very silence charms;
To be preferr'd to smoke, to the eclipse,
That metropolitan volcanoes make,
Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long;
And to the stir of Commerce, driving slow,
And thund'ring loud, with his ten thousand wheels?
They would be, were not madness in the head,
And folly in the heart; were England now,
What England was, plain, hospitable, kind,
And undebauch'd. But we have bid farewell
To all the virtues of those better days,
And all their honest pleasures. Mansions once
Knew their own masters; and laborious hinds,
Who had surviv'd the father, serv'd the son.
Now the legitimate and rightful lord
Is but a transient guest, newly arriv'd,
As soon to be supplanted. He, that saw
His patrimonial timber cast its leaf,
Sells the last scantling, and transfers the price
To some shrewd sharper, ere it buds again.
Estates are landscapes, gaz'd upon awhile,
Then advertis'd and auctioneer'd away.
The country starves, and they, that feed th' o'ercharg'd
And surfeited lewd town with her fair dues,
By a just judgment strip and starve themselves.
The wings, that waft our riches out of sight,
Grow on the gamester's elbows, and th' alert
And nimble motion of those restless joints,
That never tire, soon fans them all away.
Improvement, too, the idol of the age,
Is fed with many a victim. Lo, he comes!
Th' omnipotent magician, Brown, appears!
Down falls the venerable pile, th' abode
Of our forefathers—a grave whisker'd race,
But tasteless. Springs a palace in its stead,
But in a distant spot; where more expos'd
It may enjoy th' advantage of the north,
And aguish east, till time shall have transform'd
Those naked acres to a shelt'ring grove.
He speaks. The lake in front becomes a lawn;
Woods vanish, hills subside, and valleys rise;
And streams, as if created for his use,
Pursue the track of his directing wand,
Sinuous or straight, now rapid and now slow,
Now murm'ring soft, now roaring in cascades—
Ev'n as he bids! Th' enraptur'd owner smiles.
'Tis finish'd, and yet, finish'd as it seems,
Still wants a grace, the loveliest it could show,
A mine to satisfy th' enormous cost.
Drain'd to the last poor item of his wealth,
He sighs, departs, and leaves th' accomplish'd plan
That he has touch'd, retouch'd, many a long day
Labor'd, and many a night pursu'd in dreams,
Just when it meets his hopes, and proves the Heav'n
He wanted, for a wealthier to enjoy;
And now perhaps the glorious hour is come,
When, having no stake left, no pledge t' endear
Her int'rests, or that gives her sacred cause
A moment's operation on his love,
He burns with most intense and flagrant zeal,
To serve his country. Ministerial grace
Deals him out money from the public chest;
Or if that mine be shut, some private purse
Supplies his need with a usurious loan,
To be refunded duly, when his vote
Well-manag'd shall have earn'd its worthy price.
O innocent, compar'd with arts like these,
Crape, and cock'd pistol, and the whistling ball
Sent through the trav'ller's temples! He that finds
One drop of Heaven's sweet mercy in his cup,
Can dig, beg, rot, and perish, well content;
So he may wrap himself in honest rags
At his last gasp; but could not for a world
Fish up his dirty and dependent bread
From pools and ditches of the commonwealth,
Sordid and sick'ning at his own success.
Ambition, av'rice, penury incurr'd
By endless riot, vanity, the lust

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Of pleasure and variety, dispatch,
As duly as the swallows disappear,
The world of wand'ring knights and squires to town.
London ingulfs them all! The shark is there,
And the shark's prey; the spendthrift, and the leech
That sucks him: there the sycophant, and he
Who, with bareheaded and obsequious bows,
Begs a warm office, doom'd to a cold gaol
And groat per diem, if his patron frown.
The levee swarms as if in golden pomp
Were character'd on ev'ry statesman's door,
"BATTER'D AND BANKRUPT FORTUNES MENDED HERE."
These are the charms, that sully and eclipse
The charms of nature. 'Tis the cruel gripe,
That lean, hard-handed Poverty inflicts,
The hope of better things, the chance to win,
The wish to shine, the thirst to be amus'd,
That at the sound of Winter's hoary wing
Unpeople all our counties of such herds
Of flutt'ring, loit'ring, cringing, begging, loose,
And wanton vagrants, as make London, vast
And boundless as it is, a crowded coop.
O thou, resort and mart of all the Earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor; thou freckled fair,
That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee!
Ten righteous would have sav'd a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—
That salt preserves thee; more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had pow'r to be,
For whom God heard his Abr'ham plead in vain

Book IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

Argument.

The post comes in. The newspaper is read. The World contemplated at a distance. Address to Winter. The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones. Address to evening. A brown study. Fall of snow in the evening. The wagoner. A poor family-piece. The rural thief. Public houses. The multitude of them censured. The farmer's daughter: what she was—what she is. The simplicity of country manners almost lost. Causes of the change. Desertion of the country by the rich. Neglect of magistrates. The militia principally in fault. The new recruit and his transformation. Reflection on bodies corporate. The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the Moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewel'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides
Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes:
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd
T' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here:
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks

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And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the Sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss wit. added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow
With most success when all besides decay
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman mea'
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
"O ev'nings worthy of the gods!" exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.
Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacant actor, when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces, from the floor to th' roof
(As if one master-spring controll'd them all)
Relax'd into a universal grin,
Sees not a count'nance there, that speaks of joy
Half so refin'd or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks
That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
To palliate Dullness, and give Time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound;
But the World's Time is Time in masquerade!
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd
With motley plumes; and, where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.

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What should be, and what was an hour-glass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mace
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.
Thus deck'd, he charms a world whom fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, fit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted Time, and night by night
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tow'r,
Which seen delights him not; then coming home
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,
With colors mix'd for a far diff'rent use,
Paint cards and dolls, and ev'ry idle thing,
That Fancy finds in her excursive flights.
Come, Ev'ning, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Ev'ning, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorn'd, not needing aid,
Like homely-featur'd Night, of clust'ring gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the Moon is thine
No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
When they command whom man was born to please;
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.
Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, tow'ring crest and all,
My pleasures, too, begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlor twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indispos'd alike to all.
Laugh, ye who boast your more mercurial pow'rs
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless a soul, that does not always think.
Me oft has Fancy ludicrous and wild
Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, tow'rs,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amus'd have I quiescent watch'd
The sooty films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still
Though still deceiv'd, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.
Thus oft recl'in'd at ease, I lose an hour
At ev'ning, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected pow'rs, and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the Fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess! and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately wav'd
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His fav'rite herb; while all the leafless groves,
That skirt th' horizon, wore a sable hue,
Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently perform'd,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy show'r: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thick'ning mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathize with others suff'ring more.
Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Forc'd downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy! and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain, with which

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Refinement is endu'd, thrice-happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vig'rous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy wagon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in ev'ry feeling heart.
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labor, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cow'ring o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
The man feels least, as more inur'd than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly mov'd by his severer toil;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declin'd; and the brown loaf
Lodg'd on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of sav'ry cheese, or butter, costlier still;
Sleep seems their only refuge: for, alas!
Where penury is felt, the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care,
Ingenious Parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skillet, and old carv'd chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boast have none,
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; lib'ral of their aid
To clam'rous Importunity in rags,
But oft-times deaf to suppliants, who would blush
To wear a tatter'd garb however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
These ask with painful shyness, and, refus'd
Because deserving, silently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase;
And all your num'rous progeny, well-train'd
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labor too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
I mean the man, who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name

But poverty with most, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe;
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth,
By works of darkness and noctural wrong.
Woe to the gard'ner's pale, the farmer's hedge
Plash'd neatly, and secur'd with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burden, and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stack'd pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrench'd the door, however well secur'd,
Where Chanticleer amidst his harem sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp. Twitch'd from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain.
And loudly wond'ring at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere some excuse,
Did pity of their suff'rings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they
Neglected pine at home; themselves, as more
Expos'd than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety, than prompts
His ev'ry action, and imbrutes the man.
O for a law to noose the villain's neck,
Who starves his own; who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love!
Pass where we may, through city or through town
Village, or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace
Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes
That law has licens'd, as makes Temp'rance reel.
There sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey, and the groom: the craftsman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk! The fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
Its wasted tones and harmony unheard:
Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme; while she,
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perch'd on the sign-post, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;
And smiles delighted with the eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,
The cheek-distending oath, not to be prais'd
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhet'ric, and who swear for fame!
Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds
Once simple are initiated in arts,
Which some may practise with politer grace,
But none with readier skill!—'Tis here they learn
The road, that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,

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Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.
But censure profits little: vain th' attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That, like the filth with which the peasant feeds
His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
Th' Excise is fatten'd with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad, then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk, obey th' important call!
Her cause demands th' assistance of your throats;—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.
Would I had fall'n upon those happier days,
That poets celebrate; those golden times,
And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts,
That felt their virtues: Innocence, it seems,
From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves;
The footsteps of Simplicity, impress'd
Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing,)
Then were not all effac'd: then speech profane,
And manners profligate, were rarely found,
Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture: and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it: I still must envy them an age,
That favor'd such a dream; in days like these
Impossible, when Virtue is so scarce,
That to suppose a scene where she presides,
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No: we are polish'd now. The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,
Is seen no more. The character is lost!
Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft,
And ribands streaming gay, superbly rais'd,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
Her elbows ruffled, and her tott'ring form
Ill-propp'd upon French heels; she might be deem'd
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs.
Expect her soon with footboy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her care!
The town has ting'd the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs
Down into scenes still rural; but, alas!
Scenes rarely grac'd with rural manners now!
'Time was when in the pastoral retreat
Th' unguarded door was safe; men did not watch
T' invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscar'd
By drunken howling; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
But farewell now to unsuspicious nights,
And slumbers unalarm'd! Now, ere you sleep,
See that your polish'd arms be prim'd with care,
And drop the night-bolt;—ruffians are abroad;
And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
Ev'n daylight has its dangers; and the walk
Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once
Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.
Lamented change! to which full many a cause
Invet'rate, hopeless of a cure, conspires,
The course of human things from good to ill,
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth;
Wealth, luxury; and luxury, excess;
Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague,
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order, from the chariot to the plow.
The rich, and they that have an arm to check
The license of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office; and themselves, intent
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes their presence might protect.
Authority herself not seldom sleeps,
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.
The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His rev'rence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm;
When he should strike he trembles, and sets free,
Himself enslav'd by terror of the band,
Th' audacious convict, whom he dares not bind
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milk-white hand; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touch'd
Corruption. Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild-fowl or ven'son; and his errand speeds.
But faster far, and more than all the rest,
A noble cause, which none, who bears a spark
Of public virtue, ever wish'd remov'd,
Works the deplor'd and mischievous effect
'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd
The heart of merit in the meaner class.
Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seem most at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with serious thought.
The clown, the child of Nature, without guile,
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own simple pleasures; now and then
A wrestling-match, a foot-race, or a fair,
Is balloted, and trembles at the news:
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
A Bible-oath to be whate'er they please,
To do he knows not what. The task perform'd,
That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well

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He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movement; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace;
And, his three years of heroship expir'd,
Returns indignant to the slighted plow.
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'T were well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at home
By lewdness, idleness, and Sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
T' astonish and to grieve his gazing friends;
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart
To be a pest where he was useful once;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now.
Man in society is like a flow'r
Blown in its native bed: 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
But man, associated and leagu'd with man
By regal warrant, or self-join'd by bond
For int'rest-sake, or swarming into clans
Beneath one head for purposes of war,
Like flow'rs selected from the rest, and bound
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr'd,
Contracts defilement not to be endur'd.
Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combin'd,
Become a lothesome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated seem at once to lose
Their nature; and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dying the white robe
Of innocent commercial Justice red.
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,
With all its majesty of thund'ring pomp,
Enchanting music, and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for ev'ry vice.
But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful Muse,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their pow'rs.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigu'd me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his fav'rite beech
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue
To speak its excellence. I danc'd for joy.
I marvell'd much that at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engag'd my wonder; and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret suppos'd
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.
There, too, enamour'd of the life I lov'd,
Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determin'd, and possessing it at last
With transports, such as favor'd lovers feel,
I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had known,
Ingenious Cowley! and, though now reclaim'd
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd;
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bow'r
Not unemploy'd; and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infus'd at the creation of the kind.
And, though th' Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds that have been form'd
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmov'd.
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas, with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor; much consol'd,
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint,
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of th' exub'rant whole.
What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling?* Are they not all proof
That man, immur'd in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnish'd with the means of life,
Are they, that never pass their brick-wall bounds,
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct: over-head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;

* Mignonette.

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Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardor he contrives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.
Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,
And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode
Of multitudes unknown; hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honors, or emolument, or fame;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to ev'ry man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.
To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere-long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd.

Book V.

THE WINTER-MORNING WALK.

Argument.

A frosty morning. The foddering of cattle. The woodman and his dog. The poultry. Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall. The Empress of Russia's palace of ice. Amusements of monarchs. War, one of them. Wars, whence; and whence monarchy. The evils of it. English and French loyalty contrasted. The Bastile, and a prisoner there. Liberty the chief recommendation of this country. Modern patriotism questionable, and why. The perishable nature of the best human institutions. Spiritual liberty not perishable. The slavish state of man by nature. Deliver him, Deist, if you can. Grace must do it. The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated. Their different treatment. Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free. His relish of the works of God. Address to the Creator.

'Tis morning; and the Sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires th' horizon; while the clouds,
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From ev'ry herb and ev'ry spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Prepost'rous sight! the legs without the man
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,
And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous, and in bright apparel clad,
And, fledg'd with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hung'ring man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-pac'd swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out th' accustom'd load
Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no heedless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanc'd weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the ax,
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide-scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth, or plows it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose; the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighb'ring pale
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the shelt'ring eaves
To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and, thievishly resolv'd
T' escape th' impending famine, often scar'd
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut; and, wading at their head
With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them nought; th' imprison'd worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie cover'd close; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose,)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long-protracted rigor of the year,
Thins all their num'rous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields

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Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
Repays their labor more; and perch'd aloft
By the wayside, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the trav'ller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolv'd; while silently beneath,
And unperceiv'd, the current steals away.
Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below:
No frost can bind it there; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
And see where it has hung th' embroider'd banks
With forms so various, that no pow'rs of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene!
Here glitt'ring turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic mis-arrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops,
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,
And in defiance of her rival pow'rs;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admir'd,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell,
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores
T' enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armory of Winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrowy sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the trav'ller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer nor of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues,
Illumin'd ev'ry side: a wat'ry light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n
From Heaven to Earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slipp'ry the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,
That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flow'rs, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the panels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous: but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there
Sofa, and couch, and high-built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
Of human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd
Intrinsically precious; to the foot
Treach'rous and false; it smil'd, and it was cold
Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain-high.
Some have amus'd the dull, sad years of life,
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,)
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Short-liv'd themselves, t' immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the World.
When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confed'racy of projectors wild and vain
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder, and assign'd their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair
And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care: they plow'd and sow'd,
And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.
But violence can never longer sleep
Than human passions please. In ev'ry heart
Are sown the sparks that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood:
The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death; the shrewd
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
And forc'd the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and falchion their inventor claims;
And the first smith was the first murd'rer's son
His art surviv'd the waters; and ere-long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more; and industry in some,
T' improve and cultivate their just demesne,
Made others covet what they saw so fair

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Thus war began on Earth: these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defence. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader; him they serv'd in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Rev'renc'd no less. Who could with him compare?
Or who so worthy to control themselves,
As he, whose prowess had subdu'd their foes?
Thus war, affording field for their display
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call
For skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
Was sure t' intoxicate the brows it bound.
It is the abject property of most,
That, being parcel of the common mass,
And destitute of means to raise themselves,
They sink, and settle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive faculty, that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
Almost without an effort, plans too vast
For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conscious of impotence, they soon grow drunk
With gazing, when they see an able man
Step forth to notice; and, besotted thus,
Build him a pedestal, and say, "Stand there,
And be our admiration and our praise."
They roll themselves before him in the dust,
Then most deserving in their own account,
When most extravagant in his applause,
As if, exalting him, they rais'd themselves.
Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment, that he is but man,
They demi-deify and fume him so,
That in due season he forgets it too.
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,
He gulps the windy diet; and ere-long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
The world was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle; drudges, born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the soul, that animates them all.
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reckoning; and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, thus kings
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died.
Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man
To eminence fit only for a god,
Should ever drivel out of human lips,
Ev'n in the cradled weakness of the World:
Still stranger much, that when at length mankind
Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,
And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
And quake before the gods themselves had made;
But above measure strange, that neither proof
Of sad experience, nor example set
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevail'd,
Can even now, when they are grown mature
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds
Familiar, serve t' emancipate the rest!
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
Of rational discussion, that a man,
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet,
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation giv'n, or wrong sustain'd,
And force the beggarly last doit, by means
That his own humor dictates, from the clutch
Of Poverty, that thus he may procure
His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die?
Say, ye, who (with less prudence than of old
Jotham ascrib'd to his assembled trees
In politic convention) put your trust
I' th' shadow of a bramble, and, reclin'd
In fancied peace beneath his dang'rous branch,
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,
Where find ye passive fortitude? Whence springs
Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good
To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
His thorns with streamers of continual praise?
We, too, are friends to loyalty. We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free;
But recollecting still, that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,
T' administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes:
We for the sake of liberty a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be belov'd
Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.
Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will
Of a superior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of a life
Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.
The state that strives for liberty, though foil'd

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And forc'd to abandon what she bravely sought,
Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
Not often unsuccessful: pow'r usurp'd,
Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts;
The surest presage of the good they seek.
Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her losses and defeats,
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage, worse than that of old
Which God aveng'd on Pharaoh—the Bastile.
Ye horrid tow'rs, th' abode of broken hearts;
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music, such as suits their sov'reign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart, that would not leap,
To hear that ye were fall'n at last; to know
That ev'n our enemies, so oft employ'd
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he, who values Liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of human-kind,
Immur'd, though unaccus'd, condemn'd untried,
Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape.
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell and expect no change;
And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note
To him, whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the World at large
Account it music; that it summons some
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball:
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labor; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels ev'ry welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements, as ingenious woe
Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools—
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In stagg'ring types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd
And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro
The studs, that thick emboss his iron door;
Then downward and then upward, then aslant.
And then alternate; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish: till the sum, exactly found
In all directions, he begins again.—
Oh comfortless existence! hemm'd around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow-man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon th' endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy.
'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of Discov'ry; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapors, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes, which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.
Do I forbode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heav'n grant I may
But th' age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Design'd by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough
For when was public virtue to be found,
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?

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Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be belov'd?
"Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So loose to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,
Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.
Such were they not of old, whose temper'd blades
Dispers'd the shackles of usurp'd control,
And hew'd them link from link; then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.
"Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time plows them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.
But there is yet a liberty unsung
By poets, and by senators unprais'd,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs
Of Earth and Hell confed'rate take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no pow'r to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslav'd no more.
'Tis liberty of heart deriv'd from Heav'n,
Bought with his blood, who gave it to mankind
And seal'd with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure
By th' unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp, that speaks them his
And are august; but this transcends them all.
His other works, the visible display
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the word,
That, finding an interminable space
Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,
And made so sparkling what was dark before.
But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
Might well suppose th' artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himself
Pronounc'd it transient, glorious as it is,
And, still designing a more glorious far,
Doom'd it as insufficient for his praise.
These, therefore, are occasional, and pass;
Form'd for the confutation of the fool,
Whose lying heart disputes against a God;
That office serv'd, they must be swept away.
Not so the labors of his love: they shine
In other heav'ns than these that we behold,
And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
Large prelibation oft to saints below.
Of these the first in order, and the pledge,
And confident assurance of the rest,
Is liberty; a flight into his arms,
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal woe.
Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes, and a dungeon; and his body serves
The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence, he finds them all
Propense his heart to idols, he is held
In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And sordid gravitation of his pow'rs
To a vile clod so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he gain the comfortless repose
He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
In Heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not, from lusts oppos'd in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience? He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all,
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues with which his sins
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless mis'ry. Future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave;
But unrepealable enduring death.
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears:
What none can prove a forg'ry may be true;
What none but bad men wish exploded must.
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter, his compunctions are sincere;
And he abhors the jest, by which he shines
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
And seems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace ensues
But spurious and short-liv'd; the puny child
Of self-congratulating Pride, begot
On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again; but finds his best essay
A presage ominous, portending still
Its own dishonor by a worse relapse.
Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foil'd
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause
Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd;
With shallow shifts and old devices, worn
And tatter'd in the service of debauch,
Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight.
"Hath God, indeed, giv'n appetites to man,
And stor'd the Earth so plenteously with means
To gratify the hunger of his wish;
And doth he reprobate, and will he damn
The use of his own bounty? making first
So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
So strict, that less than perfect must despair?
Falsehood! which whoso but suspects of truth
Dishonors God, and makes a slave of man.
Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
The teacher's office, and dispense at large

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Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
Attend to their own music? have they faith
In what with such solemnity of tone
And gesture they propound to our belief?
Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
Is but an instrument, on which the priest
May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,
The unequivocal, authentic deed,
We find sound argument, we read the heart."
Such reas'nings (if that name must needs belong
T' excuses in which reason has no part)
Serve to compose a spirit well-inclin'd
To live on terms of amity with vice,
And sin without disturbance. Often urg'd,
(As often as libidinous discourse
Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes
Of theological and grave import,)
They gain at last his unreserv'd assent;
Till, harden'd his heart's temper in the forge
Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,
He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,
Or nothing much, his constancy in ill;
Vain temp'ring has but foster'd his disease;
'Tis desp'rate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.
Haste now, philosopher, and set him free.
Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear
Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth
How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,
Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps
Directly to the FIRST AND ONLY FAIR.
Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the pow'rs
Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise:
Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.—
Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high-sounding brass,
Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm
The eclipse, that intercepts truth's heav'nly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wand'ring soul.
The STILL SMALL VOICE is wanted. He must speak,
Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect;
Who calls for things that are not, and they come.
Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change,
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had, indeed, ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song:
But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And he by means in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder; humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpow'ring strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.
Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. Th' historic Muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and t' immortalize her trust:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,
Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time insure, to his lov'd land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize,
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chas'd them up to Heav'n. Their ashes flew
—No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
And History, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates, indeed,
The tyranny that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious suff'rers little praise.
He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My father made them all!"
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garments, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before.
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart
Made pure shall relish with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,

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And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught,
To read his wonders, in whose thought the World,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise that from Earth resulting, as it ought,
To Earth's acknowledg'd sovereign finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were they
With which Heav'n rang, when ev'ry star in haste
To gratulate the new-created Earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—"Tell me, ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favor'd as ours; transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter Heav'n than yours?
As one, who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
That give assurance of their own success,
And that, infus'd from Heav'n, must thither tend."
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means, that were not till by thee employ'd,
Worlds, that had never been hadst thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as Hell;
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind
The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
(If pow'r she be, that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause,
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random without honor, hope, or peace.
From thee is all, that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But O thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

Book VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

Argument.

Bells at a distance. Their effect. A fine noon in winter. A sheltered walk. Meditation better than books. Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is. The transformation that Spring effects in a shrubbery described. A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected. God maintains it by an unremitted act. The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reproved. Animals happy, a delightful sight. Origin of cruelty to animals. That it is a great crime, proved from Scripture. That proof illustrated by a tale. A line drawn

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between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them. Their good and useful properties insisted on. Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals. Instances of man's extravagant praise of man. The groans of the creation shall have an end. A view taken of the restoration of all things. An invocation, and an invitation of Him who shall bring it to pass. The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness. Conclusion.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheart'ning length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favor, like the clouds of Spring, might low'r,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand,
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd
By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd
The playful humor; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears,)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.
The night was Winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendor of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches over-arch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The red-breast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd
Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hoodwink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranc'd,
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought;
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
Defies the check of Winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss, that clothes the hawthorn root
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy, as in the world, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.
What prodigies can pow'r divine perform
More grand than it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the effect, we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,
And regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the world admire! but speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know

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His moment when to sink and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle; but, seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy, that mov'd,
While Summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through th' imperceptible meand'ring veins
Of leaf and flow'r? It sleeps; and th' icy touch
Of unprolific Winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on the intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then each, in its peculiar honors clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; syringa, iv'ry pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
And of an humbler growth, the other* tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom
Of neigbb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf,
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd
Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all
Copious of flow'rs the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odors, early and late;
Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flow'rs, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; mezereon, too,
Though leafless, well attir'd, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing ev'ry spray,
Althæa with the purple eye; the broom
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—
These have been, and these shall be in their day;
And all this uniform uncolor'd scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress when she lectures man
In heav'nly truth; evincing as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That makes so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which Winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjur'd, with inimitable art;
And ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonder of the next.

* The Guelder-rose.

Some say, that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,
The infant elements receiv'd a law,
From which they swerve not since. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not his immediate hand, who first
Prescrib'd their course, to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God
Th' encumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The great Artificer of all that moves
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and severe a task.
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span omnipotence, and measure might
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,
And under pressure of some conscious cause?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire
By which the mighty process is maintain'd;
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow-circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labor; whose design
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts;
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling Earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows
Rules universal nature. Not a flow'r
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrival'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the Earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flow'r,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd
Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been true
And Earth be punish'd for its tenants' sake,
Yet not in vengeance; as this smiling sky,
So soon succeeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream
Recov'ring fast its liquid music, prove
Who then, that has a mind well-strung and tuned
To contemplation, and within his reach
A scene so friendly to his fav'rite task,
Would waste attention at the chequer'd board,
His host of wooden warriors to and fro
Marching and countermarching, with an eye

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As fix'd as marble, with a forehead ridg'd
And furrow'd into storms, and with a hand
Trembling, as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin?
Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,
Who pant with application misapplied
To trivial toys, and, pushing iv'ry balls
Across a velvet level, feel a joy
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
Its destin'd goal, of difficult access.
Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon
To Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wand'ring and litt'ring with unfolded silks
The polish'd counter, and approving none
Or promising with smiles to call again.
Nor him, who by his vanity seduc'd,
And sooth'd into a dream that he discerns
The diff'rence of a Guido from a daub,
Frequents the crowded auction: station'd there
As duly as the Langford of the show,
With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,
And tongue accomplish'd in the fulsome cant
And pedantry, that coxcombs learn with ease;
Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls,
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate,
That he has let it pass—but never bids.
Here unmolested, through whatever sign
The Sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the spring and play-time of the year,
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook.
These shades are all my own. The tim'rous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove unalarm'd
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the Winter, ventures forth,
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun.
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play:
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighb'ring beech; there whisks his brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,
With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.
The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn, that darts across the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one,
That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolv'd with one consent,
To give such act and utt'rance as they may
To ecstacy, too big to be suppress'd—
These, and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind Nature graces ev'ry scene
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleas'd,
A far superior happiness to theirs,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.
Man scarce had ris'n, obedient to his call,
Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,
When he was crown'd as never king was since.
God set the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wond'ring stood
The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
The creatures, summon'd from their various haunts,
To see their sov'reign, and confess his sway.
Vast was his empire, absolute his pow'r,
Or bounded only by a law, whose force
'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel
And own, the law of universal love.
He rul'd with meekness, they obey'd with joy;
No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,
And no distrust of his intent in theirs.
So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,
Where kindness on his part, who rul'd the whole
Begat a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.
But sin marr'd all; and the revolt of man
That source of evils not exhausted yet,
Was punish'd with revolt of his from him.
Garden of God, how terrible the change
Thy groves and lawns then witness'd! Ev'ry heart
Each animal, of ev'ry name, conceiv'd
A jealousy and an instinctive fear,
And, conscious of some danger, either fled
Precipitate the loth'd abode of man,
Or growl'd defiance in such angry sort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord
Were driv'n from Paradise; and in that hour
The seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd
To such gigantic and enormous growth,
Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain,
That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his base gluttony, are causes good
And just in his account, why bird and beast
Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed
With blood of their inhabitants impal'd.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war
Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness of death by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they, that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorr'd resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on Earth,
They fear'd, and as his perfect image lov'd
The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves.
Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar as like them, uncontroll'd;
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.
Woe to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
Within the confines of their wild domain:

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The lion tells him—"I am monarch here"—
And, if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through gen'rous scorn,
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrain'd, they live
Dependent upon man; those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection.—Witness at his foot
The spaniel, dying for some venial fault
Under dissection of the knotted scourge;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driv'n to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness; while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic suff'rer's fury, spent
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
He too is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse;
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His murd'rer on his back, and, push'd all day
With bleeding sides and flanks, that heave for life,
To the far-distant goal, arrives and dies.
So little mercy shows who needs so much!
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts
(As if barbarity were high desert)
Th' inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honors of his matchless horse his own.
But many a crime, deem'd innocent on Earth,
Is register'd in Heav'n; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. When he charg'd the Jew
T' assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise;
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seiz'd
The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Prov'd he not plainly, that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,
All, in the universal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferr'd, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim
O'er all we feed on pow'r of life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well:
Th' oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!
The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
The unfledg'd raven, and the lion's whelp,
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuag'd, has interpos'd,
Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite
Th' injurious trampler upon Nature's law,
That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart;
And, prophet as he was, he might not strike
The blameless animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence
Sav'd him, or th' unrelenting seer had died.
He sees that human equity is slack
To interfere, though in so just a cause:
And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb
And helpless victims with a sense so keen
Of injury, with such knowledge of their strength
And such sagacity to take revenge,
That oft the beast has seem'd to judge the man.
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of sound intelligence rehears'd,
(If such who plead for Providence may seem
In modern eyes,) shall make the doctrine clear.
Where England, stretch'd towards the setting Sun
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,
Dwelt young Misagathus; a scorner he
Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,
Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.
He journey'd; and his chance was as he went
To join a trav'ller, of far different note,
Evander, fam'd for piety, for years
Deserving honor, but for wisdom more
Fame had not left the venerable man
A stranger to the manners of the youth,
Whose face, too, was familiar to his view.
Their way was on the margin of the land,
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high
The charity, that warm'd his heart, was mov'd
At sight of the man-monster. With a smile,
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wish'd
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harshly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.
"And dost thou dream," th' impenetrable man
Exclaim'd, "that me the lullabies of age,
And fantasies of dotards such as thou,
Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
Need no such aids, as superstition lends,
To steel their hearts against the dread of death."
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand
Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
Of such a gulf as he design'd his grave.
But, though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed
Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round
Or e'er his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge
Baffled his rider, sav'd against his will.
The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd
By med'cine well applied, but without grace
The heart's insanity admits no cure.
Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd
His horrible intent, again he sought
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd,
With sounding whip, and rowels dyed in blood.
But still in vain. The Providence, that meant
A longer date to the far nobler beast,
Spar'd yet again th' ignoble for his sake.
And now, his prowess prov'd, and his sincere
Incurable obduracy evinc'd,
His rage grew cool; and pleas'd, perhaps, t' have earn'd
So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
With looks of some complacence he resum'd
His road, deriding much the blank amaze
Of good Evander, still where he was left
Fix'd motionless, and petrified with dread.
So on they far'd. Discourse on other themes
Ensuing seem'd t' obliterate the past;
And tamer far for so much fury shown,
(As is the course of rash and fiery men,)
The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd.
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,
An unsuspected storm. His hour was come,
The impious challenger of Pow'r divine
Was now to learn, that Heav'n, though slow to wrath,

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is never with impunity defied.
His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,
Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,
Unbidden, and not now to be controll'd,
Rush'd to the cliff, and, having reach'd it, stood.
At once the shock unseated him: he flew
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and immers'd
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not,
The death he had deserv'd, and died alone.
So God wrought double justice; made the fool
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.
I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, lothesome to the sight,
And charg'd, perhaps, with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonor'd and defil'd in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.
Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of Grace divine,
From creatures, that exist but for our sake,
Which, having serv'd us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, was giv'n
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Match'd with th' expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are oft-times vanquish'd and thrown far behind.
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment, never to be wean'd, or chang'd
By any change of fortune, proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favors, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.
Man praises man. Desert in arts or arms
Wins public honor; and ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration mad; content to hear
(O wonderful effect of music's power!)
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
(For was it less? what heathen would have dar'd
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honor of a man?)
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel! Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and while we praise
A talent so divine, remember too
That His most holy book, from whence it came,
Was never meant, was never us'd before,
To buckram out the mem'ry of a man.
But hush! the Muse perhaps is too severe;
And with a gravity beyond the size
And measure of th' offence, rebukes a deed
Less impious than absurd, and owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong design.
So in the chapel of old Ely-House,
When wand'ring Charles, who meant to be the third
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
Sung to the praise and glory of King George!
—Man praises man; and Garrick's mem'ry next,
When time hath somewhat mellow'd it, and made
The idol of our worship while he liv'd
The God of our idolatry once more,
Shall have its altar; and the World shall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
The theatre, too small, shall suffocate
Its squeez'd contents, and more than it admits
Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return
Ungratified: for there some noble lord
Shall stuff his shoulders with King Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak,
And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp and stare
To show the world how Garrick did not act.
For Garrick was a worshipper himself;
He drew the liturgy, and fram'd the rites
And solemn ceremonial of the day,
And call'd the world to worship on the banks
Of Avon, fam'd in song. Ah, pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.
The mulb'rry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths
The mulb'rry-tree stood centre of the dance;
The mulb'rry-tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs;

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And from his touchwood trunk the mulb'rry-tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
So 'twas a hallow'd time: decorum reign'd,
And mirth without offence. No few return'd,
Doubtless much edified, and all refresh'd.
—Man praises man. The rabble all alive
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.
Some shout him, and some hang upon his car,
To gaze in 's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy:
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
Why? what has charm'd them? Hath he sav'd the state?
No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No.
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
That finds out ev'ry crevice of the head,
That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs
Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle must suffice him soon.
Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
And dedicate a tribute, in its use
And just direction sacred, to a thing
Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there.
Encomium in old time was poets' work;
But poets, having lavishly long since
Exhausted all materials of the art,
The task now falls into the public hand;
And I, contented with an humble theme,
Have pour'd my stream of panegyric down
The vale of Nature, where it creeps, and winds
Among her lovely works with a secure
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.
And I am recompens'd, and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and woe,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.
The groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well-nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust, that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit Earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot pav'd with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defac'd
For man's revolt shall with a smile repair.
Sweet is the harp of prophecy; too sweet
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch:
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flow'rs,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,
To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,
That not t' attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labor, were a task more arduous still.
O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss! which who can see
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy?
Rivers of gladness water all the Earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty: the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon,
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place:
That creeping pestilence is driv'n away:
The breath of Heav'n has chas'd it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us.
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd;
See Salem built, the labor of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
All kingdoms and all princes of the Earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there:*
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest west;
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travel'd forth
Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy
O Sion! an assembly such as Earth
Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see. [once
Thus Heav'nward all things tend. For all were
Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.
So God has greatly purpos'd; who would else
In his dishonor'd works himself endure

* Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large

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Dishonor, and be wrong'd without redress.
Haste then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons! we would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is, that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases him.
Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flow'rs;
And ev'n the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from Heav'n, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
O for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, should'ring aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men;
Where Violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor Cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears:
Where he, that fills an office, shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where Law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as Wisdom prompts
And Equity; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright.
Where Fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth Good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of Love!
Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the Earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee King; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee King; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long desir'd,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tir'd
Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoil'd,
And aims them at the shield of Truth again.
The veil is rent, rent, too, by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith propos'd,
Insulted and traduc'd, are cast aside,
As useless, to the moles and to the bats.
They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,
Who, constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet ev'n these
Worthy, compar'd with sycophants, who kneel
Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man!
So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare,
The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To wand'ring sheep, resolv'd to follow none.
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain:
For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
And in their service wage perpetual war
With Conscience and with thee. Lust in their hearts
And mischief in their hands, they roam the Earth,
To prey upon each other: stubborn, fierce,
High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.
Thy prophets speak of such; and, noting down
The features of the last degen'rate times,
Exhibit ev'ry lineament of these
Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
Due to thy last and most effectual work,
Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world!
He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The World o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the World.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain;
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from Earth
She makes familiar with a Heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,
And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There, unfatigu'd,
His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty World,
That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours.
Of what she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the pray'r he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seeks his proper happiness by means,
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an encumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rend'ring none.

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His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works,
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe;
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But, he may boast, what few that win it can,
That, if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite Refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual World
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,
Because that World adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He, by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceiv'd; aware, that what is base
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,
Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flow'rs,
Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renown'd in ancient song; not vex'd with care
Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me then, that once when call'd
To dress a Sofa with the flow'rs of verse,
I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but soon, to please her more,
Whom flow'rs alone I knew would little please,
Let fall th' unfinish'd wreath, and rov'd for fruit;
Rov'd far, and gather'd much: some harsh, 'tis true,
Pick'd from the thorns and briers of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates, that can taste immortal truth;
Insipid else, and sure to be despis'd.
But all is in his hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this Earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land, I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

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THE DIVERTING

HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN;

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of woman-kind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore;
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that he lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

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The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:"
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amaz'd to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke.

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in:

Whence straight he came with hat and wig
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away,
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware"

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

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The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:—

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
And Gilpin long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

AN EPISTLE.

TO

JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

Dear Joseph—five-and-twenty years ago—
Alas, how time escapes!—'tis even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days,)
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart:
And, were I call'd to prove th' assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.
Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurr'd to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though num'rous once, reduc'd to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch?
No· gold they seem'd, but they were never such.
Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlor-door upon its hinge
Dreading a negative, and overaw'd
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad
"Go, fellow!—whither?"—turning short about—
"Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out."
"'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end."
"For what?"—"An' please you, sir, to see a friend
"A friend!" Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—
"Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw."
I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made
Perhaps 'twas mere good-humor gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.
But not to moralize too much, and strain,
To prove an evil, of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun,)
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man,
No matter where, in China, or Japan,
Decreed, that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.
O happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

YARDLEY OAK.

Survivor sole and hardly such, of all
That once liv'd here, thy brethren, at my birth,
(Since which I number threescore winters past,)
A shatter'd vet'ran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages! Could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with rev'rence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet
Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Lov'd not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscrib'd, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs

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And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!

Thou fell'st mature; and in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Who liv'd, when thou wast such? O couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recov'ring, and misstated setting right——
Desp'rate attempt, till trees shall speak again!

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the wood;
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the num'rous flocks,
That graz'd it, stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe-shelter'd from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outliv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as cent'ry roll'd
Slow after century, a giant-bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root
Upheav'd above the soil, and sides emboss'd
With prominent wens globose—till at the last
The rottenness, which time is charged to inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability, in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates, not unimpair'd;
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could stake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck
Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee-timber,* many a load!
But the ax spar'd thee. In those thriftier days,
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest, wag'd
For senatorial honors. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserv'd,
Achiev'd a labor, which had far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.

Embowel'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought, but the scoop'd rind, that seems
An huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulveriz'd of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splinter'd stump, bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none, where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force,
Than yonder upstarts of the neighb'ring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth receiv'd
Half a millennium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here

* Knee-timber is found in the crooked arms of oak, which, by reason of their distortion, are easily adjusted to the angle formed where the deck and the ship's sides meet.

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On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform,
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gaz'd,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor ow'd articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
To each his name significant, and, fill'd
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heaven
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excus'd the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charg'd his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

THE CAST-AWAY.

Obscurest night involv'd the sky;
Th' Atlantic billows roar'd,
When such a destin'd wretch as I,
Wash'd headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast,
Than he, with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,
With warmer wishes sent.
He lov'd them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,
Expert to swim, he lay:
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
Or courage die away;
But wag'd with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted; nor his friends had fail'd
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That, pitiless, perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succor yet they could afford;
And, such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted, and his friends so nigh

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld:
And so long he, with unspent pow'r,
His destiny repell'd:
And ever as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried—"Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in ev'ry blast,
Could catch the sound no more.
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank

No poet wept him; but the page
Of narrative sincere,
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear.
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream,
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date.
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone;
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone:
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

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JAMES BEATTIE.

James Beattie was born at Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, Scotland, October 25, 1735. He studied at Aberdeen, excelling in the classics, and in 1760 he became Professor of Moral Philosophy there. In that year also he published his first volume, "Original Poems and Translations." In 1765 he published "The Judgment of Paris," and in 1770 an essay on "Truth," which was intended to check the spread of Hume's skepticism. It met with extraordinary favor, and gained its author a pension of £200 from the king. The first part of "The Minstrel" appeared in 1771, and the second in 1774. The intention was, to complete the poem with a third part. Its design is "to trace the progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel." Beattie published essays on Poetry, Music, etc., in 1776, and several works on moral science, with a dissertation on the slave-trade. He died on August 18, 1803. Sir William Forbes has written his biography.

THE MINSTREL.

Book I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days,
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung,
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plume adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
Oh let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen,
Fain to implore the aid of flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene,)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

Oh how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart,
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:

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B.W. Weir

Phillipson

THE MINSTREL.

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For ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream,
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purpos'd theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairy-land might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plow, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

From labor health, from health contentment springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd-life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle or seer foretold;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy;
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbors star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorn'd to wield.
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain gray,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But lo! the Sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapor, tost
In billows, length'ning to the horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern Sun diffus'd his dazzling sheen
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought,)
"Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!

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Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd?
Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on Earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
O smile, ye Heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace, to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

'Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught;
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
"Let man's own sphere," said he, "confine his view,
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduc'd, unaw'd by lawless might.

"And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear?
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own."

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
The visionary boy from shelter fly;
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting Sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardor has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire;
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along

Or, when the setting Moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of night

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold:
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond-lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-color'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'd'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox

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Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy lire.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow!
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain-side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milk-maid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should deign,
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,)
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide!
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth:
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the Moon in blood
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest time shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts undone

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die:
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
"For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten d one moment Edwin's starting tear,
"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy
And innocence thus die by doom severe?
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend?
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end?

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

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Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for Truth, but never hit.
For why? Their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth:
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array,
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the autumnal day,
Ev'n then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heav'n's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melancholy!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn;
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton swine.

For Edwin, Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favorite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute·
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit,
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controll'd,
And solitude, her soul his graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'erflow

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague should smile,
New strains ere-long shall animate thy frame.
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of humankind.

Book II.

Or chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of Fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, Earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to Heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd;
And where th' Atlantic rolls, wide continents have bloom'd.*

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candor, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray or friendship's flame is mine

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song

* See Plato's Timæus.

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"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, too lov'd of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

Vigor from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer-bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of Heaven, they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more mild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he fram'd the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.
For rocks on rocks pil'd as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made:
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings, to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the Sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole:

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur giv'n to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform

"True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.'
This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star·
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew:
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
And hugg'd the chain, that, glittering on their gaze
Seems to outshine the pomp of Heaven's empyreal blaze.

"Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawn'd and smil'd, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while;
So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file;
But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view!

"The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

"The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess'd
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride, the bosom wring!

"Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave

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'And thither let the village-swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village-maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the livelong day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild Evening comes in mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall know.

'For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruin'd man, I mourn.
O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exil'd,
And all thy favorite haunts with blood and tears defil'd?

Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear;
What forms of mournful, lothesome, furious mien!
O when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear!

"O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th' abyss; when dark Confusion driven
Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way!"

Silence ensued: and Edwin rais'd his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
"And is it thus in courtly life," he cries,
"That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire?
Hail, Poverty! if honor, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd;
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear,
Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue;
For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear;
And none speaks false, where there is none to hear.

"Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell!
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the hermit's cell;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel."

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild; where, in a flowery nook,
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
An ancient man: his harp lay him beside.
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand that tied
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a flow'ret small.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching: innocence
Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
"Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from whence?
Why roam thy steps to this sequester'd dale?"
"A shepherd-boy," the youth replied, "far hence
My habitation; hear my artless tale;
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

"Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
(For in thy speech I recognize the sound.)
You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

"But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul?
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl:
Love is the godlike attribute of man.
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

"Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm, contented mind;
Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfin'd,
Grace, grandeur, and utility combin'd.
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
Well pleas'd with all, but most with human-kind
When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of ill."

"Wouldst thou," the sage replied, "in peace return
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish soothe,
Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

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"But let untender thoughts afar be driven;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.
For know, to man, as candidate for Heaven,
The voice of the Eternal said, 'Be free:
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and Heaven convey;
For virtue is the child of liberty,
And happiness of virtue; nor can they
Be free to keep the path, who are not free to stray.

"Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower,
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lower;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain:
Come often then; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st gain:
If I one soul improve, I have not liv'd in vain."

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness burn:
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere-long, is left alone to mourn,
And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd urn!

"Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,
Where ruin's gulf unfathom'd yawns beneath!
Shall life, shall liberty, be lost," he said,
"For the vain toys that pomp and power bequeath!
The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave:
No note the clarion of renown can breathe,
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,
Or check the headlong haste of time's o'erwhelming wave.

"Ah, what avails it to have trac'd the springs
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel!
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with steel!
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel,
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not yearn!

"This praise, O Cheronean sage,* is thine!
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lur'd by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

"O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnam'd of gold)
The age of love, and innocence and joy,
When all were great and free! man's sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth;
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the flow'ret's long-expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of mirth.

"Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, health, sport, and labor went.
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
None prowl'd for prey, none watch'd to circumvent
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave:
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his slave

"But ah! th' historic Muse has never dar'd
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis Fancy's beam
Pour'd on the vision of the enraptur'd bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail sweet Fancy's ray! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long, where Love and Fancy lead, to go
And meditate on Heaven, enough of Earth I know.'

"I cannot blame thy choice," the sage replied,
"For soft and smooth are Fancy's flowery ways
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd?

"Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might,
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal pain.

"And yet, alas! the real ills of life
Claim the full vigor of a mind prepar'd,
Prepar'd for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
We fare on Earth as other men have far'd
Were they successful? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd to bear.

What charms th' historic Muse adorn, from spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight,
To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils,
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright,
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!
Sees yonder Sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene, than virtue thus enshrin'd
In power, and man with man for mutual aid combin'd?

* Plutarch.

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"Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear'd!
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by law restrain'd!
Without you, what were man? A grovelling herd
In darkness, wretchedness, and want, enchain'd.
Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
In arts unrival'd: O, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence, unprofan'd,
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the sage's lore, and fire the poet's lays!

"But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination's lawless rage,
And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,
Philosophy appears! The gloomy race
By indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solicitude, give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

Then waken from long lethargy to life
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl;
As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

And Reason now through number, time and space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compar'd, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high?
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm'd with tears,
Such glory bear?—for lo! the shadows fly
From Nature's face; confusion disappears,
And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears!

"In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom, dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the laboring Moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

"Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare; shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away!

'And even where Nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,
Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane;
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore,
Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood;
For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every flood.

"'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled!
The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale:
And, from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale

"What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude, require!
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire!
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
Awhile, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the heart
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

"Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway,
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,
Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they?
Flee to the shade of Academus' grove:
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of Truth, breath'd from the lips of Love.

"What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil!
They smile at penury, disease, and storm;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil,
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep-vers'd in man the philosophic sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage

"'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil and clime
Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind,
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of policy, that, 'midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift his head on high, nor fear
Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And industry and law maintain their sway severe.

Enraptur'd by the hermit's strain, the youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
And now, expanded to the beams of truth,
New energies and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;
The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
The flame of industry and genius fan,
And emulation's noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm

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But she who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams, and all his wanderings, shar'd
And bless'd, the Muse, and her celestial art,
Still claim'd the enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compar'd
And variously combin'd, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the bard,
While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
Enamour'd, consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardor to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienc'd eye a modest grace
Presents, where ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' unwieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his soul,
How the red current throbb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
Without art graceful, without effort strong,
Homer rais'd high to heaven the loud, the impetuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,
Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
Was taught to moderate the artful strain,
I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain.
Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound,
With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
And mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that Fancy's flowers adorn,
The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
He, whom each virtue fir'd, each grace refin'd,
Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!
He sleeps in dust. Ah! how shall I pursue
My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu.

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled!
And am I left to unavailing woe!
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
Where cares long since have shed untimely snow!
Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go!
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers.
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh, my tears.

THE HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with Nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:

"Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay—
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn!
Oh soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away!
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays:
But lately I marked when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again!
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more.
I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn—
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save;
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?"

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'Oh pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

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ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Anna Letitia Aikin was born at Kilworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, June 20, 1743. Her father, Dr. John Aikin, superintendent of the dissenting academy at Warrington, taught her Latin and Greek, and through her acquaintance with Drs. Priestley and Enfield her education was carried beyond the usual limits of learned women of her day. In 1773 she published a volume of poems, which went through four editions in a year. In 1774 she married Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister, and went to live at Palgrave, Suffolk, where they opened a boarding-school. In 1775 she published a compilation of devotional pieces, in 1778 "Lessons for Children," and in 1781 "Hymns in Prose, for Children." The two latter were translated into French. In 1785, the school being given up, Mrs. Barbauld travelled with her husband on the Continent, and on their return they resided at Hampstead. There she wrote various political pamphlets. In 1802 they removed to Stoke Newington. In 1804 she published selections from the "Spectator," "Tatler," "Guardian," and "Freeholder," with a critical introductory essay. In 1808 Mr. Barbauld died. In 1810 Mrs. Barbauld published an edition of the British novelists, with biographical and critical notices, and in the following year a collection called "The Female Spectator," and her last poem, entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven." She died on March 9, 1825, and in that year her works were published in two octavo volumes, with a memoir by Lucy Aikin.

WHAT DO THE FUTURES SPEAK OF?

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION IN THE GREEK GRAMMAR.

They speak of never-withering shades,
And bowers of opening joy;
They promise mines of fairy gold,
And bliss without alloy.

They whisper strange enchanting things
Within Hope's greedy ears;
And sure this tuneful voice exceeds
The music of the spheres.

They speak of pleasure to the gay,
And wisdom to the wise;
And soothe the poet's beating heart
With fame that never dies.

To virgins languishing in love,
They speak the minute nigh,
And warm consenting hearts they join,
And paint the rapture high.

In every language, every tongue,
The same kind things they say;
In gentle slumbers speak by night,
In waking dreams by day.

Cassandra's fate reversed is theirs:
She, true, no faith could gain—
They, every passing hour deceive,
Yet are believed again.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.*

O hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs:
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn,
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glowed,
And spurned a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A free-born mouse detain!

O do not stain with guiltless blood
Thy hospitable hearth;
Nor triumph that thy wiles betrayed
A prize so little worth.

The scattered gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
But if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny—

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's commoners enjoy
The common gifts of heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye
And feels for all that lives.

If mind—as ancient sages taught—
A never-dying flame,
Still shifts through matter's varying forms
In every form the same;

Beware, lest in the worm you crush,
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

* Found in the trap where he had been confined all night by Dr. Priestley, for the sake of making experiments with different kinds of air.

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Or, if this transient gleam of day
Be *all* of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;—
Where is, O grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears;—
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Its duty done—as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!"

HYMN.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessing flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy
And the rising year destroy:

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And, when every blessing 's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

TO-MORROW.

See where the falling day
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn:
Her fires are quenched, her beauty fled,
While blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfilled
The promise of the dawn.

Another morning soon shall rise,
Another day salute our eyes,
As smiling and as fair as she,
And make as many promises:
But do not thou
The tale believe,
They 're sisters all,
And all deceive.

LIFE.

Life, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life, we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

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CHARLES DIBDIN.

Charles Dibdin was born at Southampton in 1745. His mother was fifty years old at the time of his birth, and he was her eighteenth child. He was educated at Winchester, and at the age of sixteen wrote "The Shepherd's Artifice," an opera, which was brought out at Covent Garden. In 1778, having been on the boards as an actor in some of his own pieces, he became musical manager at that theatre, and a few years later he built the Surrey. In 1788 he published his "Musical Tour," and in 1789 he originated an entertainment which he called "The Whim of the Moment"—a series of concerts in which he alone was author, composer, and performer. This was very successful; his "Poor Jack" especially caught the ear of the public; yet when he retired from the stage, in 1805, owing to various misfortunes, he was quite poor, and the government gave him a pension of £200. He died in 1814. Dibdin is especially noted for his sea-songs, of which he is said to have written twelve hundred. They are standard favorites with the British tars, and have been sometimes quoted with good effect in time of mutiny. "Poor Tom Bowling" was written as a dirge for his brother, who was captain of an East Indiaman. An illustrated edition of the songs, with a memoir, was published in 1850. Dibdin also wrote about fifty dramas.

POOR TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies Poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed,
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

POOR JACK.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And it ent to a little I'll strike;
Though the tempest top-gallant masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse every thing tight,
And under reefed foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
"For," says he, "do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea—
"What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why, what a damned fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
You never will hear of me more:
What then? all's a hazard: come, don't be so soft;
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

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D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor 's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Naught 's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino 's my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis the king's:
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I SAILED from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smacked through the breeze!
She 's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sailed on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Dover,
Our girls and our dear native shore!
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we entered the Gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Helm a-weather the hoarse boatswain cries:
Brace the foresail athwart; see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Befell three poor sailors and I.
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi;
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sank down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have? We were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sailed, never landed
But I and, I think, twenty-two.
But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess way set the wind,
For homeward I came and got married
To a lass that was comely and kind.
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born,
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
For sailors, &c.

BLEAK WAS THE MORN.

BLEAK was the morn when William left his Nancy,
The fleecy snow frowned on the whitened shore,
Cold as the fears that chilled her dreary fancy,
While she her sailor from her bosom tore:
To his filled heart a little Nancy pressing,
While a young tar the ample trousers eyed,
In need of firmness in this state distressing,
Will checked the rising sigh, and fondly cried—
Ne'er fear the perils of the fickle ocean,
Sorrow 's a notion,
Grief all in vain;
Sweet love, take heart,
For we but part
In joy to meet again.

Loud blew the wind, when, leaning on that willow
Where the dear name of honest William stood,
Poor Nancy saw, tossed by a faithless billow,
A ship dashed 'gainst a rock that topped the flood:
Her tender heart with frantic thrilling,
Wild as the storm that howled along the shore,
No longer could resist a stroke so killing—
'Tis he! she cried, nor shall I see him more!
Why did he ever trust the fickle ocean?
Sorrow 's my portion,
Misery and pain!
Break, my poor heart,
For now we part
Never to meet again!

Mild was the eve, all Nature was a-smiling,
Four tedious years had Nancy passed in grief,
When, with her children, the sad hours beguiling,
She saw her William fly to her relief!
Sunk in his arms with bliss he quickly found her,
But soon returned to life, to love, and joy,
While her grown young ones anxiously surround her,
And now Will clasps his girl, and now his boy.
Did I not say, though 'tis a fickle ocean,
Sorrow 's all a notion,
Grief all in vain?
My joy how sweet,
For now we meet
Never to part again!

JACK COME HOME.

JACK come home, his pockets lined,
In search of Poll his only pleasure,
To Pickle Stairs his course inclined,
In her fair lap to pour his treasure.

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But scarce arrived at famed Rag-fair,
Where the keen Jew the clodpole fleeces,
His whistle turned into a stare
At "Come, who 'll buy my water-cresses?"

He starts and trembles at the sound,
Which now is heard, and now obstructed;
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted.
"Zounds!" cried out Jack, "I know that phiz—
But then, such togs—they're all to pieces!
Why, it can't be! my eyes it is—
'Tis Poll a-bawling water-cresses!"

And now she 's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses;
The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends, in troops, with curses.
"They took," cried she, "my very bed;
The sticks they seized, and sold in pieces;
So, to get a bit of honest bread,
I cries, who'll buy my water-cresses?"

"Still art thou rich, my girl," cried Jack,
"And still shall taste each earthly pleasure;
Thou 'rt true, though rags are on thy back,
And honor, Poll, 's a noble treasure.
In this gay tog-shop rigged so neat,
Ill fortune from this moment ceases;"
This said, he scattered in the street
Basket, and rags, and water-cresses.

LOVE ME EVERMORE.

In either eye a lingering tear,
His love and duty well to prove,
Jack left his wife and children dear,
Impelled by honor and by love;
And as he loitered, wrapped in care,
A sapling in his hand he bore,
Curiously carved, in letters fair—
"Love me; ah, love me, evermore!"

At leisure to behold his worth,
Tokens, and rings, and broken gold,
He plunged the sapling firm in earth,
And o'er and o'er his treasure told;
The letters spelt, the kindness traced,
And all affection's precious store,
Each with the favorite motto graced—
"Love me; ah, love me, evermore!"

While on this anxious task employed,
Tender remembrance all his care,
His ears are suddenly annoyed,
The boatswain's whistle cleaves the air.
'Tis duty calls, his nerves are braced,
He rushes to the crowded shore,
Leaving the sapling in his haste,
That bids him love for evermore.

The magic branch thus unreclaimed,
Far off at sea, no comfort near,
His thoughtless haste he loudly blamed
With many a sigh and many a tear;
Yet why act this unmanly part?
The words the precious relic bore,
Are they not marked upon my heart?
"Love me; ah, love me, evermore!"

Escaped from treacherous waves and winds,
That three years he had felt at sea,
A wondrous miracle he finds—
The sapling is become a tree!
A goodly head that graceful rears,
Enlarged the trunk, enlarged the core!
And on the rind, enlarged, appears
"Love me; ah, love me, evermore!"

While gazing on the spell-like charms
Of this most wonderful of trees,
His Nancy rushes to his arms,
His children cling about his knees.
Increased in love, increased in size,
Taught from the mother's tender store,
Each little urchin, lisping, cries,
"Love me; ah, love me, evermore!"

Amazement seized the admiring crowd;
"My children," cried a village seer,
"These signs though mute, declare aloud
The hand of Providence is here—
Whose hidden, yet whose sure decrees
For those its succor who implore,
Can still the tempest, level seas,
And crown true love for evermore."

THE STANDING TOAST.

[Dibdin's last song.]

The moon on the ocean was dimmed by a ripple,
Affording a checkered delight,
The gay jolly tars passed the word for the tipple
And the toast—for 'twas Saturday night:
Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his life,
Each drank, while he wished he could hail her;
But the standing toast that pleased the most
Was—The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the lass that loves a sailor!

Some drank the king and his brave ships,
And some the constitution,
Some—May our foes and all such rips
Own English resolution!
That Fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
And that they soon might hail her:
But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank our queen, and some our land,
Our glorious land of freedom!
Some that our tars might never stand
For heroes brave to lead 'em!
That beauty in distress might find
Such friends as ne'er would fail her:
But the standing toast, &c.

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SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WILLIAM JONES was born in London, September 28, 1746. At Harrow he surpassed all his schoolmates in classical scholarship, and at Oxford he became proficient in Oriental languages. But without taking a degree he left the university in 1765, and became a private tutor. In 1770 he published a "Life of Nadir Shah," which, at the request of the King of Denmark, he had translated from Persian into French. This was followed by a Persian grammar and "Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry." In 1780 he published a translation of seven Arabic poems, under the collective title of *Moallâkat*, so called from their being suspended in the temple at Mecca. Meanwhile he studied law, mingled unsuccessfully in politics, wrote a law treatise, and published a few odes. In 1783 he was appointed a judge in the Supreme Court at Bengal. He married Miss Shipley, daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, was knighted, and sailed for India. He gave himself anew to the study of Eastern languages, founded the Asiatic Society, and wrote much on legal, philosophical, and historical themes. He published a story in verse, entitled "The Enchanted Fruit, or the Hindu Wife," and translated an ancient Indian drama called "Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring." He was at work on a digest of the Hindu and Mohammedan laws, when he suddenly died, April 27, 1794. Sir William Jones was the first Oriental scholar of his time, was familiar with sixteen languages, and was no inconsiderable poet; but most of his poems require such long prose prefaces to make them intelligible, that they afford little pleasure to the general reader.

AN ODE IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

Ου λιθοι, ουδε ξυλα, ουδε
Τεχνη τεκτονων αι πολεις εισιν
Αλλ' οπου ποτ' αν ωσιν ΑΝΔΡΕΣ
Αὐτους σωζειν ειδοτες,
Ενταυθα τειχη και πολεις.

Alc. quoted by Aristides.

WHAT constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No!—Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill:
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend, discretion, like a vapor sinks,
And o'en th' all dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!
No more shall freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

A CHINESE ODE, PARAPHRASED.

BEHOLD, where yon blue rivulet glides
Along the laughing dale;
Light reeds bedeck its verdant sides,
And frolic in the gale.

So shines our prince! In bright array
The virtues round him wait;
And sweetly smiled th' auspicious day
That raised him o'er our state.

As pliant hands, in shapes refined,
Rich ivory carve and smooth,
His *laws* thus mould each ductile mind,
And every passion soothe.

As gems are taught by patient art
In sparkling ranks to beam,
With *manners* thus he forms the heart,
And spreads a general gleam.

What soft, yet awful dignity!
What meek, yet manly grace!

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What sweetness dances in his eye,
And blossoms in his face!

So shines our prince! A sky-born crowd
Of virtues round him blaze:
Ne'er shall oblivion's murky cloud
Obscure his deathless praise.

THE VERBAL TRANSLATION.

BEHOLD yon reach of *the river* Ki;
Its green reeds how luxuriant! how luxuriant!
Thus is our prince adorned with virtues;
As a carver, as a filer of ivory,
As a cutter, as a polisher of gems,
Oh how elate and sagacious! Oh how dauntless and composed!
How worthy of fame! How worthy of reverence!
We have a prince adorned with virtues,
Whom to the end *of time* we cannot forget.

HYMN TO CAMDEO.

THE Hindoo god to whom the following poem is addressed appears evidently the same with the Grecian Eros and the Roman Cupido; but the Indian description of his person and arms, his family, attendants, and attributes, has new and peculiar beauties.

WHAT potent god from Agra's orient bowers
Floats through the lucid air, whilst living flowers
With sunny twine the vocal arbours wreathe
And gales enamored heavenly fragrance breathe?
Hail, power unknown! for at thy beck
Vales and groves their bosoms deck,
And every laughing blossom dresses
With gems of dew his musky tresses.
I feel, I feel thy genial flame divine,
And hallow thee, and kiss thy shrine.

"Know'st thou not me?" Celestial sounds I hear!
"Know'st thou not me?" Ah, spare a mortal ear!
"Behold"—My swimming eyes entranced I raise,
But oh! they sink before the excessive blaze.
Yes, son of Maya, yes I know
Thy bloomy shafts and cany bow,
Cheeks with youthful glory beaming,
Locks in braids ethereal streaming,
Thy scaly standard, thy mysterious arms,
And all thy pains and all thy charms.

God of each lovely sight, each lovely sound,
Soul-kindling, world-inflaming, starry-crown'd,
Eternal Cama! Or doth Smara bright,
Or proud Ananga give thee more delight?
Whate'er thy seat, whate'er thy name,
Seas, earth, and air, thy reign proclaim:
Wreathy smiles and roseate pleasures
Are thy richest, sweetest treasures.
All animals to thee their tribute bring,
And hail thee universal king.

Thy consort mild, Affection ever true,
Graces thy side, her vest of glowing hue;
And in her train twelve blooming girls advance,
Touch golden strings, and knit the mirthful dance.
Thy dreaded implements they bear,
And wave them in the scented air,
Each with pearls her neck adorning,
Brighter than the tears of morning.
Thy crimson ensign which before them flies,
Decks with new stars the sapphire skies.

God of the flowery shafts and flowery bow,
Delight of all above and all below!
Thy loved companion, constant from his birth,
In heaven clep'd Bessent, and gay Spring on earth,
Weaves thy green robe and flaunting bowers,
And from thy clouds draws balmy showers,
He with fresh arrows fills thy quiver,
(Sweet the gift, and sweet the giver!)
And bids the many-plumed warbling throng
Burst the pent blossoms with their song.

He bends the luscious cane, and twists the string.
With bees, how sweet! but ah, how keen their sting!
He with five flowerets tips thy ruthless darts,
Which through five senses pierce enraptured hearts:
Strong Chumpa, rich in odorous gold,
Warm Amer, nursed in heavenly mould,
Dry Nagkeser, in silver smiling,
Hot Kiticum our sense beguiling,
And last, to kindle fierce the scorching flame,
Love-shaft, which gods bright Bela name.

Can men resist thy power, when Krishen yields,
Krishen, who still in Matra's holy fields
Tunes harps immortal, and to strains divine
Dances by moonlight with the Gopia nine?
But, when thy daring arm untamed
At Mahadeo a love-shaft aimed,
Heaven shook, and, smit with stony wonder,
Told his deep dread in bursts of thunder,
Whilst on thy beauteous limbs an azure fire
Blazed forth, which never must expire.

O thou for ages born, yet ever young,
For ages may thy Brahmin's lay be sung!
And, when thy lory spreads his emerald wings
To waft thee high above the towers of kings,
Whilst o'er thy throne the moon's pale light
Pours her soft radiance through the night,
And to each floating cloud discovers
The haunts of blessed or joyless lovers,
Thy mildest influence to thy bard impart,
To warm, but not consume, his heart.

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THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Thomas Chatterton, the posthumous son of a schoolmaster in Bristol, was born there on the 20th of November, 1752. At the age of five years, he was placed at the school which his father had superintended; but he showed such little capacity for learning, that he was sent back to his mother as a dull boy, incapable of improvement. Mrs. Chatterton, says Dr. Gregory, in his life of the subject of our memoir, was rendered extremely unhappy by the apparently tardy understanding of her son, till he "fell in love," as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript, in French, which enabled her, by taking advantage of the momentary passion, to initiate him in the alphabet. She afterwards taught him to read out of a black-letter Bible; and this circumstance, in conjunction with the former, is supposed to have inspired him with that fondness for antiquities which he subsequently displayed. At eight years of age, he was removed to Colston's charity-school, where he remained for some time undistinguished, except by a pensive gravity of demeanour, and a thirst for pre-eminence over his playmates. This he exhibited, says his sister, even before he was five years old; and not long afterward, her brother being asked what device he would have painted on a small present of earthenware about to be made to him, "Paint me," he is said to have replied, "an angel, with wings, and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world."

It was not, however, until his tenth year, that he acquired a taste for reading; for which he suddenly imbibed such a relish, that he devoted his little pocket-money to the hire of books from a library, and borrowed others as he had opportunity. Before he was twelve he had gone through about seventy volumes in this manner, consisting chiefly of history and divinity; and, about the same time, he appears to have filled with poetry a pocket-book, which had been presented to him by his sister as a new-year's gift. Among these verses, were probably those entitled Apostate Will, a satire upon his instructers and school-fellows. In 1765, he was confirmed by the bishop; and his sister relates, that he made very sensible and serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony, and on his own feelings preparatory to it. In July, 1767, at which time he possessed a knowledge of drawing and music, in addition to his other acquirements, he was articled to Mr. Lambert, an attorney at Bristol, where the only fault his master had to find with him, for the first year, was the sending an abusive anonymous letter to his late schoolmaster, of which he was discovered to be the author, from his inability to disguise his own handwriting so successfully as he did afterward.

As a preface to the history of Chatterton's literary impostures, which commenced about this time, a short sketch will be necessary of the circumstances which gave rise to them. It was well known at Bristol, that in the church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, an old chest had been opened, about 1727, for the purpose of searching for some title deeds, and that since that time, a number of other manuscripts, being left exposed to casual depredation, had, at various times, been taken away. The uncle of Chatterton's father being sexton to the church, enabled his nephew to enter it freely; and, upon these occasions, he removed baskets full of parchments, of which, however, he made no other use than to cover books. A thread-paper belonging to his mother, which had been formed out of one of these parchments, attracted the notice of young Chatterton, soon after the commencement of his clerkship; and his curiosity was so excited, that he obtained a remaining hoard of them yet unused, and ultimately acquired possession of all that remained in the old chest, and in his mother's house. His answer to inquiries on the subject was, "that he had a treasure, and was so glad nothing could be like it." The parchments, he said, consisted of poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge and Thomas Rowley, whom our author, at first, called a monk, and afterward a secular priest of the fifteenth century.

Thus prepared for carrying on his system of literary imposture, he, on the opening of the new bridge at Bristol, in October, 1768, drew up a paper, entitled, A Description of the Fryars first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an ancient manuscript. It was inserted in Farley's Bristol Journal, and the authorship was traced to Chatterton; who, being questioned in an authoritative tone, haughtily refused to give any account. Milder usage at length induced him to enter into an explanation; and, after some prevarication, he asserted that he had received the paper in question from his father, who had found it, with several others, in Redcliffe Church. The report that he was in possession of the poetry of Canynge and Rowley was now spread about; and coming to the ears of Mr. Catcott, an inhabitant of Bristol, of an inquiring turn, he procured an introduction to Chatterton, who furnished him, gratuitously, with various poetical pieces under the name of Rowley. These were communicated to Mr. Barrett, a surgeon, then employed in writing a history of Bristol, into which he introduced several of the above fragments, by the permission of our author, who was, in return, occasionally supplied with money, and introduced into company He also studied surgery, for a short time, under Mr Barrett, and would talk, says Mr. Thistlethwayte, "of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empi-

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ric." His favourite studies, however, were heraldry and English antiquities; and one of his chief occupations was in making a collection of old English words from the glossaries of Chaucer and others. During these pursuits, he employed his pen in writing satirical essays, in prose and verse; and, about the same period, gave way to fits of poetical enthusiasm, by wandering about Redcliffe meadows, talking of the productions of Rowley, and sitting up at night to compose poems at the full of the moon. "He was always," says Mr. Smith, "extremely fond of walking in the fields; and would sometimes say to me, 'Come, you and I will take a walk in the meadow. I have got the cleverest thing for you imaginable. It is worth half-a-crown merely to have a sight of it, and to hear me read it to you.'" This he would generally do in one particular spot, within view of the church, before which he would sometimes lie down, keeping his eyes fixed upon it in a kind of trance.

In 1769, he contributed several papers to the Town and Country Magazine, among which were some extracts from the pretended Rowley, entitled Saxon poems, written in the style of Ossian, and subscribed with Chatterton's usual signature of *Dunhelmus Bristoliensis*. But his most celebrated attempt at imposture, in this year, was an offer to furnish Horace Walpole with some accounts of a series of eminent painters who had flourished at Bristol, at the same time enclosing two small specimens of the Rowley poems. Mr. Walpole returned a very polite reply, requesting further information; and, in answer, was informed of the circumstances of Chatterton, who hinted a wish that the former would free him from an irksome profession, and place him in a situation where he might pursue the natural bias of his genius. In the mean time, however, Gray and Mason having pronounced the poems sent to Walpole to be forgeries, the latter, who, nevertheless, could not, as he himself confesses, help admiring the spirit of poetry displayed in them, wrote a cold monitory letter to our author, advising him to apply himself to his profession. Incensed at this, he demanded the immediate return of his manuscripts, which Walpole enclosed in a blank cover, after his return from a visit to Paris, when he found another letter from Chatterton, peremptorily requiring the papers, and telling Walpole "that he would not have dared to use him so, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances." Here their correspondence ended, and on these circumstances alone is the charge founded against Mr. Walpole of barbarously neglecting, and finally causing the death of, Chatterton. Mr. Walpole, observes Dr. Gregory, afterward regretted that he had not seen this extraordinary youth, and that he did not pay a more favourable attention to his correspondence; but to ascribe to Mr. Walpole's neglect the dreadful catastrophe which happened at the distance of nearly two years after, would be the highest degree of injustice and absurdity.

Our author now entered into politics; and, in March, 1770, composed a satirical poem of one thousand three hundred lines, entitled Kew Gardens, in which he abused the Princess-dowager of Wales and Lord Bute, together with the partisans of ministry at Bristol, not excepting Mr. Catcott, and other of his friends and patrons. His character, also, in other respects, began to develope itself in an unfavourable light; but the assertion that he plunged into profligacy at this period, is contradicted by unexceptionable testimony. The most prominent feature in his conduct was his continued and open avowal of infidelity, and of his intention to commit suicide as soon as life should become burdensome to him. He had also grown thoroughly disgusted with his profession; and purposely, it is supposed, leaving upon his desk a paper, entitled his Last Will, in which he avowed his determination to destroy himself on Easter Sunday, he gladly received his dismissal from Mr. Lambert, into whose hands the document had fallen. He now determined to repair to London; and on being questioned by Mr. Thistlethwayte concerning his plan of life, returned this remarkable answer: "My first attempt," said he, "shall be in the literary way; the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to expectation, find myself deceived, I will, in that case, turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that, too, should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol." Such was the language of one not much beyond seventeen years of age; certainly, as Dr. Aikin observes, not that of a simple, ingenuous youth, "smit with the love of sacred song," a Beattie's minstrel, as some of Chatterton's admirers have chosen to paint him.

At the end of April, he arrived in the metropolis; and, on the 6th of May, writes to his mother that he is in such a settlement as he could desire. "I get," he adds, "four guineas a month by one magazine; shall engage to write a history of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect!" His engagements, in fact, appear to have been numerous and profitable; but we are cautioned, by Dr. Gregory, against giving implicit credence to every part of Chatterton's letters, written at this time, relative to his literary and political friends in the metropolis. It seems, however, that he had been introduced to Mr. Beckford, then lord mayor, and had formed high expectations of patronage from the opposition party, which he at first espoused; but the death of Beckford, at which he is said to have gone almost frantic, and the scarcity of money which he found on the opposition side, altered his intentions. He observed to a friend, that "he was a poor author, who could write on both sides;" and it appears that he actually did so, as two essays were found after his death, one eulogizing, and the other abusing, the administration, for rejecting the city remonstrance. On the latter, addressed to Mr. Beckford, is the indorsement:

Accepted by Bingley—set for, and thrown out of the North Britain, 21st of June, on account of the lord mayor's death.

Lost by his death on this essay		£1 11 6
Gained in elegies	£2 2	
—— in essays	3 3	
		5 5 0
Am glad he is dead by		£3 13 6

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His hopes of obtaining eminence as a political writer now became extravagantly sanguine, and he already seems to have considered himself a man of considerable public importance. "My company," he says, in a letter to his sister, "is courted everywhere; and could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial." These bright prospects, about July, appear to have been suddenly clouded; and, after a short career of dissipation, which kept pace with his hopes, he found that he had nothing to expect from the patronage of the great; and, to escape the scene of his mortification, made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain the post of surgeon's-mate to the coast of Africa. It is less certain to what extent he was now employed by the booksellers, than that he felt the idea of dependence upon them insupportable, and soon fell into such a state of indigence as to be reduced to the want of necessary food. Such was his pride, however, that when, after a fast of three days, his landlady invited him to dinner, he refused the invitation as an insult, assuring her he was not hungry. This is the last act recorded of his life; a few hours afterward, he swallowed a dose of arsenic, and was found dead the next morning, August the 25th, 1770, surrounded by fragments of numerous manuscripts, which he appeared to have destroyed. His suicide took place in Brook-street, Holborn, and he was interred, in a shell, in the burying-ground of Shoe lane workhouse. This melancholy catastrophe is heightened by the fact, that Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, had just gone to Bristol, for the purpose of assisting Chatterton, when he was there informed of his death.

The controversy respecting the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley is now at an end; though there are still a few, perhaps, who may side with Dean Milles and others, against the host of writers, including Gibbon, Johnson, and the two Wartons, who ascribe the entire authorship to Chatterton. The latter have, perhaps, come to a conclusion, which is not likely to be again disputed, viz. that however extraordinary it was for Chatterton to produce them in the eighteenth century, it was impossible that Rowley could have written them in the fifteenth. But, whether Chatterton was or was not the author of the poems ascribed to Rowley, his transcendent genius must ever be the subject of wonder and admiration. The eulogy of his friends, and the opinions of the controversialists respecting him, are certainly too extravagant. Dean Milles prefers Rowley to Homer, Virgil, Spencer, and Shakspeare; Mr. Malone "believes Chatterton to have been the greatest genius that England has produced since the days of Shakspeare;" and Mr. Croft, the author of Love and Madness, asserts, that "no such human being, at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known." This enthusiastic praise is not confined to the critical writers; the British muse has paid some of her most beautiful tributes to the genius and memory of Chatterton. The poems of Rowley, as published by Dean Milles, consist of pieces of all the principal classes of poetical composition: tragedies, lyric and heroic poems, pastorals, epistles, ballads, &c. Sublimity and beauty pervade many of them; and they display wonderful powers of imagination and facility of composition; yet, says Dr. Aikin, there is also much of the commonplace flatness and extravagance, that might be expected from a juvenile writer, whose fertility was greater than his judgment, and who had fed his mind upon stores collected with more avidity than choice The haste and ardour, with which he pursued his various literary designs, was in accordance with his favourite maxim, "that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them."

In 1778, a miscellaneous volume of the avowed writings of Chatterton was published; and, in 1803, an edition of his works appeared, in three volumes, octavo, with an account of his life, by Dr. Gregory, from whom we have before quoted. The general character of his productions has been well appreciated by Lord Orford, who, after expatiating upon his quick intuition, his humour, his vein of satire the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation, whether of politics, literature, or fashion, remarks, "Nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flight, his sweetest strain, his grossest ribaldry, and his most commonplace imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius; and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed." In person, Chatterton is said to have been, like his genius, premature; he had, says his biographer, a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was a something about him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though gray, were uncommonly piercing; when he was warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire; and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other.

The character of Chatterton has been sufficiently developed in the course of the preceding memoir; his ruling passion, we have seen, was literary fame; and it is doubtful whether his death was not rather occasioned through fear of losing the reputation he had already acquired, than despair of being able to obtain a future subsistence. This is rendered at least plausible, by the fact of his having received pecuniary assistance from Mr. Hamilton, senior, the proprietor of the Critical Review, not long before his death, with a promise of more; that he was employed by his literary friends, almost to the last hour of his existence; and that he was aware of the suspicions existing that himself and Rowley were the same. Though he neither confessed nor denied this, it was evident that his conduct was influenced by some mystery, known only to himself; he grew wild, abstracted, and incoherent, and a settled gloominess at length took possession of his countenance, which was a presage of his fatal resolution. He has been accused of libertinism, but there are no proofs of this during his residence either at London or Bristol: though

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many of his productions show a laxity of principle which might justify the supposition. The best qualities in his character were the negative ones of temperance and affection for his family, to whom he sent small presents out of his first gains, and always spoke of their welfare as one of the principal ends of his exertions. But what deeper affliction could he have brought upon them than that caused by the last act of his life? His sister says, that "he was a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason;" yet his life was one continued career of deception. He is to be pitied for his misfortunes, and admired for his genius; but, with Kirke White in our remembrance, we could wish to forget all else that belonged to Chatterton.

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE;

OR, THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE featherd songster chaunticleer
Han wounde hys bugle horne,
And tolde the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne:

Kynge Edwarde sawe the ruddie streakes
Of lyghte eclypse the greie;
And herde the raven's crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod he, "for, by the Godde
That syttes enthroned on hyghe!
Charles Bawdin, and hys fellowes twaine,
To-daie shall surelie die."

Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale
Hys knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;
"Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe
Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, hys children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe

'O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
"Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,
"Whatte says the traytour kynge?"

'I greeve to telle: before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkinn flye,
Hee hath uppon hys honour sworne
Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"We all must die," quod brave Syr Charles,
"Of thatte I'm not affeerde;
Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?
Thanke Jesu, I'm prepared:

Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I'de sooner die to-daie.
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Though I shoulde lyve for aie."

Then Canterlone hee dydd goe out,
To tell the maior straite
To gett all thynges ynne reddyness
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maister Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace,
To move your clemencye."

"Thenne," quod the kynge, "youre taie speke out
You have been much oure friende:
Whatever youre request may bee,
Wee wylle to ytte attende."

"My nobile leige! alle my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, though mayhap hee has donne wronge,
He thoughte ytte stylle was ryghte:

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine;
Alle rewyn'd are for aie,
Yff that you are resolved to lett
Charles Bawdin die to-daie."

"Speke not of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynn furie sayde,
"Before the evening starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
And hee shalle have hys meede:
Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thynge else
Att present doe you neede?"

"My nobile leige!" goode Canynge sayde,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde;
Be thyne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vicarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne all thys mortall state.

"Lett mercie rule thyne infante reignie,
'Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thye familie
Alle sovereigns shall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne upponne thy childrennes brows
Wylle never long remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
Has scorn'd my power and mee;
Howe canst thou then for such a manne
Entreate my clemencye?"

"My nobile leige! the trulie brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Although ynne enemies."

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"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne heaven
Thatt dydd mee being gyve
I wylle nott taste a bitt of breade
Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie, and alle seinctes ynne heaven,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne Canynge dropp'd a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And sat hymm downe uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flowe.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

"Say why, my friende, thie honest soul
Runns over att thyne eye;
Ys ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quoth godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
Thatt thou so soone must die,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the power
Of Edwarde, traytour kynge.

"Whan through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe my sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortall manne repyne or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battnile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dyed arounde;
Whan smokynge streemes of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:

"Howe dydd I knowe thatt every darte,
Thatt cutte the airie wnie,
Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

"And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
Ne! fromm my herte flie childysho feore;
Bee alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henry! Godde forefonde,
And guarde thee and thye sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

"My honest friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and my prynce;
And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile armes
Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make no doubte butt hee ys gone,
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From oute the reech of woe.

"Hee taughte mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause from the ryghte:

"Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie
The hungrie fromm my doore:

"And none can saye but alle mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her
Yff I defyled her bedde;
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Black treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

"Ne, hapless Henrie! I rejoyce
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Most willynglie ynne thye just cause
Doe I resign my brethe.

"Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyred of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
Thatt you dydd choppe your easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

"Whatte though I onne a sledde be drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I doe defye the traytour's power,
Hee can ne harm my mynde;

"Whatte though, uphoisted onne a pole,
My lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And no ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yett ynne the holie book above,
Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,
There wythe the sarvants of the Lord
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leave thys mortall lyfe:
Farewell vayne worlde, and all that's deare
Mye sonnes and lovynge wyfe!

"Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes
As e'er the moneth of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepared to die;
And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne heaven to flie."

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And nowe the belle began to tolle,
  And claryonnes to sound;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
  A prauncyng onne the grounde:

And just before the officers
  His lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teers of woe,
  Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
  Ynn quiet lett mee die;
Praie Godde that every Christian soule
  Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie teers?
  Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
  Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"Tys butt a journie I shalle goe
  Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
  Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
  Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
  Mye herte ys welle nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe
  Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe?
The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
  Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
  To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Who turnedd to hys lovynge wyfe,
  And thus to her dydd saie:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
  Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thy sonnes to feare the Lorde,
  And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
  Thatt I theyre fader runne;
Florence! should dethe thee take—adieu!
  Yee officers, leade onne.

Thenne Florence raved as anie madde,
  And dydd her tresses tere;
"Oh, staie mye husbande, lorde, and lyfe!"—
  Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.

'Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynge loude,
  Shee fellen onne the floore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
  And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
  Wythe lookes fulle brave and sweete,
Lookes thatt enshone ne moe concern
  Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne,
  Ynne scarlett robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
  Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
  Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynne homelie russett weedes,
  Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
  Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
  Who tuned the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
  Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of Kynge Henrie's friends
  Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bolde as a lyon came Syr Charles,
  Drawne onne a cloth-ladye sledde.
Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynges whyte,
  Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe
  Of archers strong and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
  Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
  Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
  Who tuned the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
  Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
  Lyke easterne princes trick't:

And after them a multitude
  Of citizenns dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes
  As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hygho crosse,
  Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou thatt savest manne fromme synne,
  Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynster wyndowe sat
  The kynge ynne myckle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
  To hys most welcom fate

Soone as the sledde drewe nyghe enowe,
  Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
  And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest me, Edwarde! traytour vile!
  Exposed to infamie;
Butt bee assured, disloyall manne!
  I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
  Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
And hast appoynted mee to die,
  By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
  I have beene dede till nowe,
And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
  For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhapps, for some few yeares,
  Shalt rule thys fickle lande,
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
  'Twixt kynge and tyrante hande:

"Thye power unjust, thou traytour slave!
  Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
  Departed thenne the sledde.

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Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face,
Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

To hym that soe-much-dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee's greater thanne a kynge!"

'Soe lett hym die!" Duke Richarde sayde;
"And maye echone oure foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,
And feede the carryon crowes.'

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle;
The axe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd ynne the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dyd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye,
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

'As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe:
Your sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne.
And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe.

"You leave your goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adversitye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne hys knees,
A prayer to Godde dyd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Thenne kneelynge downe, hee layde hys hedde,
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke:

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And tearcs, enow to washe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each man's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure partes cutte;
And everye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dyd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was placed onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe strete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of Bawdin's fate·
Godde prosper longe oure kynge,
And grante hee maye, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne Heaven Godde's mercie synge!

MYNSTRELLES SONGE

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a rennynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cald he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thought canne bee,
Defe hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree:
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Harke, the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
Ynne the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe,
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie,
Whyterre ys mie true love's shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere uponne mie true love's grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee on hallie seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie bodie still schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and alle yts goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste bie daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die: I comme; mie true love waytes.–
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

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GEORGE CRABBE.

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough, Suffolk, December 24, 1754. His parents were quite illiterate, but had the good sense to discover and encourage his predilection for learning. He was sent to school at Bungay, and then to an academy where he was prepared for a medical education. Here he began to write rhymes, some of which are said to have been very creditable; and for one poem he received a prize.

At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a country surgeon near Bury St. Edmund's, who made of him an errand-boy rather than a student. Three years later he removed to Woodbridge, to finish the term of his apprenticeship with another surgeon. Here he made the acquaintance of Miss Sarah Elmy, whom he married after a long engagement. To her, as "Myra," he addressed numerous poems, none of which have survived the century which has elapsed since they were written—perhaps because his suit was successful and the course of his love comparatively smooth, except for the roughness of poverty.

About this time he published at Ipswich a poem of three hundred lines, entitled "Inebriety." It was in the heroic couplet, which then ruled the fashion of verse, and was a very respectable performance for a youth of twenty. It is still included in some editions of his works.

After completing his apprenticeship he returned to Aldborough, where his father set him at work in a warehouse, being unable to bear the expense of any further professional education. This was so distasteful to Crabbe that he went to London, trusting to his own resources and good fortune. These failed him in five or six months, and he returned once more to Aldborough and soon succeeded to the establishment of the surgeon and apothecary there, but met with no encouraging success. In 1779 he gave it up, and went to London as a literary adventurer, borrowing the money for his travelling expenses from Mr. Dudley North, whose brother was then a candidate for Parliament as representative from Aldborough.

Crabbe embarked in a coasting-vessel, and arrived in the metropolis with £3 and a few manuscripts in his pocket. In 1780 he published "The Candidate," which was not very successful; and the failure of the publisher soon after left the poet penniless. In 1781, finding himself on the threshold of a debtor's prison, he wrote a long letter to Edmund Burke, giving a full account of his situation. Burke responded at once, took Crabbe to his country residence of Beaconsfield, and introduced him to many of the literary and political celebrities of the day. Among these was Dr. Johnson, who was very favorably impressed with the style of Crabbe's poetry.

"The Library" was published in 1781, and had a comparatively large sale. In the same year Crabbe took orders, and for a short time was curate at Aldborough. In 1782 he became chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and went to reside at Belvoir Castle. There he wrote "The Village," which, after revision by Dr. Johnson, was published in 1783, and met with wide appreciation. In that year the duke was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the chaplaincy ceased. In December Crabbe married, and in 1784 he became Curate of Strathern.

In 1785 he published "The Newspaper," which was as successful as "The Library" had been. For the next twenty years he was moving about with his family, living an unsettled life, and published nothing. In 1806 appeared "The Parish Register." In 1814 he became minister of Trowbridge, where he spent the remainder of his life. "Tales of the Hall" was published in 1819 by Murray, who had given £3,000 for the copyright of all his previous works.

Crabbe was earnestly devoted to his ministerial work, and was greatly beloved by his parishioners. He died on February 3, 1832. His poems are all of the same order, almost too roughly realistic to be deeply poetical. Byron called him

"Nature's sternest painter, but her best."

The selections here given are from "Tales of the Hall."

TALE I.

THE DUMB ORATORS; OR, THE BENEFIT OF SOCIETY.

Deep shame hath struck me dumb.
King John, act iv. scene 2.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue,
Our ears are cudgell'd.
King John, act iv. scene 2.

And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
Twelfth Night, act v. scene last.

That all men would be cowards if they dare,
Some men we know have courage to declare;
And this the life of many a hero shows,
That like the tide, man's courage ebbs and flows,
With friends and gay companions round them, then
Men boldly speak and have the hearts of men;
Who, with opponents seated, miss the aid
Of kind applauding looks, and grow afraid;
Like timid travellers in the night, they fear
Th' assault of foes, when not a friend is near.

In contest mighty, and of conquest proud,
Was Justice Bolt, impetuous, warm, and loud;
His fame, his prowess all the country knew,
And disputants, with one so fierce, were few;

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He was a younger son, for law design'd,
With dauntless look and persevering mind;
While yet a clerk, for disputation famed,
No efforts tired him, and no conflicts tamed.
Scarcely he bade his master's desk adieu,
When both his brothers from the world withdrew.
An ample fortune he from them possess'd,
And was with saving care and prudence bless'd.
Now would he go and to the country give
Example how an English 'squire should live;
How bounteous, yet how frugal man may be,
By a well-order'd hospitality;
He would the rights of all so well maintain,
That none should idle be, and none complain.
All this and more he purposed—and what man
Could do, he did to realize his plan:
But time convinced him that we cannot keep
A breed of reasoners like a flock of sheep;
For they, so far from following as we lead,
Make that a cause why they will not proceed.
Man will not follow where a rule is shown,
But loves to take a method of his own;
Explain the way with all your care and skill,
This will he quit, if but to prove he will.—
Yet had our justice honour; and the crowd,
Awed by his presence, their respect avow'd.
In later years he found his heart incline,
More than in youth, to generous food and wine;
But no indulgence check'd the powerful love
He felt to teach, to argue, and reprove.
Meetings, or public calls, he never miss'd—
To dictate often, always to assist.
Oft he the clergy join'd, and not a cause
Pertain'd to them but he could quote the laws;
He upon tithes and residence display'd
A fund of knowledge for the hearer's aid;
And could on glebe and farming, wool and grain,
A long discourse, without a pause, maintain.
To his experience and his native sense
He join'd a bold imperious eloquence;
The grave, stern look of men inform'd and wise,
A full command of feature, heart, and eyes,
An awe compelling frown, and fear inspiring size.
When at the table, not a guest was seen
With appetite so lingering, or so keen;
But when the outer man no more required,
The inner waked, and he was man inspired.
His subjects then were those, a subject true
Presents in fairest form to public view!
Of church and state, of law, with mighty strength
Of words he spoke, in speech of mighty length:
And now, into the vale of years declined,
He hides too little of the monarch mind:
He kindles anger by untimely jokes,
And opposition by contempt provokes;
Mirth he suppresses by his awful frown,
And humble spirits, by disdain, keeps down;
Blamed by the mild, approved by the severe,
The prudent fly him, and the valiant fear.
For overbearing is his proud discourse,
And overwhelming of his voice the force;
And overpowering is he when he shows
What floats upon a mind that always overflows
This ready man at every meeting rose,
Something to hint, determine, or propose;
And grew so fond of teaching, that he taught
Those who instruction needed not or sought:
Happy our hero, when he could excite
Some thoughtless talker to the wordy fight:
Let him a subject at his pleasure choose,
Physic or law, religion or the muse;
On all such themes he was prepared to shine,
Physician, poet, lawyer, and divine.
Hemm'd in by some tough argument, borne down
By press of language, and the awful frown,
In vain for mercy shall the culprit plead;
His crime is past; and sentence must proceed:
Ah! suffering man, have patience, bear thy woes
For lo! the clock—at ten the justice goes.
This powerful man, on business or to please
A curious taste, or weary grown of ease,
On a long journey travell'd many a mile
Westward, and halted midway in our isle;
Content to view a city large and fair,
Though none had notice—what a man was there!
Silent two days, he then began to long
Again to try a voice so loud and strong:
To give his favourite topics some new grace,
And gain some glory in such distant place;
To reap some present pleasure, and to sow
Seeds of fair fame, in after-time to grow:
Here will men say, "We heard, at such an hour
The best of speakers—wonderful his power."
Inquiry made, he found that day would meet
A learned club, and in the very street:
Knowledge to gain and give, was the design;
To speak, to hearken, to debate, and dine:
This pleased our traveller, for he felt his force
In either way, to eat or to discourse.
Nothing more easy than to gain access
To men like these, with his polite address;
So he succeeded, and first look'd around,
To view his objects and to take his ground;
And therefore silent chose a while to sit,
Then enter boldly by some lucky hit;
Some observation keen or stroke severe,
To cause some wonder or excite some fear.
Now, dinner past, no longer he suppress'd
His strong dislike to be a silent guest;
Subjects and words were now at his command—
When disappointment frown'd on all he plann'd:
For, hark!—he heard, amazed, on every side
His church insulted, and her priests belied;
The laws reviled, the ruling power abused
The land derided, and its foes excused:—
He heard, and ponder'd—What, to men so vile,
Should be his language? For his threatening style
They were too many;—if his speech were meek,
They would despise such poor attempts to speak:
At other times with every word at will,
He now sat lost, perplex'd, astonish'd, still.
Here were Socinians, Deists, and indeed
All who, as foes to England's church, agreed;
But still with creeds unlike, and some without a creed:
Here, too, fierce friends of liberty he saw,
Who own'd no prince and who obey no law;
There were reformers of each different sort,
Foes to the laws, the priesthood, and the court;
Some on their favourite plans alone intent,
Some purely angry and malevolent:
The rash were proud to blame their country's laws
The vain, to seem supporters of a cause;
One call'd for change that he would dread to see
Another sigh'd for Gallic liberty!

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And numbers joining with the forward crew,
For no one reason—but that numbers do.
"How," said the justice, "can this trouble rise,
This shame and pain, from creatures I despise?"
And conscience answer'd—"The prevailing cause
Is thy delight in listening to applause;
Here, thou art seated with a tribe, who spurn
Thy favourite themes, and into laughter turn
Thy fears and wishes; silent and obscure.
Thyself, shalt thou the long harangue endure;
And learn, by feeling, what it is to force
On thy unwilling friends the long discourse:
What though thy thoughts be just, and these, it seems,
Are traitors' projects, idiots' empty schemes?
Yet, minds like bodies cramm'd, reject their food,
Nor will be forced and tortured for their good!"
At length, a sharp, shrewd, sallow man arose,
And begg'd he briefly might his mind disclose;
"It was his duty, in these worst of times,
T' inform the govern'd of their rulers' crimes:"
This pleasant subject to attend, they each
Prepared to listen, and forbore to teach.
Then voluble and fierce the wordy man
Through a long chain of favourite horrors ran:—
First, of the church, from whose enslaving power
He was deliver'd, and he bless'd the hour;
"Bishops and deans, and prebendaries all,"
He said, "were cattle fattening in the stall;
Slothful and pursy, insolent and mean,
Were every bishop, prebendary, dean,
And wealthy rector: curates, poorly paid,
Were only dull, he would not them upbraid."
From priests he turn'd to canons, creeds, and prayers,
Rubrics and rules, and all our church affairs:
Churches themselves, desk, pulpit, altar, all
The justice reverenced—and pronounced their fall.
Then from religion Hammond turn'd his view,
To give our rulers the correction due;
Not one wise action had these triflers plann'd;
There was, it seem'd, no wisdom in the land;
Save in this patriot tribe, who meet at times
To show the statesman's errors and his crimes.
Now here was Justice Bolt compell'd to sit,
To hear the deist's scorn, the rebel's wit;
The fact mis-stated, the envenomed lie,
And staring, spell-bound, made not one reply.
Then were our laws abused; and with the laws
All who prepare, defend, or judge a cause:
"We have no lawyer whom a man can trust,"
Proceeded Hammond, "if the laws were just;
But they are evil; 'tis the savage state
Is only good, and ours sophisticate!
See! the free creatures in their woods and plains,
Where without laws each happy monarch reigns,
King of himself—while we a number dread,
By slaves commanded and by dunces led;
O, let the name with either state agree—
Savage our own we'll name, and civil theirs shall be."
The silent justice still astonish'd sate,
And wonder'd much whom he was gazing at;
Twice he essay'd to speak, but in a cough
The faint, indignant, dying speech went off.
"But who is this?" thought he; "a demon vile,
With wicked meaning and a vulgar style:
Hammond they call him; they can give the name
Of man to devils.—Why am I so tame?
Why crush I not the viper?"—Fear replied,
"Watch him a while, and let his strength be tried
He will be foil'd, if man; but if his aid
Be from beneath, 'tis well to be afraid."
"We are call'd free!" said Hammond—"doleful times
When rulers add their insults to their crimes.
For should our scorn expose each powerful vice,
It would be libel, and we pay the price."
Thus with licentious words the man went on,
Proving that liberty of speech was gone;
That all were slaves; nor had we better chance
For better times than as allies to France.
Loud groan'd the stranger—Why, he must relate,
And own'd, "In sorrow for his country's fate."
"Nay, she were safe," the ready man replied,
"Might patriots rule her, and could reasoners guide
When all to vote, to speak, to teach, are free,
Whate'er their creeds or their opinions be;
When books of statutes are consumed in flames,
And courts and copyholds are empty names;
Then will be times of joy: but ere they come,
Havoc, and war, and blood must be our doom."
The man here paused; then loudly for reform
He call'd, and hail'd the prospect of the storm;
The wholesome blast, the fertilizing flood—
Peace gain'd by tumult, plenty bought with blood:
Sharp means, he own'd; but when the land's disease
Asks cure complete, no medicines are like these.
Our justice now, more led by fear than rage,
Saw it in vain with madness to engage;
With imps of darkness no man seeks to fight,
Knaves to instruct, or set deceivers right:
Then as the daring speech denounced these woes
Sick at the soul, the grieving guest arose;
Quick on the board his ready cash he threw,
And from the demons to his closet flew:
There when secured, he pray'd with earnest zeal,
That all they wish'd these patriot souls migh feel;
"Let them to France, their darling country haste,
And all the comforts of a Frenchman taste;
Let them his safety, freedom, pleasure know,
Feel all their rulers on the land bestow;
And be at length dismiss'd by one unerring blow;
Not hack'd and hew'd by one afraid to strike,
But shorn by that which shears all men alike;
Nor, as in Britain, let them curse delay
Of law, but borne without a form away—
Suspected, tried, condemn'd, and carted in a day;
O! let them taste what they so much approve,
These strong fierce freedoms of the land they love"*
Home came our hero, to forgot no more
The fear he felt and ever must deplore:
For though he quickly join'd his friends again,
And could with decent force his themes maintain
Still it occurred, that, in a luckless time,
He fail'd to fight with heresy and crime

* The reader will perceive in these and the preceding verses, allusions to the state of France, as that country was circumstanced some years since, rather than as it appears to be in the present date,—several years elapsing between the alarm of the loyal magistrate on the occasion now related, and a subsequent event that farther illustrates the remark with which the narrative commences

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It was observed his words were not so strong,
His tones so powerful, his harangues so long,
As in old times—for he would often drop
The lofty look, and of a sudden stop;
When conscience whisper'd, that he once was still,
And let the wicked triumph at their will;
And therefore now, when not a foe was near,
He had no right so valiant to appear.
Some years had pass'd, and he perceived his fears
Yield to the spirit of his earlier years—
When at a meeting, with his friends beside,
He saw an object that awaked his pride;
His shame, wrath, vengeance, indignation—all
Man's harsher feelings did that sight recall.
For lo! beneath him fix'd, our man of law
That lawless man, the foe of order, saw:
Once fear'd, now scorn'd; once dreaded, now abhorr'd:
A wordy man, and evil every word:
Again he gazed—"It is," said he, "the same;
Caught and secure: his master owes him shame:"
So thought our hero, who each instant found
His courage rising, from the numbers round.
As when a felon has escaped and fled,
So long, that law conceives the culprit dead;
And back recall'd her myrmidons, intent
On some new game, and with a stronger scent;
Till she beholds him in a place, where none
Could have conceived the culprit would have gone;
There he sits upright in his seat, secure,
As one whose conscience is correct and pure;
This rouses anger for the old offence,
And scorn for all such seeming and pretence;
So on this Hammond look'd our hero bold,
Remembering well that vile offence of old,
And now he saw the rebel dared t' intrude
Among the pure, the loyal, and the good:
The crime provoked his wrath, the folly stirr'd his blood:
Nor wonder was it if so strange a sight
Caused joy with vengeance, terror with delight;
Terror like this a tiger might create,
A joy like that to see his captive state.
At once to know his force and then decree his fate.
Hammond, much praised by numerous friends, was come
To read his lectures, so admired at home;
Historic lectures, where he loved to mix
His free plain hints on modern politics:
Here, he had heard, that numbers had design,
Their business finish'd, to sit down and dine;
This gave him pleasure, for he judged it right
To show by day, that he could speak at night.
Rash the design—for he perceived, too late,
Not one approving friend beside him sate;
The greater number whom he traced around
Were men in black, and he conceived they frown'd.
"I will not speak," he thought; "no pearls of mine
Shall be presented to this herd of swine!"
Not this avail'd him, when he cast his eye
On Justice Bolt; he could not fight, nor fly:
He saw a man to whom he gave the pain,
Which now he felt must be returned again;
His conscience told him with what keen delight
He, at that time, enjoy'd a stranger's fright;
That stranger now befriended—he alone,
For all his insult, friendless, to atone;
Now he could feel it cruel that a heart
Should be distress'd, and none to take its part
"Though one by one," said Pride, "I would defy
Much greater men, yet meeting every eye,
I do confess a fear; but he will pass me by."
Vain hope! the justice saw the foe's distress,
With exultation he could not suppress;
He felt the fish was hook'd, and so forbore,
In playful spite, to draw it to the shore.
Hammond look'd round again; but none were near,
With friendly smile, to still his growing fear;
But all above him seem'd a solemn row
Of priests and deacons, so they seem'd below;
He wonder'd who his right-hand man might be—
Vicar of Holt cum Uppingham was he;
And who the man of that dark frown possess'd—
Rector of Bradley and of Barton-west;
"A pluralist," he growl'd—but check'd the word,
That warfare might not, by his zeal, be stirr'd.
But now began the man above to show
Fierce looks and threatenings to the man below;
Who had some thoughts his peace by flight to seek—
But how then lecture, if he dared not speak!—
Now as the justice for the war prepared,
He seem'd just then to question if he dared:
"He may resist, although his power be small,
And growing desperate may defy us all;
One dog attack, and he prepares for flight—
Resist another, and he strives to bite;
Nor can I say, if this rebellious cur
Will fly for safety, or will scorn to stir."
Alarm'd by this, he lash'd his soul to rage,
Burn'd with strong shame, and hurried to engage.
As a male turkey struggling on the green,
When by fierce harriers, terriers, mongrels seen,
He feels the insult of the noisy train,
And skulks aside, though moved by much disdain
But when that turkey, at his own barn-door,
Sees one poor straying puppy, and no more,
(A foolish puppy who had left the pack,
Thoughtless what foe was threatening at his back,
He moves about, as ship prepared to sail,
He hoists his proud rotundity of tail,
The half-seal'd eyes and changeful neck he shows,
Where in its quickening colours, vengeance glows,
From red to blue the pendent wattles turn,
Blue mix'd with red, as matches when they burn;
And thus th' intruding snarler to oppose,
Urged by enkindling wrath, he gobbling goes.
So look'd our hero in his wrath, his cheeks
Flush'd with fresh fires and glow'd in tingling streaks;
His breath by passion's force a while restrain'd,
Like a stopp'd current, greater force regain'd
So spoke, so look'd he, every eye and ear
Were fix'd to view him, or were turn'd to hear.
"My friends, you know me, you can witness all
How, urged by passion, I restrain my gall;
And every motive to revenge withstand—
Save when I hear abused my native land.
"Is it not known, agreed, confirm'd, confess'd,
That of all people we are govern'd best?
We have the force of monarchies; are free,
As the most proud republicans can be;
And have those prudent counsels that arise
In grave and cautious aristocracies;
And live there those, in such all-glorious state,
Traitors protected in the land they hate?

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Rebels, still warring with the laws that give
To them subsistence?—Yes, such wretches live.
"Ours is a church reform'd, and now no more
Is aught for man to mend or to restore;
'Tis pure in doctrines, 'tis correct in creeds,
Has naught redundant, and it nothing needs;
No evil is therein—no wrinkle, spot,
Stain, blame, or blemish:—I affirm there's not.
"All this you know—now mark what once befell,
With grief I bore it, and with shame I tell;
I was entrapp'd—yes, so it came to pass,
'Mid heathen rebels, a tumultuous class;
Each to his country bore a hellish mind,
Each like his neighbour was of cursed kind;
The land that nursed them they blasphemed; the laws,
Their sovereign's glory, and their country's cause;
And who their mouth, their master-fiend, and who
Rebellion's oracle?—You, caitiff, you!"
He spoke, and standing stretch'd his mighty arm,
And fix'd the man of words, as by a charm.
"How raved that railer! Sure some hellish power
Restrain'd my tongue in that delirious hour,
Or I had hurl'd the shame and vengeance due
On him, the guide of that infuriate crew;
But to mine eyes such dreadful looks appear'd,
Such mingled yell of lying words I heard,
That I conceived around were demons all,
And till I fled the house, I fear'd its fall.
"O! could our country from her coasts expel
Such foes! to nourish those who wish her well:
This her mild laws forbid, but we may still
From us eject them by our sovereign will;
This let us do."—He said, and then began
A gentler feeling for the silent man;
E'en in our hero's mighty soul arose
A touch of pity for experienced woes,
But this was transient, and with angry eye
He sternly look'd, and paused for a reply.
'Twas then the man of many words would speak—
But, in his trial, had them all to seek:
To find a friend he look'd the circle round,
But joy or scorn in every feature found;
He sipp'd his wine, but in those times of dread
Wine only adds confusion to the head;
In doubt he reason'd with himself—"And how
Harangue at night, if I be silent now?
From pride and praise received, he sought to draw
Courage to speak, but still remain'd the awe;
One moment rose he with a forced disdain,
And then abash'd sunk sadly down again;
While in our hero's glance he seem'd to read,
"Slave and insurgent! what hast thou to plead?"
By desperation urged, he now began:
"I seek no favour—I—the Rights of Man!
Claim; and I—nay!—but give me leave—and I
insist—a man—that is—and in reply,
I speak."—Alas, each new attempt was vain:
Confused he stood, he sate, he rose again;
At length he growl'd defiance, sought the door,
Cursed the whole synod, and was seen no more.
"Laud we," said Justice Bolt, "the Powers above;
Thus could our speech the sturdiest foe remove."
Exulting now he gained new strength of fame,
And lost all feelings of defeat and shame.
"He dared not strive, you witness'd—dared not lift
His voice, nor drive at his accursed drift:
So all shall tremble, wretches who oppose
Our church or state—thus be it to our foes."
He spoke, and, seated with his former air,
Look'd his full self, and fill'd his ample chair,
Took one full bumper to each favourite cause,
And dwelt all night on politics and laws,
With high applauding voice, that gain'd him high applause.

TALE II.

THE PARTING HOUR.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think of him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such;—or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words—comes in my father—
Cymbeline, act i. sc. 4

Grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with Time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures o'er my face.
Comedy of Errors, act v. sc. 1.

O! if thou be the same Egean, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia.
Ibid. act v. sc. 5

I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days
To the very moment that she bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of being taken by th' insolent foe
And sold to slavery.
Othello, act i. sc. 3

An old man, broken with the storms of fate,
Is come to lay his weary bones among you;
Give him a little earth for charity.
Henry VIII. act iv. sc. 2

MINUTELY trace man's life; year after year
Through all his days let all his deeds appear,
And then, though some may in that life be strange,
Yet there appears no vast nor sudden change:
The links that bind those various deeds are seen,
And no mysterious void is left between.
But let these binding links be all destroy'd
All that through years he suffer'd or enjoy'd;
Let that vast gap be made, and then behold—
This was the youth, and he is thus when old;
Then we at once the work of time survey,
And in an instant see a life's decay;
Pain mix'd with pity in our bosoms rise,
And sorrow takes new sadness from surprise.
Beneath yon tree, observe an ancient pair—
A sleeping man; a woman in her chair,
Watching his looks with kind and pensive air
No wife, nor sister she, nor is the name
Nor kindred of this friendly pair the same;
Yet so allied are they, that few can feel
Her constant, warm, unwearied, anxious zeal,
Their years and woes, although they long have loved,
Keep their good name and conduct unreproved

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Thus life's small comforts they together share,
And while life lingers for the grave prepare
No other subjects on their spirits press,
Nor gain such interest as the past distress,
Grievous events that from the memory drive
Life's common cares, and those alone survive,
Mix with each thought, in every action share,
Darken each dream, and blend with every prayer.
To David Booth, his fourth and last born boy,
Allen his name, was more than common joy;
And as the child grew up, there seem'd in him
A more than common life in every limb,
A strong and handsome stripling he became
And the gay spirit answer'd to the frame,
A lighter, happier lad was never seen,
For ever easy, cheerful, or serene;
His early love he fix'd upon a fair
And gentle maid—they were a handsome pair.
They at an infant-school together play'd,
Where the foundation of their love was laid;
The boyish champion would his choice attend
In every sport, in every fray defend.
As prospects open'd and as life advanced,
They walk'd together, they together danced;
On all occasions, from their early years,
They mix'd their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears;
Each heart was anxious, till it could impart
Its daily feelings to its kindred heart;
As years increased, unnumber'd petty wars
Broke out between them, jealousies and jars;
Causeless indeed, and follow'd by a peace,
That gave to love—growth, vigour, and increase.
Whilst yet a boy, when other minds are void,
Domestic thoughts young Allen's hours employ'd;
Judith in gaining hearts had no concern,
Rather intent the matron's part to learn;
Thus early prudent and sedate they grew,
While lovers thoughtful—and though children, true.
To either parents not a day appear'd,
When with this love they might have interfered:
Childish at first, they cared not to restrain;
And strong at last, they saw restriction vain;
Nor knew they when that passion to reprove—
Now idle fondness, now resistless love.
So while the waters rise, the children tread
On the broad estuary's sandy bed;
But soon the channel fills, from side to side
Comes danger rolling with the deepening tide;
Yet none who saw the rapid current flow
Could the first instant of that danger know.
The lovers waited till the time should come
When they together could possess a home:
In either house were men and maids unwed,
Hopes to be soothed, and tempers to be led.
Then Allen's mother of his favourite maid
Spoke from the feelings of a mind afraid:
Dress and amusements were her sole employ,"
She said, "entangling her deluded boy;"
And yet, in truth, a mother's jealous love
Had much imagined and could little prove;
Judith had beauty; and if vain, was kind,
Discreet, and mild, and had a serious mind.
Dull was their prospect—when the lovers met,
They said, we must not—dare not venture yet:
"O! could I labour for thee," Allen cried,
"Why should our friends be thus dissatisfied?
On my own arm I could depend, but they
Still urge obedience—must I yet obey?"
Poor Judith felt the grief, but grieving begg'd delay.
At length a prospect came that seem'd to smile.
And faintly woo them, from a western isle;
A kinsman there a widow's hand had gain'd,
"Was old, was rich, and childless yet remain'd;
Would some young Booth to his affairs attend,
And wait a while, he might expect a friend."
The elder brothers, who were not in love,
Fear'd the false seas, unwilling to remove;
But the young Allen, an enamour'd boy,
Eager an independence to enjoy,
Would through all perils seek it,—by the sea,—
Through labour, danger, pain, or slavery.
The faithful Judith his design approved,
For both were sanguine, they were young and loved.
The mother's slow consent was then obtain'd;
The time arrived, to part alone remain'd:
All things prepared, on the expected day
Was seen the vessel anchor'd in the bay.
From her would seamen in the evening come,
To take th' adventurous Allen from his home;
With his own friends the final day he pass'd,
And every painful hour, except the last.
The grieving father urged the cheerful glass,
To make the moments with less sorrow pass;
Intent the mother look'd upon her son,
And wish'd th' assent withdrawn, the deed undone;
The younger sister, as he took his way,
Hung on his coat, and begg'd for more delay:
But his own Judith call'd him to the shore,
Whom he must meet, for they might meet no more:
And there he found her—faithful, mournful, true,
Weeping and waiting for a last adieu!
The ebbing tide had left the sand, and there
Moved with slow steps the melancholy pair;
Sweet were the painful moments—but how sweet
And without pain, when they again should meet!
Now either spoke, as hope and fear impress'd
Each their alternate triumph in the breast.
Distance alarm'd the maid—she cried, "'Tis far!"
And danger too—"it is a time of war:
Then in those countries are diseases strange,
And women gay, and men are prone to change;
What then may happen in a year, when things
Of vast importance every moment brings!
But hark! an oar!" she cried, yet none appear'd—
'Twas love's mistake, who fancied what it fear'd
And she continued—"Do, my Allen, keep
Thy heart from evil, let thy passions sleep;
Believe it good, nay glorious, to prevail
And stand in safety where so many fail;
And do not, Allen, or for shame, or pride,
Thy faith abjure, or thy profession hide;
Can I believe *his* love will lasting prove,
Who has no reverence for the God I love?
I know thee well! how good thou art and kind;
But strong the passions that invade thy mind.—
Now, what to me hath Allen to commend?"
"Upon my mother," said the youth "attend;

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Forget her spleen, and in my place appear;
Her love to me will make my Judith dear:
Oft I shall think, (such comfort lovers seek,)
Who speaks of me, and fancy what they speak;
Then write on all occasions, always dwell
On hope's fair prospects, and be kind and well,
And ever choose the fondest, tenderest style."
She answer'd "No," but answer'd with a smile.
"And now, my Judith, at so sad a time,
Forgive my fear, and call it not my crime,
When with our youthful neighbours 'tis thy chance
To meet in walks, the visit, or the dance,
When every lad would on my lass attend,
Choose not a smooth designer for a friend:
That fawning Philip!—nay, be not severe,
A rival's hope must cause a lover's fear."
Displeased she felt, and might in her reply
Have mix'd some anger, but the boat was nigh,
Now truly heard!—it soon was full in sight;—
Now the sad farewell, and the long good-night;—
For, see—his friends come hastening to the beach,
And now the gunwale is within the reach:
"Adieu—farewell!—remember!"—and what more
Affection taught was utter'd from the shore!
But Judith left them with a heavy heart,
Took a last view, and went to weep apart!
And now his friends went slowly from the place,
Where she stood still the dashing oar to trace,
Till all were silent!—for the youth she pray'd,
And softly then return'd the weeping maid.
They parted, thus by hope and fortune led,
And Judith's hours in pensive pleasure fled;
But when return'd the youth?—the youth no more
Return'd exulting to his native shore;
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man, with wither'd limbs and lame,
His mind oppress'd with woes, and bent with age his frame:
Yes! old and grieved, and trembling with decay,
Was Allen landing in his native bay,
Willing his breathless form should blend with kindred clay.
In an autumnal eve he left the beach,
In such an eve he chanced the port to reach;
He was alone; he press'd the very place
Of the sad parting, of the last embrace:
There stood his parents, there retired the maid,
So fond, so tender, and so much afraid;
And on that spot, through many a year, his mind
Turn'd mournful back, half-sinking, half-resign'd.
No one was present; of its crew bereft.
A single boat was in the billows left;
Sent from some anchor'd vessel in the bay,
At the returning tide to sail away:
O'er the black stern the moonlight softly play'd,
The loosen'd foresail flapping in the shade;
All silent else on shore; but from the town
A drowsy peal of distant bells came down:
From the tall houses here and there, a light
Served some confused remembrance to excite.
"There," he observed, and new emotions felt,
"Was my first home; and yonder Judith dwelt:
Dead! dead are all! I long—I fear to know,"
He said, and walk'd impatient, and yet slow.
Sudden there broke upon his grief a noise
Of merry tumult and of vulgar joys:
Seamen returning to their ship, were come,
With idle numbers straying from their home;
Allen among them mix'd, and in the old
Strove some familiar features to behold;
While fancy aided memory:—"Man! what cheer!"
A sailor cried; "art thou at anchor here?"
Faintly he answer'd, and then tried to trace
Some youthful features in some aged face:
A swarthy matron he beheld, and thought
She might unfold the very truths he sought
Confused and trembling, he the dame address'd:
"The Booths! yet live they?" pausing and oppress'd;
Then spake again;—"Is there no ancient man,
David his name?—assist me if you can.—
Flemmings there were—and Judith, doth she live?"
The woman gazed, nor could an answer give;
Yet wondering stood, and all were silent by,
Feeling a strange and solemn sympathy.
The woman musing said,—"She knew full well
Where the old people came at last to dwell;
They had a married daughter and a son,
But they were dead, and now remain'd not one."
"Yes," said an elder, who had paused intent
On days long pass'd, "there was a sad event;—
One of these Booths—it was my mother's tale—
Here left his lass, I know not where to sail:
She saw their parting, and observed the pain
But never came th' unhappy man again."
"The ship was captured," Allen meekly said,
"And what became of the forsaken maid?"
The woman answer'd: "I remember now,
She used to tell the lasses of her vow,
And of her lover's loss, and I have seen
The gayest hearts grow sad where she has been.
Yet in her grief she married, and was made
Slave to a wretch, whom meekly she obey'd,
And early buried: but I know no more.
And hark! our friends are hastening to the shore."
Allen soon found a lodging in the town,
And walk'd, a man unnoticed, up and down.
This house, and this, he knew, and thought a face
He sometimes could among a number trace:
Of names remember'd there remain'd a few,
But of no favourites, and the rest were new;
A merchant's wealth, when Allen went to sea,
Was reckon'd boundless.—Could he living be?
Or lived his son? for one he had, the heir
To a vast business and a fortune fair.
No! but that heir's poor widow, from her shed,
With crutches went to take her dole of bread.
There was a friend whom he had left a boy
With hope to sail the master of a hoy,
Him, after many a stormy day, he found
With his great wish, his life's whole purpose crown'd.
This hoy's proud captain look'd in Allen's face—
"Yours is, my friend," said he, "a woful case;
We cannot all succeed; I now command
The Betsy sloop, and am not much at land;
But when we meet you shall your story tell
Of foreign parts—I bid you now farewell!"
Allen so long had left his native shore,
He saw but few whom he had seen before;
The older people, as they met him, cast
A pitying look, oft speaking as they pass'd.

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"The man is Allen Booth, and it appears
He dwelt among us in his early years;
We see the name engraved upon the stones,
Where this poor wanderer means to lay his bones."
Thus where he lived and loved—unhappy change!
He seems a stranger, and finds all are strange.
But now a widow, in a village near,
Chanced of the melancholy man to hear;
Old as she was, to Judith's bosom came
Some strong emotions at the well-known name;
He was her much-loved Allen, she had stay'd
Ten troubled years, a sad afflicted maid;
Then was she wedded, of his death assured,
And much of misery in her lot endured;
Her husband died; her children sought their bread
In various places, and to her were dead.
The once fond lovers met; not grief nor age,
Sickness or pain, their hearts could disengage:
Each had immediate confidence; a friend
Both now beheld, on whom they might depend:
"Now is there one to whom I can express
My nature's weakness and my soul's distress."
Allen look'd up, and with impatient heart—
"Let me not lose thee—never let us part:
So Heaven this comfort to my sufferings give,
It is not all distress to think and live."
Thus Allen spoke—for time had not removed
The charms attach'd to one so fondly loved;
Who with more health, the mistress of their cot,
Labours to soothe the evils of his lot.
To her, to her alone, his various fate,
At various times, 'tis comfort to relate:
And yet his sorrow—she too loves to hear
What wrings her bosom, and compels the tear.
First he related how he left the shore,
Alarm'd with fears that they should meet no more:
Then, ere the ship had reach'd her purposed course,
They met and yielded to the Spanish force;
Then 'cross th' Atlantic seas they bore their prey,
Who grieving landed from their sultry bay;
And marching many a burning league, he found
Himself a slave upon a miner's ground:
There a good priest his native language spoke,
And gave some ease to his tormenting yoke;
Kindly advanced him in his master's grace,
And he was station'd in an easier place:
There, hopeless ever to escape the land,
He to a Spanish maiden gave his hand;
In cottage shelter'd from the blaze of day
He saw his happy infants round him play;
Where summer shadows, made by lofty trees,
Waved o'er his seat, and soothed his reveries;
E'en then he thought of England, nor could sigh,
But his fond Isabel demanded, "Why?"
Grieved by the story, she the sigh repaid,
And wept in pity for the English maid:
Thus twenty years were pass'd, and pass'd his views
Of further bliss, for he had wealth to lose:
His friend now dead, some foe had dared to paint
"His faith as tainted: he his spouse would taint;
Make all his children infidels, and found
An English heresy on Christian ground."
"Whilst I was poor," said Allen, "none would care
What my poor notions of religion were,
None ask'd me whom I worshipp'd, how I pray'd,
If due obedience to the laws were paid
My good adviser taught me to be still,
Nor to make converts had I power or will.
I preach'd no foreign doctrine to my wife,
And never mention'd Luther in my life;
I, all they said, say what they would, allow'd
And when the fathers bade me bow, I bow'd:
Their forms I follow'd, whether well or sick,
And was a most obedient Catholic.
But I had money, and these pastors found
My notions vague, heretical, unsound:
A wicked book they seized; the very Turk
Could not have read a more pernicious work
To me pernicious, who if it were good
Or evil question'd not, nor understood:
O! had I little but the book possess'd,
I might have read it, and enjoy'd my rest."
Alas! poor Allen, through his wealth was seen
Crimes that by poverty conceal'd had been:
Faults that in dusty pictures rest unknown
Are in an instant through the varnish shown.
He told their cruel mercy; how at last,
In Christian kindness for the merits past,
They spared his forfeit life, but bade him fly
Or for his crime and contumacy die;
Fly from all scenes, all objects of delight:
His wife, his children, weeping in his sight,
All urging him to flee, he fled, and cursed his flight.
He next related how he found a way,
Guideless and grieving, to Campeachy Bay:
There in the woods he wrought, and there, among
Some labouring seamen, heard his native tongue:
The sound, one moment, broke upon his pain
With joyful force; he long'd to hear again:
Again he heard; he seized an offer d hand,
"And when beheld you last our native land?"
He cried, "and in what country? quickly say"—
The seamen answer'd—strangers all were they;
One only at his native port had been;
He, landing once, the quay and church had seen,
For that esteem'd; but nothing more he knew.
Still more to know, would Allen join the crew,
Sail where they sail'd, and many a peril past,
They at his kinsman's isle their anchor cast;
But him they found not, nor could one relate
Aught of his will, his wish, or his estate
This grieved not Allen; then again he sail'd
For England's coast, again his fate prevail'd:
War raged, and he, an active man and strong,
Was soon impress'd, and served his country long.
By various shores he pass d, on various seas,
Never so happy as when void of ease.—
And then he told how in a calm distress'd,
Day after day, his soul was sick of rest;
When, as a log upon the deep they stood,
Then roved his spirit to the inland wood;
Till, while awake, he dream'd, that on the seas
Were his loved home, the hill, the stream, the trees:
He gazed, he pointed to the scenes:—"There stand
My wife, my children, 'tis my lovely land;
See! there my dwelling—O! delicious scene
Of my best life—unhand me—are ye men?"
And thus the frenzy ruled him, till the wind
Brush'd the fond pictures from the stagnant mind.
He told of bloody fights, and how at length
The rage of battle gave his spirit strength;

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'Twas in the Indian seas his limb he lost,
And he was left half dead upon the coast;
But living gain'd, 'mid rich aspiring men,
A fair subsistence by his ready pen.
Thus," he continued, "pass'd unvaried years,
Without events producing hopes or fears.
Augmented pay procured him decent wealth,
But years advancing undermined his health;
Then oft-times in delightful dreams he flew
To England's shore, and scenes his childhood knew
He saw his parents, saw his favourite maid,
No feature wrinkled, not a charm decay'd;
And thus excited in his bosom rose
A wish so strong, it baffled his repose;
Anxious he felt on English earth to lie,
To view his native soil, and there to die.
He then described the gloom, the dread he found,
When first he landed on the chosen ground,
Where undefined was all he hoped and fear'd,
And how confused and troubled all appear'd;
His thoughts in past and present scenes employ'd,
All views in future blighted and destroy'd;
His were a medley of bewildering themes,
Sad as realities, and wild as dreams.
Here his relation closes, but his mind
Flies back again some resting place to find;
Thus silent, musing through the day, he sees
His children sporting by those lofty trees,
Their mother singing in the shady scene,
Where the fresh springs burst o'er the lively green;—
So strong his eager fancy, he affrights
The faithful widow by its powerful flights;
For what disturbs him he aloud will tell,
And cry—"'Tis she, my wife! my Isabel!
Where are my children?"—Judith grieves to hear
How the soul works in sorrows so severe;
Assiduous all his wishes to attend,
Deprived of much, he yet may boast a friend;
Watch'd by her care, in sleep, his spirit takes
Its flight, and watchful finds her when he wakes.
'Tis now her office; her attention see!
While her friend sleeps beneath that shading tree,
Careful she guards him from the glowing heat,
And pensive muses at her Allen's feet.
And where is he? Ah! doubtless in those scenes
Of his best days, amid the vivid greens,
Fresh with unnumber'd rills, where every gale
Breathes the rich fragrance of the neighb'ring vale;
Smiles not his wife, and listen's as there comes
The night-bird's music from the thickening glooms?
And as he sits with all these treasures nigh,
Blaze not with fairy light the phosphor-fly,
When like a sparkling gem it wheels illumined by?
This is the joy that now so plainly speaks
In the warm transient flushing of his cheeks;
For he is listening to the fancied noise
Of his own children, eager in their joys:
All this he feels, a dream's delusive bliss
Gives the expression, and the glow like this.
And now his Judith lays her knitting by,
These strong emotions in her friend to spy;
For she can fully of their nature deem——
But see! he breaks the long-protracted theme,
And wakes and cries—"My God! twas but a dream."

TALE III.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER

....Pause then,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough.
Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 7

Because I will not do them wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is (for which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.
Much Ado about Nothing, act i. sc. 3.

Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Macbeth, act v. sc. 3

His promises are, as he then was, mighty.
And his performance, as he now is, nothing.
Henry VIII. act iv. sc. 2.

Gwyn was a farmer, whom the farmers all,
Who dwelt around, the Gentleman would call;
Whether in pure humility or pride,
They only knew, and they would not decide.
Far different he from that dull plodding tribe,
Whom it was his amusement to describe;
Creatures no more enliven'd than a clod,
But treading still as their dull fathers trod;
Who lived in times when not a man had seen
Corn sown by drill, or thresh'd by a machine:
He was of those whose skill assigns the prize
For creatures fed in pens, and stalls, and sties;
And who, in places where improvers meet,
To fill the land with fatness, had a seat;
Who in large mansions live like petty kings,
And speak of farms but as amusing things;
Who plans encourage, and who journals keep,
And talk with lords about a breed of sheep.
Two are the species in this genus known;
One, who is rich in his profession grown,
Who yearly finds his ample stores increase,
From fortune's favours and a favouring lease;
Who rides his hunter, who his house adorns;
Who drinks his wine, and his disbursements scorns;
Who freely lives, and loves to show he can—
This is the farmer made the gentleman.
The second species from the world is sent,
Tired with its strife, or with his wealth content
In books and men beyond the former read,
To farming solely by a passion led,
Or by a fashion: curious in his land;
Now planning much, now changing what he plann'd;
Pleased by each trial, not by failures vex'd,
And ever certain to succeed the next;
Quick to resolve, and easy to persuade—
This is the gentleman, a farmer made.
Gwyn was of these; he from the world withdrew
Early in life, his reasons known to few;
Some disappointment said, some pure good sense,
The love of land, the press of indolence;
His fortune known, and coming to retire,
If not a farmer, men had call'd him 'squire
Forty and five his years, no child or wife
Cross'd the still tenor of his chosen life;
Much land he purchased, planted far around,
And let some portions of superfluous ground
To farmers near him, not displeased to say,
"My tenants," nor "our worthy landlord," they.

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Fix'd in his farm, he soon display'd his skill
In small-boned lambs, the horse-shoe, and the drill;
From these he rose to themes of nobler kind,
And show'd the riches of a fertile mind;
To all around their visits he repaid,
And thus his mansion and himself display'd.
His rooms were stately, rather fine than neat,
And guests politely call'd his house a seat;
At much expense was each apartment graced,
His taste was gorgeous, but it still was taste:
In full festoons the crimson curtains fell,
The sofas rose in bold elastic swell;
Mirrors in gilded frames display'd the tints
Of glowing carpets and of colour'd prints;
The weary eye saw every object shine,
And all was costly, fanciful, and fine.
As with his friends he pass'd the social hours,
His generous spirit scorn'd to hide its powers;
Powers unexpected, for his eye and air
Gave no sure signs that eloquence was there;
Oft he began with sudden fire and force,
As loath to lose occasion for discourse;
Some, 'tis observed, who feel a wish to speak,
Will a due place for introduction seek;
On to their purpose step by step they steal,
And all their way, by certain signals, feel;
Others plunge in at once, and never heed
Whose turn they take, whose purpose they impede;
Resolved to shine, they hasten to begin,
Of ending thoughtless—and of these was Gwyn.
And thus he spake—
"It grieves me to the soul
To see how man submits to man's control;
How overpower'd and shackled minds are led
In vulgar tracks, and to submission bred;
The coward never on himself relies,
But to an equal for assistance flies;
Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why;
But that the creature has some jargon read,
And got some Scotchman's system in his head;
Some grave impostor, who will health ensure,
Long as your patience or your wealth endure;
But mark them well, the pale and sickly crew,
They have not health, and can they give it you?
These solemn cheats their various methods choose;
A system fires them, as a bard his muse:
Hence wordy wars arise; the learn'd divide,
And groaning patients curse each erring guide.
"Next, our affairs are govern'd, buy or sell,
Upon the deed the law must fix its spell;
Whether we hire or let, we must have still
The dubious aid of an attorney's skill;
They take a part in every man's affairs,
And in all business some concern is theirs;
Because mankind in ways prescribed are found
Like flocks that follow on a beaten ground,
Each abject nature in the way proceeds,
That now to sheering, now to slaughter leads.
"Should you offend, though meaning no offence,
You have no safety in your innocence;
The statute broken then is placed in view,
And men must pay for crimes they never knew:
Who would by law regain his plunder'd store,
Would pick up fallen mercury from the floor;
If he pursues it, here and there it slides,
He would collect it, but it more divides;
This part and this he stops, but still in vain,
It slips aside, and breaks in parts again,
Till, after time and pains, and care and cost,
He finds his labour and his object lost.
"But most it grieves me, (friends alone are round,
To see a man in priestly fetters bound:
Guides to the soul, these friends of Heaven contrive
Long as man lives, to keep his fears alive;
Soon as an infant breathes, their rites begin;
Who knows not sinning, must be freed from sin,
Who needs no bond, must yet engage in vows;
Who has no judgment, must a creed espouse:
Advanced in life, our boys are bound by rules
Are catechised in churches, cloisters, schools,
And train'd in thraldom to be fit for tools:
The youth grown up, he now a partner needs,
And lo! a priest, as soon as he succeeds.
What man of sense can marriage rites approve?
What man of spirit can be bound to love?
Forced to be kind! compell'd to be sincere!
Do chains and fetters make companions dear?
Prisoners indeed we bind; but though the bond
May keep them safe, it does not make them fond
The ring, the vow, the witness, license, prayers,
All parties knew! made public all affairs!
Such forms men suffer, and from these they date
A deed of love begun with all they hate:
Absurd! that none the beaten road should shun,
But love to do what other dupes have done.
"Well, now your priest has made you one of twain,
Look you for rest? Alas! you look in vain.
If sick, he comes; you cannot die in peace,
Till he attends to witness your release;
To vex your soul, and urge you to confess
The sins you feel, remember, or can guess:
Nay, when departed, to your grave he goes
But there indeed he hurts not your repose.
"Such are our burdens; part we must sustain,
But need not link new grievance to the chain
Yet men like idiots will their frames surround
With these vile shackles, nor confess they're bound:
In all that most confines them they confide,
Their slavery boast, and make their bonds their pride;
E'en as the pressure galls them, they declare,
(Good souls!) how happy and how free they are!
As madmen, pointing round their wretched cells,
Cry, 'lo! the palace where our honour dwells.'
"Such is our state: but I resolve to live
By rules my reason and my feelings give;
No legal guards shall keep enthrall'd my mind,
No slaves command me, and no teachers blind.
"Tempted by sins, let me their strength defy
But have no second in a surplice by;
No bottle-holder, with officious aid,
To comfort conscience, weaken'd and afraid;
Then if I yield, my frailty is not known;
And, if I stand, the glory is my own.
"When Truth and Reason are our friends, we seem
Alive! awake!—the superstitious dream.
"O! then, fair Truth, for thee alone I seek,
Friend to the wise, supporter of the weak:
From thee we learn whate'er is right and just;
Forms to despise, professions to distrust;

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Creeds to reject, pretensions to deride,
And, following thee, to follow none beside."
Such was the speech; it struck upon the ear
Like sudden thunder, none expect to hear.
He saw men's wonder with a manly pride,
And gravely smiled at guest electrified:
"A farmer this!" they said; "O! let him seek
That place where he may for his country speak;
On some great question to harangue for hours,
While speakers hearing, envy nobler powers!"
Wisdom like this, as all things rich and rare,
Must be acquired with pains, and kept with care;
In books he sought it, which his friends might view,
When their kind host the guarding curtain drew.
There were historic works for graver hours,
And lighter verse, to spur the languid powers;
There metaphysics, logic there had place;
But of devotion not a single trace—
Save what is taught in Gibbon's florid page,
And other guides of this inquiring age;
There Hume appear'd, and near, a splendid book
Composed by Gay's good lord of Bolingbroke:
With these were mix'd the light, the free, the vain,
And from a corner peep'd the sage Tom Paine:
Here four neat volumes Chesterfield were named,
For manners much and easy morals famed;
With chaste Memoirs of Females, to be read
When deeper studies had confused the head.
Such his resources, treasures where he sought
For daily knowledge till his mind was fraught:
Then when his friends were present, for their use
He would the riches he had stored produce;
He found his lamp burn clearer, when each day
He drew for all he purposed to display:
For these occasions, forth his knowledge sprung,
As mustard quickens on a bed of dung;
All was prepared, and guests allow'd the praise,
For what they saw he could so quickly raise.
Such this new friend; and when the year came round,
The same impressive, reasoning sage was found;
Then, too, was seen the pleasant mansion graced
With a fair damsel—his no vulgar taste;
The neat Rebecca—sly, observant, still,
Watching his eye, and waiting on his will;
Simple yet smart her dress, her manners meek,
Her smiles spoke for her, she would seldom speak;
But watch'd each look, each meaning to detect,
And (pleased with notice) felt for all neglect.
With her lived Gwyn a sweet harmonious life,
Who, forms excepted, was a charming wife:
The wives indeed, so made by vulgar law,
Affected scorn, and censured what they saw;
And what they saw not, fancied; said 'twas sin,
And took no notice of the wife of Gwyn:
But he despised their rudeness, and would prove
Theirs was compulsion and distrust, not love;
"Fools as they were! could they conceive that rings
And parsons' blessings were substantial things?"
They answered "Yes;" while he contemptuous spoke
Of the low notions held by simple folk;
Yet, strange that anger in a man so wise
Should from the notions of these fools arise,
Can they so vex us, whom we so despise?
Brave as he was, our hero felt a dread
Lest those who saw him kind should think him led;
If to his bosom fear a visit paid,
It was, lest he should be supposed afraid;
Hence sprang his orders; not that he desired
The things when done; obedience he required;
And thus, to prove his absolute command,
Ruled every heart, and moved each subject hand
Assent he ask'd for every word and whim,
To prove that *he alone was king of him.*
The still Rebecca, who her station knew,
With ease resign'd the honours not her due;
Well pleased, she saw that men her board would grace,
And wish'd not there to see a female face;
When by her lover she his spouse was styled,
Polite she thought it, and demurely smiled;
But when he wanted wives and maidens round
So to regard her, she grew grave and frown'd:
And sometimes whisper'd, "Why should you respect
These people's notions, yet their forms reject?"
Gwyn, though from marriage bond and fetter free
Still felt abridgement in his liberty;
Something of hesitation he betray'd,
And in her presence thought of what he said.
Thus fair Rebecca, though she walk'd astray,
His creed rejecting, judged it right to pray.
To be at church, to sit with serious looks,
To read her Bible and her Sunday books.
She hated all those new and daring themes,
And call'd his free conjectures, "devil's dreams:"
She honour'd still the priesthood in her fall,
And claim'd respect and reverence for them all;
Call'd them "of sin's destructive power the foes,
And not such blockheads as he might suppose."
Gwyn to his friends would smile, and sometimes say
"'Tis a kind fool, why vex her in her way?"
Her way she took, and still had more in view,
For she contrived that he should take it too.
The daring freedom of his soul, 'twas plain,
In part was lost in a divided reign;
A king and queen, who yet in prudence swayed
Their peaceful state, and were in turn obey'd.
Yet such our fate, that when we plan the best,
Something arises to disturb our rest:
For though in spirits high, in body strong,
Gwyn something felt—he knew not what—wrong;
He wish'd to know, for he believed the thing,
If unremoved, would other evil bring:
"She must perceive, of late he could not eat,
And when he walked, he trembled on his feet
He had forebodings, and he seem'd as one
Stopp'd on the road, or threaten'd by a dun;
He could not live, and yet, should he apply
To those physicians—he must sooner die."
The mild Rebecca heard with some disdain,
And some distress, her friend and lord complain
His death she fear'd not, but had painful doubt
What his distemper'd nerves might bring about;
With power like hers she dreaded an ally,
And yet there was a person in her eye;—
She thought, debated, fix'd; "Alas!" she said,
"A case like yours must be no more delay'd:
You hate these doctors, well! but were a friend
And doctor one, your fears would have an end:
My cousin Mollet—Scotland holds him now—
Is above all men skilful, all allow;
Of late a doctor, and within a while
He means to settle in this favour'd isle;

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Should he attend you, with his skill profound,
You must be safe, and shortly would be sound.'
When men in health against physicians rail,
They should consider that their nerves may fail:
Who calls a lawyer rogue, may find, too late,
On one of these depends his whole estate:
Nay, when the world can nothing more produce,
The priest, th' insulted priest, may have his use;
Ease, health, and comfort lift a man so high,
These powers are dwarfs that he can scarcely spy;
Pain, sickness, languor keep a man so low,
That these neglected dwarfs to giants grow.
Happy is he who through the medium sees
Of clear good sense—but Gwyn was not of these.
He heard, and he rejoiced: "Ah! let him come,
And till he fixes, make my house his home."
Home came the doctor—he was much admired;
He told the patient what his case required;
His hours for sleep, his time to eat and drink;
When he should ride, read, rest, compose, or think.
Thus join'd peculiar skill and art profound,
To make the fancy-sick no more than fancy-sound.
With such attention who could long be ill?
Returning health proclaim'd the doctor's skill.
Presents and praises from a grateful heart
Were freely offered on the patient's part;
In high repute the doctor seem'd to stand,
But still had got no footing in the land;
And, as he saw the seat was rich and fair,
He felt disposed to fix his station there:
To gain his purpose he perform'd the part
Of a good actor, and prepared to start:
Not like a traveller in a day serene,
When the sun shone and when the roads were clean;
Not like the pilgrim, when the morning gray,
The ruddy eve succeeding, sends his way;
But in a season when the sharp east wind
Had all its influence on a nervous mind;
When past the parlour's front it fiercely blew,
And Gwyn sat pitying every bird that flew,
This strange physician said—"Adieu! adieu!
Farewell!—Heaven bless you!—if you should—
but no,
You need not fear—farewell! 'tis time to go."
The doctor spoke, and, as the patient heard,
His old disorders (dreadful train!) appear'd;
"He felt the tingling tremor, and the stress
Upon his nerves that he could not express;
Should his good friend forsake him, he perhaps
Might meet his death, and surely a relapse."
So, as the doctor seem'd intent to part,
He cried in terror, "O! be where thou art:
Come, thou art young, and unengaged; O! come,
Make me thy friend, give comfort to mine home:
I have now symptoms that require thine aid,
Do, doctor, stay;"— th' obliging doctor stay'd.
Thus Gwyn was happy; he had now a friend,
And a meek spouse on whom he could depend:
But now possess'd of male and female guide,
Divided power he thus must subdivide:
In earlier days he rode, or sat at ease
Reclined, and having but himself to please,
Now if he would a favourite nag bestride,
He sought permission: "Doctor, may I ride?"
(Rebecca's eye her sovereign pleasure told,)
"I think you may, but guarded from the cold,
Ride forty minutes."—Free and happy soul!
He scorn'd submission, and a man's control;
But where such friends in every care unite
All for his good, obedience is delight.
Now Gwyn a sultan bade affairs adieu,
Led and assisted by the faithful two;
The favourite fair, Rebecca, near him sat,
And whisper'd whom to love, assist, or hate,
While the chief vizier eased his lord of cares,
And bore himself the burden of affairs:
No dangers could from such alliance flow,
But from that law that changes all below.
When wintry winds with leaves bestrew'd the
ground,
And men were coughing all the village round;
When public papers of invasion told,
Diseases, famines, perils new and old;
When philosophic writers fail'd to clear
The mind of gloom, and lighter works to cheer:
Then came fresh terrors on our hero's mind,
Fears unforeseen, and feelings undefined.
"In outward ills," he cried, "I rest assured
Of my friend's aid; they will in time be cured:
But can his art subdue, resist, control
These inward griefs and troubles of the soul?
O! my Rebecca! my disordered mind,
No help in study, none in thought can find;
What must I do, Rebecca?" She proposed
The parish-guide; but what could be disclosed
To a proud priest?—"No! him have I defied,
Insulted, slighted,—shall he be my guide?
But one there is, and if report be just,
A wise good man, whom I may safely trust:
Who goes from house to house, from ear to ear,
To make his truths, his gospel truths, appear;
True if indeed they be, 'tis time that I should hear
Send for that man, and if report be just,
I, like Cornelius, will the teacher trust;
But if deceiver, I the vile deceit
Shall soon discover, and discharge the cheat."
To doctor Mollet was the grief confess'd,
While Gwyn the freedom of his mind express'd;
Yet own'd it was to ills and errors prone,
And he for guilt and frailty must atone.
"My books, perhaps," the wavering mortal cried,
"Like men deceive; I would be satisfied;
And to my soul the pious man may bring
Comfort and light—do let me try the thing."
The cousins met, what pass'd with Gwyn was told
"Alas!" the doctor said, "how hard to hold
These easy minds, where all impressions made
At first sink deeply, and then quickly fade;
For while so strong these new-born fancies reign,
We must divert them, to oppose is vain:
You see him valiant now, he scorns to here
The bigot's threatenings, or the zealot's creed;
Shook by a dream, he next for truth receives
What frenzy teaches, and what fear believes;
And this will place him in the power of one
Whom we must seek, because we cannot shun.'
Wisp had been ostler at a busy inn,
Where he beheld and grew in dread of sin;
Then to a Baptists' meeting found his way,
Became a convert, and was taught to pray;
Then preach'd; and being earnest and sincere
Brought other sinners to religious fear;
Together grew his influence and his fame,
Till our dejected hero heard his name:
His little failings were, a grain of pride,
Raised by the numbers he presumed to guide

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A love of presents, and of lofty praise
For his meek spirit and his humble ways;
But though this spirit would on flattery feed,
No praise could blind him and no arts mislead:—
To him the doctor made the wishes known
Of his good patron, but conceal'd his own;
He of all teachers had distrust and doubt,
And was reserved in what he came about;
Though on a plain and simple message sent,
He had a secret and a bold intent:
Their minds, at first were deeply veil'd; disguise
Form'd the slow speech, and oped the eager eyes;
Till by degrees sufficient light was thrown
On every view, and all the business shown.
Wisp, as a skilful guide who led the blind,
Had powers to rule and awe the vapourish mind;
But not the changeful will, the wavering fear to bind:
And should his conscience give him leave to dwell
With Gwyn, and every rival power expel,
(A dubious point,) yet he, with every care,
Might soon the lot of the rejected share;
And other Wisps he found like him to reign,
And then be thrown upon the world again.
He thought it prudent then, and felt it just,
The present guides of his new friend to trust;
True, he conceived, to touch the harder heart
Of the cool doctor, was beyond his art;
But mild Rebecca he could surely sway,
While Gwyn would follow where she led the way:
So to do good, (and why a duty shun,
Because rewarded for the good when done?)
He with his friends would join in all they plann'd,
Save when his faith or feelings should withstand;
There he must rest, sole judge of his affairs,
While they might rule exclusively in theirs.
When Gwyn his message to the teacher sent,
He fear'd his friends would show their discontent;
And prudent seem'd it to th' attendant pair,
Not all at once to show an aspect fair:
On Wisp they seem'd to look with jealous eye,
And fair Rebecca was demure and shy;
But by degrees the teacher's worth they knew,
And were so kind, they seem'd converted too.
Wisp took occasion to the nymph to say,
"You must be married: will you name the day?"
She smiled,—"'Tis well; but should he not comply,
Is it quite safe th' experiment to try?"—
My child," the teacher said, "who feels remorse,
(And feels not he?) must wish relief of course;
And can he find it, while he fears the crime?—
You must be married; will you name the time?"
Glad was the patron as a man could be,
Yet marvell'd too, to find his guides agree;
"But what the cause?" he cried; "'tis genuine love for me."
Each found his part, and let one act describe
The powers and honours of th' accordant tribe:—
A man for favour to the mansion speeds,
And cons his threefold task as he proceeds;
To teacher Wisp he bows with humble air,
And begs his interest for a barn's repair:
Then for the doctor he inquires, who loves
To hear applause for what his skill improves,
And gives for praise, assent,—and to the fair
He brings of pullets a delicious pair;
Thus sees a peasant with discernment nice,
A love of power, conceit, and avarice.
Lo! now the change complete: the convert Gwyn
Has sold his books, and has renounced his sin;
Mollet his body orders, Wisp his soul,
And o'er his purse the lady takes control;
No friends beside he needs, and none attend-
Soul, body, and estate, has each a friend;
And fair Rebecca leads a virtuous life—
She rules a mistress, and she reigns a wife.

TALE IV.

PROCRASTINATION.

Heaven witness
I have been to you ever true and humble.
Henry VIII. act iv. sc. 4.
Gentle lady,
When first I did impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had.
Merchant of Venice, act iii. sc. 2.
The fatal time
Cuts off all ceremonies and vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
Richard III. act v. sc. 3.
I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.
Henry IV. Part 2, act v. sc. 5.
Farewell
Thou pure impiety, thou impious purity,
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love.
Much Ado about Nothing, act iv. sc. 2.

Love will expire, the gay, the happy dream
Will turn to scorn, indifference, or esteem:
Some favour'd pairs, in this exchange are bless'd
Nor sigh for raptures in a state of rest;
Others, ill match'd, with minds unpair'd repent
At once the deed and know no more content;
From joy to anguish they, in haste, decline,
And with their fondness, their esteem resign:
More luckless still their fate, who are the prey
Of long protracted hope and dull delay;
'Mid plans of bliss the heavy hours pass on,
Till love is wither'd, and till joy is gone.
This gentle flame two youthful hearts possess'd,
The sweet disturber of unenvied rest:
The prudent Dinah was the maid beloved,
And the kind Rupert was the swain approved:
A wealthy aunt her gentle niece sustain'd,
He, with a father, at his desk remain'd;
The youthful couple, to their vows sincere,
Thus loved expectant; year succeeding year,
With pleasant views and hopes, but not a prospect near.
Rupert some comfort in his station saw,
But the poor virgin lived in dread and awe,
Upon her anxious looks the widow smiled,
And bade her wait, "for she was yet a child."
She for her neighbour had a due respect,
Nor would his son encourage or reject;
And thus the pair, with expectations vain,
Beheld the seasons change, and change again:
Meantime the nymph her tender tales perused,
Where cruel aunts impatient girls refused;

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While hers, though teasing, boasted to be kind,
And she, resenting, to be all resign'd.
The dame was sick, and when the youth applied
For her consent, she groan'd, and cough'd and cried:
Talk'd of departing, and again her breath
Drew hard, and cough'd, and talk'd again of death:
'Here you may live, my Dinah! here the boy
And you together my estate enjoy;"
Thus to the lovers was her mind express'd,
Till they forebore to urge the fond request.
Servant, and nurse, and comforter, and friend,
Dinah had still some duty to attend;
But yet their walk, when Rupert's evening call
Obtain'd an hour, made sweet amends for all;
So long they now each other's thoughts had known,
That nothing seem'd exclusively their own;
But with the common wish, the mutual fear,
They now had travell'd to their thirtieth year.
At length a prospect open'd; but, alas!
Long time must yet, before the union, pass;
Rupert was call'd in other clime, t' increase
Another's wealth, and toil for future peace;
Loath were the lovers; but the aunt declared
'Twas fortune's call, and they must be prepared;
"You now are young, and for this brief delay,
And Dinah's care, what I bequeath will pay;
All will be yours; nay, love, suppress that sigh;
The kind must suffer, and the best must die:"
Then came the cough, and strong the signs it gave
Of holding long contention with the grave.
The lovers parted with a gloomy view,
And little comfort but that both were true;
He for uncertain duties doom'd to steer,
While hers remain'd too certain and severe.
Letters arrived, and Rupert fairly told
"His cares were many, and his hopes were cold;
The view more clouded, that was never fair,
And love alone preserved him from despair:"
In other letters, brighter hopes he drew,
"His friends were kind, and he believed them true."
When the sage widow Dinah's grief descried,
She wonder'd much, why one so happy sigh'd:
Then bade her see how her poor aunt sustain'd
The ills of life nor murmur'd nor complain'd.
To vary pleasures, from the lady's chest
Were drawn the pearly string and tabby vest;
Beads, jewels, laces, all their value shown,
With the kind notice,—"They will be your own."
This hope, these comforts, cherish'd day by day,
To Dinah's bosom made a gradual way;
Till love of treasure had as large a part,
As love of Rupert, in the virgin's heart.
Whether it be that tender passions fail,
From their own nature, while the strong prevail;
Or whether avarice, like the poison tree,*
Kills all beside it, and alone will be;
Whatever cause prevail'd, the pleasure grew
In Dinah's soul, she loved the hoards to view;
With lively joy those comforts she survey'd,
And love grew languid in the careful maid.

Now the grave niece partook the widow's cares,
Look'd to the great and ruled the small affairs;
Saw clean'd the plate, arranged the china show
And felt her passion for a shilling grow:
Th' indulgent aunt increased the maid's delight,
By placing tokens of her wealth in sight;
She loved the value of her bonds to tell,
And spake of stocks, and how they rose and fell.
This passion grew, and gain'd at length such sway,
That other passions shrank to make its way,
Romantic notions now the heart forsook,
She read but seldom, and she changed her book;
And for the verses she was wont to send,
Short was her prose, and she was Rupert's friend.
Seldom she wrote, and then the widow's cough,
And constant call, excused her breaking off;
Who, now oppress'd, no longer took the air,
But sate and dozed upon an easy chair.
The cautious doctor saw the case was clear,
But judged it best to have companions near;
They came, they reason'd, they prescribed—at last,
Like honest men, they said their hopes were past;
Then came a priest—'tis comfort to reflect,
When all is over, there was no neglect;
And all was over—by her husband's bones,
The widow rests beneath the sculptured stones,
That yet record their fondness and their fame,
While all they left the virgin's care became;
Stocks, bonds, and buildings;—it disturb'd her rest,
To think what load of troubles she possess'd:
Yet, if a trouble, she resolved to take
Th' important duty, for the donor's sake;
She too was heiress to the widow's taste,
Her love of hoarding and her dread of waste.
Sometimes the past would on her mind intrude
And then a conflict full of care ensued;
The thoughts of Rupert on her mind would press
His worth she knew, but doubted his success;
Of old she saw him heedless; what the boy
Forebore to save, the man would not enjoy;
Oft had he lost the chance that care would seize,
Willing to live, but more to live at ease:
Yet could she not a broken vow defend,
And Heaven, perhaps, might yet enrich her friend
Month after month was pass'd, and all were spent
In quiet comfort and in rich content:
Miseries there were, and woes the world around,
But these had not her pleasant dwelling found:
She knew that mothers grieved, and widows wept,
And she was sorry, said her prayers, and slept:
Thus pass'd the seasons, and to Dinah's board
Gave what the seasons to the rich afford;
For she indulged, nor was her heart so small,
That one strong passion should engross it all.
A love of splendour now with avarice strove,
And oft appeared to be the stronger love:
A secret pleasure fill'd the widow's breast,
When she reflected on the hoards possess'd;
But livelier joy inspired th' ambitious maid,
When she the purchase of those hoards display'd
In small but splendid room she loved to see
That all was placed in view and harmony;
There, as with eager glance she look'd around,
She much delight in every object found;
While books devout were near her—to destroy
Should it arise, an overflow of joy.

* Allusion is here made, not to the well known species of *sumach*, called the poison-oak, or *toxicodendron*, but to the *upas*, or poison tree of Java: whether it be real or imaginary, this is no proper place for inquiry

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Within that fair apartment, guests might see
The comforts cull'd for wealth by vanity:
Around the room an Indian paper blazed,
With lively tint and figures boldly raised;
Silky and soft upon the floor below,
Th' elastic carpet rose with crimson glow,
All things around implied both cost and care,
What met the eye was elegant or rare:
Some curious trifles round the room were laid
By hope presented to the wealthy maid;
Within a costly case of varnish'd wood,
In level rows her polish'd volumes stood;
Shown as a favour to a chosen few,
To prove what beauty for a book could do:
A silver urn with curious work was fraught,
A silver lamp from Grecian pattern wrought:
Above her head, all gorgeous to behold,
A time-piece stood on feet of burnish'd gold;
A stag's head crest adorn'd the pictured case,
Through the pure crystal shone th' enamell'd face:
And while on brilliants moved the hands of steel,
It click'd from prayer to prayer, from meal to meal.
Here as the lady sate, a friendly pair
Stept in t' admire the view, and took their chair:
They then related how the young and gay
Were thoughtless wandering in the broad highway;
How tender damsels sail'd in tilted boats,
And laugh'd with wicked men in scarlet coats;
And how we live in such degenerate times,
That men conceal their wants and show their crimes;
While vicious deeds are screen'd by fashion's name,
And what was once our pride is now our shame.
Dinah was musing, as her friends discoursed,
When these last words a sudden entrance forced
Upon her mind, and what was once her pride
And now her shame, some painful views supplied;
Thoughts of the past within her bosom press'd,
And there a change was felt, and was confess'd:
While thus the virgin strove with secret pain,
Her mind was wandering o'er the troubled main;
Still she was silent, nothing seem'd to see,
But sate and sigh'd in pensive revery.
The friends prepared new subjects to begin,
When tall Susannah, maiden starch, stalk'd in;
Not in her ancient mode, sedate and slow,
As when she came, the mind she knew, to know;
Nor as, when listening half an hour before,
She twice or thrice tapp'd gently at the door;
But, all decorum cast in wrath aside,
"I think the devil's in the man!" she cried;
"A huge tall sailor, with his tawny cheek,
And pitted face, will with my lady speak;
He grinn'd an ugly smile, and said he knew,
Please you, my lady, 'twould be joy to you;
What must I answer?"—Trembling and distress'd
Sank the pale Dinah, by her fears oppress'd;
When thus alarm'd, and brooking no delay,
Swift to her room the stranger made his way.
"Revive, my love!" said he, "I've done thee harm,
Give me thy pardon," and he look'd alarm:
Meantime the prudent Dinah had contrived
Her soul to question, and she then revived.
"See! my good friend," and then she raised her head,
"The bloom of life, the strength of youth is fled;
Living we die; to us the world is dead;
We parted bless'd with health, and I am now
Age-struck and feeble, so I find art thou;
Thine eye is sunken, furrow'd is thy face,
And downward look'st thou—so we run our race
And happier they, whose race is nearly run,
Their troubles over, and their duties done."
"True, lady, true, we are not girl and boy,
But time has left us something to enjoy."
"What! thou hast learn'd my fortune?—yes I live
To feel how poor the comforts wealth can give;
Thou too, perhaps, art wealthy; but our fate
Still mocks our wishes, wealth is come too late."
"To me nor late nor early; I am come
Poor as I left thee to my native home:
Nor yet," said Rupert, "will I grieve; 'tis mine
To share thy comforts, and the glory thine;
For thou wilt gladly take that generous part
That both exalts and gratifies the heart;
While mine rejoices."—"Heavens!" return'd the maid,
"This talk to one so wither'd and decay'd?
No! all my care is now to fit my mind
For other spousal, and to die resign'd.
As friend and neighbour, I shall hope to see
These noble views, this pious love in thee;
That we together may the change await,
Guides and spectators in each other's fate;
When fellow pilgrims, we shall daily crave
The mutual prayer that arms us for the grave."
Half angry, half in doubt, the lover gazed
On the meek maiden, by her speech amazed:
"Dinah," said he, "dost thou respect thy vows?
What spousal mean'st thou?—thou art Rupert's spouse;
The chance is mine to take, and thine to give,
But, trifling this, if we together live:
Can I believe, that, after all the past,
Our vows, our loves, thou wilt be false at last?
Something thou hast—I know not what—in view
I find thee pious—let me find thee true."
"Ah! cruel this; but do, my friend, depart,
And to its feelings leave my wounded heart."
"Nay, speak at once; and, Dinah, let me know
Mean'st thou to take me, now I'm wreck'd, in tow?
Be fair; nor longer keep me in the dark;
Am I forsaken for a trimmer spark?
Heaven's spouse thou art not; nor can I believe
That God accepts her who will man deceive:
True I am shatter'd, I have service seen,
And service done, and have in trouble been;
My cheek (it shames me not) has lost its red,
And the brown buff is o'er my features spread;
Perchance my speech is rude; for I among
Th' untamed have been, in temper and in tongue
Have been trepann'd, have lived in toil and care.
And wrought for wealth I was not doom'd to share
It touch'd me deeply, for I felt a pride
In gaining riches for my destined bride:
Speak then my fate; for those my sorrows past,
Time lost, youth fled, hope wearied, and at last
This doubt of thee—a childish thing to tell,
But certain truth—my very throat they swell;
They stop the breath, and but for shame could I
Give way to weakness, and with passion cry;
These are unmanly struggles, but I feel
This hour must end them, and perhaps will heal.

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Here Dinah sigh'd as if afraid to speak—
And then repeated—"'They were frail and weak;
His soul she loved, and hoped he had the grace
To fix his thoughts upon a better place.'
She ceased;—with steady glance, as if to see
The very root of this hypocrisy,—
He her small fingers moulded in his hard
And bronzed broad hand; then told her his regard,
His best respect were gone, but love had still
Hold in his heart, and govern'd yet the will—
Or he would curse her:—saying this, he threw
The hand in scorn away, and bade adieu
To every lingering hope, with every care in view.
Proud and indignant, suffering, sick, and poor,
He grieved unseen; and spoke of love no more—
Till all he felt in indignation died,
As hers had sunk in avarice and pride.
In health declining, as in mind distress'd,
To some in power his troubles he confess'd,
And shares a parish-gift;—at prayers he sees
The pious Dinah dropp'd upon her knees;
Thence as she walks the street with stately air,
As chance directs, oft meet the parted pair:
When he, with thickset coat of badge-man's blue,
Moves near her shaded silk of changeful hue;
When his thin locks of gray approach her braid,
A costly purchase made in beauty's aid;
When his frank air, and his unstudied pace,
Are seen with her soft manner, air, and grace,
And his plain artless look with her sharp meaning face;
It might some wonder in a stranger move,
How these together could have talk'd of love.
Behold them now!—see there a tradesman stands,
And humbly hearkens to some fresh commands;
He moves to speak, she interrupts him—"Stay,"
Her air expresses—"Hark! to what I say:"
Ten paces off, poor Rupert on a seat
Has taken refuge from the noonday heat,
His eyes on her intent, as if to find
What were the movements of that subtle mind:
How still! how earnest is he!—it appears
His thoughts are wandering through his earlier years;
Through years of fruitless labour, to the day
When all his earthly prospects died away:
'Had I," he thinks, "been wealthier of the two,
Would she have found me so unkind, untrue?
Or knows not man when poor, what man when rich will do?
Yes, yes! I feel that I had faithful proved
And should have soothed and raised her, bless'd and loved."
But Dinah moves—she had observed before
The pensive Rupert at an humble door:
Some thoughts of pity raised by his distress,
Some feeling touch of ancient tenderness;
Religion, duty urged the maid to speak
In terms of kindness to a man so weak:
But pride forbad, and to return would prove
She felt the shame of his neglected love;
Nor rapt in silence could she pass, afraid
Each eye should see her, and each heart upbraid;
One way remain'd—the way the Levite took,
Who without mercy could on misery look:
A way perceived by craft, approved by pride,)
She cross'd, and pass'd him on the other side.

TALE V.

THE PATRON.

It were all one,
That I should love a bright peculiar star,
And think to wed it; she is so much above me:
In her bright radiance and collateral heat
Must I be comforted, not in her sphere.
All's Well that Ends Well, act i. sc. 1.

Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favours, dream as I have done,—
Wake and find nothing.
Cymbeline, act v. sc. 4.

And since——
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear a madness held me.
Tempest, act v.

A BOROUGH BAILIFF, who to law was train'd
A wife and sons in decent state maintain'd;
He had his way in life's rough ocean steer'd,
And many a rock and coast of danger clear'd;
He saw where others fail'd, and care had he
Others in him should not such failings see;
His sons in various busy states were placed,
And all began the sweets of gain to taste,
Save John, the younger; who, of sprightly parts,
Felt not a love for money-making arts:
In childhood feeble, he, for country air,
Had long resided with a rustic pair;
All round whose room were doleful ballads, songs
Of lovers' sufferings and of ladies' wrongs,
Of peevish ghosts who came at dark midnight,
For breach of promise, guilty men to fright;
Love, marriage, murder, were the themes, with these,
All that on idle, ardent spirits seize;
Robbers at land and pirates on the main,
Enchanters foil'd, spells broken, giants slain;
Legends of love, with tales of halls and bowers,
Choice of rare songs, and garlands of choice flowers
And all the hungry mind without a choice devours
From village children kept apart by pride,
With such enjoyments, and without a guide,
Inspired by feelings all such works infused,
John snatch'd a pen, and wrote as he perused:
With the like fancy he could make his knight
Slay half a host and put the rest to flight;
With the like knowledge, he could make him ride
From isle to isle at Parthenissa's side;
And with a heart yet free, no busy brain
Form'd wilder notions of delight and pain,
The raptures smiles create, the anguish of disdain.
Such were the fruits of John's poetic toil,
Weeds, but still proofs of vigour in the soil:
He nothing purposed but with vast delight,
Let Fancy loose, and wonder'd at her flight:
His notions of poetic worth were high,
And of his own still hoarded poetry;—
These to his father's house he bore with pride,
A miser's treasure, in his room to hide;
Till spurr'd by glory, to a reading friend
He kindly show'd the sonnets he had penn'd:
With erring judgment, though with heart sincere,
That friend exclaim'd, "These beauties must appear."
In magazines they claim'd their share of fame,
Though undistinguish'd by their author's name;

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And with delight the young enthusiast found
The muse of Marcus with applauses crown'd.
This heard the father, and with some alarm:
"The boy," said he, "will neither trade nor farm;
He for both law and physic is unfit;
Wit he may have, but cannot live on wit·
Let him his talents then to learning give,
Where verse is honour'd, and where poets live.
John kept his terms at college unreproved,
Took his degree, and left the life he loved;
Nor yet ordain'd, his leisure he employ'd
In the light labours he so much enjoy d;
His favourite notions and his daring views
Were cherish'd still, and he adored the muse.
"A little time, and he should burst to light,
And admiration of the world excite;
And every friend, now cool and apt to blame
His fond pursuit, would wonder at his fame."
When led by fancy, and from view retired,
He call'd before him all his heart desired;
"Fame shall be mine, then wealth shall I possess,
And beauty next an ardent lover bless;
For me the maid shall leave her nobler state,
Happy to raise and share her poet's fate."
He saw each day his father's frugal board
With simple fare by cautious prudence stored·
Where each indulgence was foreweigh'd with care,
And the grand maxims were to save and spare
Yet in his walks, his closet, and his bed,
All frugal cares and prudent counsels fled;
And bounteous Fancy, for his glowing mind,
Wrought various scenes, and all of glorious kind;
Slaves of the *ring* and *lamp!* what need of you,
When Fancy's self such magic deeds can do?
Though rapt in visions of no vulgar kind,
To common subjects stoop'd our poet's mind;
And oft, when wearied with more ardent flight,
He felt a spur satiric song to write;
A rival burgess his bold muse attack'd,
And whipp'd severely for a well-known fact;
For while he seem'd to all demure and shy,
Our poet gazed at what was passing by;
And e'en his father smiled when playful wit
From his young bard, some haughty object hit.
From ancient times the borough where they dwelt
Had mighty contest at elections felt:
Sir Godfrey Ball, 'tis true, had held in pay
Electors many for the trying day;
But in such golden chains to bind them all
Required too much for e'en Sir Godfrey Ball.
A member died, and to supply his place,
Two heroes enter'd for th' important race;
Sir Godfrey's friend and Earl Fitzdonnel's son,
Lord Frederick Damer, both prepared to run;
And partial numbers saw with vast delight
Their good young lord oppose the proud old knight.
Our poet's father, at a first request,
Gave the young lord his vote and interest,
And what he could our poet, for he stung
The foe by verse satiric, said and sung.
Lord Frederick heard of all this youthful zeal,
And felt as lords upon a canvass feel;
He read the satire, and he saw the use
That such cool insult, and such keen abuse
Might on the wavering minds of voting men produce;
Then too his praises were in contrast seen,
"A lord as noble as the knight was mean."
"I much rejoice," he cried, "such worth to find
To this the world must be no longer blind
His glory will descend from sire to son,
The Burns of English race, the happier Chatterton."
Our poet's mind, now hurried and elate,
Alarm'd the anxious parent for his fate;
Who saw with sorrow, should their friend succeed,
That much discretion would the poet need.
Their friend succeeded, and repaid the zeal
The poet felt, and made opposers feel,
By praise (from lords how soothing and how sweet)
And invitation to his noble seat.
The father ponder'd, doubtful if the brain
Of his proud boy such honour could sustain;
Pleased with the favours offer'd to a son,
But seeing dangers few so ardent shun.
Thus, when they parted, to the youthful breast
The father's fears were by his love impress'd:
"There will you find, my son, the courteous ease
That must subdue the soul it means to please;
That soft attention which e'en beauty pays
To wake our passions, or provoke our praise;
There all the eye beholds will give delight,
Where every sense is flatter'd like the sight
This is your peril; can you from such scene
Of splendour part, and feel your mind serene,
And in the father's humble state resume
The frugal diet and the narrow room?"
To this the youth with cheerful heart replied,
Pleased with the trial, but as yet untried;
And while professing patience, should he fail
He suffer'd hope o'er reason to prevail.
Impatient, by the morning mail convey'd
The happy guest his promised visit paid;
And now arriving at the hall, he tried
For air composed, serene, and satisfied;
As he had practised in his room alone,
And there acquired a free and easy tone:
There he had said, "Whatever the degree
A man obtains, what more than man is he?"
And when arrived—"This room is but a room;
Can aught we see the steady soul o'ercome?
Let me in all a manly firmness show,
Upheld by talents, and their value know."
This reason urged; but it surpass'd his skill
To be in act as manly as in will:
When he his lordship and the lady saw,
Brave as he was, he felt oppress'd with awe;
And spite of verse, that so much praise had won,
The poet found he was the bailiff's son.
But dinner came, and the succeeding hours
Fix'd his weak nerves, and raised his failing powers;
Praised and assured, he ventured once or twice
On some remark, and bravely broke the ice;
So that at night, reflecting on his words,
He found, in time, he might converse with lords
Now was the sister of his patron seen—
A lovely creature, with majestic mien;
Who, softly smiling while she look'd so fair,
Praised the young poet with such friendly air;
Such winning frankness in her looks express'd.
And such attention to her brother's guest,
That so much beauty, join'd with speech so kind
Raised strong emotions in the poet's mind;

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Till reason fail'd his bosom to defend
From the sweet power of this enchanting friend.—
Rash boy! what hope thy frantic mind invades?
What love confuses, and what pride persuades?
Awake to truth! shouldst thou deluded feed
On hopes so groundless, thou art mad indeed.
What say'st thou, wise one? "that all powerful love
Can fortune's strong impediments remove;
Nor is it strange that worth should wed to worth,
The pride of genius with the pride of birth."
While thou art dreaming thus, the beauty spies
Love in thy tremor, passion in thine eyes;
And with th' amusement pleased, of conquest vain,
She seeks her pleasure, careless of thy pain;
She gives thee praise to humble and confound,
Smiles to insnare, and flatters thee to wound.
Why has she said that in the lowest state
The noble mind ensures a noble fate?
And why thy daring mind to glory call?
That thou mayst dare and suffer, soar and fall.
Beauties are tyrants, and if they can reign,
They have no feeling for their subject's pain;
Their victim's anguish gives their charms applause,
And their chief glory is the wo they cause:
Something of this was felt, in spite of love.
Which hope, in spite of reason, would remove.
Thus lived our youth, with conversation, books,
And lady Emma's soul-subduing looks;
Lost in delight, astonish'd at his lot,
All prudence banish'd, all advice forgot—
Hopes, fears, and every thought, were fix'd upon the spot.
'Twas autumn yet, and many a day must frown
On Brandon-Hall, ere went my lord to town;
Meantime the father, who had heard his boy
Lived in a round of luxury and joy,
And justly thinking that the youth was one
Who, meeting danger, was unskill'd to shun;
Knowing his temper, virtue, spirit, zeal,
How prone to hope and trust, believe and feel;
These on the parent's soul their weight impress'd,
And thus he wrote the counsels of his breast.
"John, thou'rt a genius; thou hast some pretence,
I think, to wit, but hast thou sterling sense?
That which, like gold, may through the world go forth,
And always pass for what 'tis truly worth?
Whereas this genius like a bill, must take
Only the value our opinions make.
"Men famed for wit, of dangerous talents vain,
Treat those of common parts with proud disdain;
The powers that wisdom would, improving, hide,
They blaze abroad with inconsiderate pride;
While yet but mere probationers for fame,
They seize the honour they should then disclaim:
Honour so hurried to the light must fade,
The lasting laurels flourish in the shade.
"Genius is jealous; I have heard of some
Who, if unnoticed, grew perversely dumb;
Nay, different talents would their envy raise;
Poets have sicken'd at a dancer's praise;
And one, the happiest writer of his time,
Grew pale at hearing Reynolds was sublime;
That Rutland's dutchess wore a heavenly smile—
And I said he, neglected all the while!
"A waspish tribe are these, on gilded wings,
Humming their lays, and brandishing their stings;
And thus they move their friends and foes among,
Prepared for soothing or satiric song.
"Hear me, my boy; thou hast a virtuous mind—
But be thy virtues of the sober kind;
Be not a Quixote, ever up in arms
To give the guilty and the great alarms:
If never heeded, thy attack is vain;
And if they heed thee, they'll attack again;
Then too in striking at that heedless rate,
Thou in an instant mayst decide thy fate.
"Leave admonition—let the vicar give
Rules how the nobles of his flock should live;
Nor take that simple fancy to thy brain,
That thou canst cure the wicked and the vain.
"Our Pope, they say, once entertain'd the whim,
Who fear'd not God should be afraid of him;
But grant they fear'd him, was it further said,
That he reform'd the hearts he made afraid?
Did Chartres mend? Ward, Waters, and a score
Of flagrant felons, with his floggings sore?
Was Cibber silenced? No; with vigour bless'd,
And brazen front, half earnest, half in jest,
He dared the bard to battle, and was seen
In all his glory match'd with Pope and spleen;
Himself he stripp'd, the harder blow to hit,
Then boldly match'd his ribaldry with wit;
The poet's conquest Truth and Time proclaim,
But yet the battle hurt his peace and fame.
"Strive not too much for favour; seem at ease,
And rather pleased thyself, than bent to please:
Upon thy lord with decent care attend,
But not too near; thou canst not be a friend
And favourite be not, 'tis a dangerous post—
Is gain'd by labour, and by fortune lost:
Talents like thine may make a man approved,
But other talents trusted and beloved.
Look round, my son, and thou wilt early see
The kind of man thou art not form'd to be.
"The real favourites of the great are they
Who to their views and wants attention pay,
And pay it ever; who, with all their skill,
Dive to the heart, and learn the secret will;
If that be vicious, soon can they provide
The favourite ill, and o'er the soul preside;
For vice is weakness, and the artful know
Their power increases as the passions grow;
If indolent the pupil, hard their task;
Such minds will ever for amusement ask;
And great the labour! for a man to choose
Objects for one whom nothing can amuse;
For ere those objects can the soul delight,
They must to joy the soul herself excite;
Therefore it is, this patient, watchful kind
With gentle friction stir the drowsy mind:
Fix'd on their end, with caution they proceed,
And sometimes give, and sometimes take the lead
Will now a hint convey, and then retire,
And let the spark awake the lingering fire;
Or seek new joys and livelier pleasures bring,
To give the jaded sense a quickening spring.
"These arts, indeed, my son must not pursue;
Nor must he quarrel with the tribe that do:
It is not safe another's crimes to know,
Nor is it wise our proper worth to show:—
'My lord,' you say, 'engaged me for that worth:'
True, and preserve it ready to come forth.

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If question'd, fairly answer—and that done,
Shrink back, be silent, and thy father's son;
For they who doubt thy talents scorn thy boast,
But they who grant them will dislike thee most:
Observe the prudent; they in silence sit.
Display no learning, and affect no wit;
They hazard nothing, nothing they assume,
But know the useful art of *acting dumb*.
Yet to their eyes each varying look appears,
And every word finds entrance at their ears.
"Thou art religion's advocate—take heed,
Hurt not the cause, thy pleasure 'tis to plead;
With wine before thee, and with wits beside,
Do not in strength of reasoning powers confide;
What seems to thee convincing, certain, plain,
They will deny, and dare thee to maintain;
And thus will triumph o'er thy eager youth,
While thou wilt grieve for so disgracing truth.
"With pain I've seen, these wrangling wits among,
Faith's weak defenders, passionate and young;
Weak thou art not, yet not enough on guard,
Where wit and humour keep their watch and ward:
Men gay and noisy will o'erwhelm thy sense,
Then loudly laugh at Truth's and thy expense;
While the kind ladies will do all they can
To check their mirth, and cry, '*The good young man!*'
"Prudence, my boy, forbids thee to commend
The cause or party of thy noble friend;
What are his praises worth, who must be known
To take a patron's maxims for his own?
When ladies sing, or in thy presence play
Do not, dear John, in rapture melt away;
'Tis not thy part, there will be listeners round,
To cry *divine!* and doat upon the sound;
Remember too, that though the poor have ears,
They take not in the music of the spheres;
They must not feel the warble and the thrill,
Or be dissolved in ecstasy at will;
Besides, 'tis freedom in a youth like thee
To drop his awe, and deal in ecstasy!
"In silent ease, at least in silence dine,
Nor one opinion start of food or wine:
Thou know'st that all the science thou canst boast
Is of thy father's simple boil'd and roast;
Nor always these; he sometimes saved his cash,
By interlinear days of frugal hash:
Wine hadst thou seldom; wilt thou be so vain
As to decide on claret or champagne?
Dost thou from me derive this taste sublime,
Who order port the dozen at a time?
When (every glass held precious in our eyes)
We judged the value by the bottle's size:
Then never merit for thy praise assume,
Its worth well knows each servant in the room.
"Hard, boy, thy task to steer thy way among
That servile, supple, shrewd, insidious throng;
Who look upon thee as of doubtful race,
An interloper, one who wants a place:
Freedom with these let thy free soul condemn,
Nor with thy heart's concerns associate them.
"Of all be cautious—but be most afraid
Of the pale charms that grace my lady's maid;
Of those sweet dimples, of that fraudful eye,
The frequent glance design'd for thee to spy;
The soft bewitching look, the fond bewailing sigh:
Let others frown and envy; she the while
(Insidious syren!) will demurely smile;
And for her gentle purpose, every day
Inquire thy wants, and meet thee in thy way;
She has her blandishments, and though so weak,
Her person pleases, and her actions speak:
At first her folly may her aim defeat;
But kindness shown at length will kindness meet
Have some offended? them will she disdain,
And, for thy sake, contempt and pity feign;
She hates the vulgar, she admires to look
On woods and groves, and dotes upon a book;
Let her once see thee on her features dwell,
And hear one sigh, then liberty farewell.
"But, John, remember we cannot maintain
A poor, proud girl, extravagant and vain.
"Doubt much of friendship: shouldst thou find a friend
Pleased to advise thee, anxious to commend:
Should he the praises he has heard report,
And confidence (in thee confiding) court;
Much of neglectful patrons should he say,
And then exclaim—'How long must merit stay!'
Then show how high thy modest hopes may stretch,
And point to stations far beyond thy reach;
Let such designer, by thy conduct, see
(Civil and cool) he makes no dupe of thee;
And he will quit thee, as a man too wise
For him to ruin first, and then despise.
"Such are thy dangers;—yet if thou canst steer
Past all the perils, all the quicksands clear,
Then may'st thou profit; but if storms prevail,
If foes beset thee, if thy spirits fail,—
No more of winds or waters be the sport,
But in thy father's mansion find a port."
Our poet read.—"It is in truth," said he,
"Correct in part, but what is *this* to me?
I love a foolish Abigail! in base
And sordid office! fear not such disgrace:
Am I so blind?" "Or thou wouldst surely see
That lady's fall, if she should stoop to thee!"
"The cases differ." "True! for what surprise
Could from thy marriage with the maid arise?
But through the island would the shame be spread
Should the fair mistress deign with thee to wed."
John saw not this; and many a week had pass'd
While the vain beauty held her victim fast;
The noble friend still condescension show'd,
And, as before, with praises overflow'd;
But his grave lady took a silent view
Of all that pass'd, and smiling, pitied too.
Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf;
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roar'd with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods:
All green was vanish'd, save of pine and yew
That still display'd their melancholy hue,
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.
To public views my lord must soon attend;
And soon the ladies—would they leave their friend?
The time was fix'd—approach'd—was near—was come:
The trying time that fill'd his soul with gloom:
Thoughtful our poet in the morning rose,
And cried, "One hour my fortune will disclose:

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Terrific hour! from thee have I to date
Life's loftier views, or my degraded state,
For now to be what I have been before
Is so to fall, that I can rise no more."
The morning meal was past, and all around
The mansion rang with each discordant sound;
Haste was in every foot, and every look
The traveller's joy for London journey spoke:
Not so our youth; whose feelings, at the noise
Of preparation, had no touch of joys;
He pensive stood, and saw each carriage drawn,
With lackeys mounted, ready on the lawn:
The ladies came; and John in terror threw
One painful glance, and then his eyes withdrew;
Not with such speed, but he in other eyes
With anguish read—"I pity, but despise—
Unhappy boy! presumptuous scribbler!—you
To dream such dreams!—be sober, and adieu!"
Then came the noble friend—"And will my lord
Vouchsafe no comfort? drop no soothing word?
Yes, he must speak." He speaks, "My good young friend,
You know my views; upon my care depend;
My hearty thanks to your good father pay,
And be a student.—Harry, drive away."
Stillness reign'd all around; of late so full
The busy scene, deserted now and dull:
Stern is his nature who forbears to feel
Gloom o'er his spirits on such trials steal;
Most keenly felt our poet as he went
From room to room without a fix'd intent.
'And here,' he thought, "I was caress'd; admired
Were here my songs; she smiled, and I aspired:
The change how grievous!" As he mused, a dame
Busy and peevish to her duties came;
Aside the tables and the chairs she drew,
And sang and mutter'd in the poet's view:—
"This was her fortune; here they leave the poor;
Enjoy themselves, and think of us no more:
I had a promise—" here his pride and shame
Urged him to fly from this familiar dame;
He gave one farewell look, and by a coach
Reach'd his own mansion at the night's approach.
His father met him with an anxious air,
Heard his sad tale, and check'd what seem'd despair.
Hope was in him corrected, but alive;
My lord would something for a friend contrive;
His word was pledged; our hero's feverish mind
Admitted this, and half his grief resign'd;
But when three months had fled, and every day
Drew from the sickening hopes their strength away,
The youth became abstracted, pensive, dull;
He utter'd nothing, though his heart was full:
Teased by inquiring words and anxious looks,
And all forgetful of his muse and books;
Awake he mourn'd, but in his sleep perceived
A lovely vision that his pain relieved:
His soul transported, hail'd the happy seat,
Where once his pleasure was so sure and sweet;
Where joys departed came in blissful view,
Till reason waked, and not a joy he knew.
Questions now vex'd his spirit, most from those
Who are call'd friends because they are not foes:
'John!' they would say; he starting, turn'd around;
John!' there was something shocking in the sound;
Ill brook'd he then the pert familiar phrase,
The untaught freedom, and th' inquiring gaze,
Much was his temper touch'd, his spleen provoked,
When ask'd how ladies talk'd, or walk'd, or look'd?
"What said my lord of politics? how spent
He there his time? and was he glad he went?"
At length a letter came, both cool and brief,
But still it gave the burden'd heart relief:
Though not inspired by lofty hopes, the youth
Placed much reliance on Lord Frederick's truth;
Summon'd to town, he thought the visit one
Where something fair and friendly would be done
Although he judged not, as before his fall,
When all was love and promise at the hall.
Arrived in town, he early sought to know
The fate which dubious friendship would bestow.
At a tall building trembling he appear'd,
And his low rap was indistinctly heard;
A well known servant came—"A while," said he,
"Be pleased to wait, my lord has company."
Alone our hero sat; the news in hand,
Which though he read, he could not understand:
Cold was the day: in days so cold as these
There needs a fire, where minds and bodies freeze.
The vast and echoing room, the polish'd grate,
The crimson chairs, the sideboard with its plate;
The splendid sofa, which, though made for rest,
He then had thought it freedom to have press'd;
The shining tables, curiously inlaid,
Were all in comfortless proud style display'd,
And to the troubled feelings terror gave,
That made the once dear friend, the sickening slave.
"Was he forgotten?" Thrice upon his ear
Struck the loud clock, yet no relief was near.
Each rattling carriage, and each thundering stroke
On the loud door, the dream of fancy broke:
Oft as a servant chanced the way to come,
"Brings he a message?" no! he pass'd the room:
At length 'tis certain: "Sir, you will attend
At twelve on Thursday!" Thus the day had end.
Vex'd by these tedious hours of needless pain,
John left the noble mansion with disdain;
For there was something in that still, cold place,
That seem'd to threaten and portend disgrace.
Punctual again the modest rap declared
The youth attended, then was all prepared;
For the same servant, by his lord's command,
A paper offer'd to his trembling hand:
"No more!" he cried; "disdains he to afford
One kind expression, one consoling word?"
With troubled spirit he began to read
That "In the church my lord could not succeed;"
Who had "to peers of either kind applied,
And was with dignity and grace denied:
While his own livings were by men possess'd,
Not likely in their chancels yet to rest.
And therefore, all things weigh'd, (as he, my lord,
Had done maturely, and he pledged his word,)
Wisdom it seem'd for John to turn his view
To busier scenes, and bid the church adieu!"
Here grieved the youth; he felt his father's pride
Must with his own be shock'd and mortified:
But when he found his future comforts placed
Where he, alas! conceived himself disgraced
In some appointment on the London quays,
He bade farewell to honour and to ease;

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His spirit fell, and from that hour assured
How vain his dreams, he suffer'd and was cured.
Our poet hurried on, with wish to fly
From all mankind, to be conceal'd, and die.
Alas! what hopes, what high romantic views
Did that one visit to the soul infuse,
Which, cherish'd with such love, 'twas worse than death to lose!
Still he would strive, though painful was the strife,
To walk in this appointed road of life;
On these low duties duteous he would wait,
And patient bear the anguish of his fate.
Thanks to the patron, but of coldest kind,
Express'd the sadness of the poet's mind;
Whose heavy hours were pass'd with busy men
In the dull practice of th' official pen;
Who to superiors must in time impart
(The custom this) his progress in their art:
But so had grief on his perception wrought,
That all unheeded were the duties taught;
No answers gave he when his trial came,
Silent he stood, but suffering without shame;
And they observed that words severe or kind
Made no impression on his wounded mind;
For all perceived from whence his failure rose,
Some grief whose cause he deign'd not to disclose.
A soul averse from scenes and works so new,
Fear ever shrinking from the vulgar crew;
Distaste for each mechanic law and rule,
Thoughts of past honour and a patron cool;
A grieving parent, and a feeling mind,
Timid and ardent, tender and refined:
These all with mighty force the youth assail'd,
Till his soul fainted, and his reason fail'd:
When this was known, and some debate arose
How they who saw it should the fact disclose,
He found their purpose, and in terror fled
From unseen kindness, with mistaken dread.
Meantime the parent was distress'd to find
His son no longer for a priest design'd;
But still he gain'd some comfort by the news
Of John's promotion, though with humbler views:
For he conceived that in no distant time
The boy would learn to scramble, and to climb:
He little thought a son, his hope and pride,
His favour'd boy was now a home denied:
Yes! while the parent was intent to trace
How men in office climb from place to place,
By day, by night, o'er moor, and heath, and hill,
Roved the sad youth, with ever-changing will,
Of every aid bereft, exposed to every ill.
Thus as he sat, absorb'd in all the care
And all the hope that anxious fathers share,
A friend abruptly to his presence brought,
With trembling hand, the subject of his thought;
Whom he had found afflicted and subdued
By hunger, sorrow, cold, and solitude.
Silent he entered the forgotten room,
As ghostly forms may be conceived to come;
With sorrow-shrunken face and hair upright,
He look'd dismay, neglect, despair, affright;
But dead to comfort, and on misery thrown,
His parent's loss he felt not, nor his own.
The good man, struck with horror, cried aloud,
And drew around him an astonish'd crowd;
The sons and servants to the father ran,
To share the feelings of the grieved old man.
"Our brother, speak!" they all exclaim'd; "explain
Thy grief, thy suffering:"—but they ask'd in vain
The friend told all he knew; and all was known,
Save the sad causes whence the ills had grown:*
But, if obscure the cause, they all agreed
From rest and kindness must the cure proceed:
And he was cured; for quiet, love, and care
Strove with the gloom, and broke on the despair,
Yet slow their progress, and, as vapours move
Dense and reluctant from the wintry grove,
All is confusion till the morning light
Gives the dim scene obscurely to the sight;
More and yet more refined the trunks appear,
Till the wild prospect stands distinct and clear;
So the dark mind of our young poet grew
Clear and sedate; the dreadful mist withdrew:
And he resembled that bleak wintry scene,
Sad, though unclouded; dismal, though serene.
At times he utter'd, "What a dream was mine!
And what a prospect! glorious and divine!
O! in that room, and on that night, to see
These looks, that sweetness beaming all on me;
That syren flattery—and to send me then,
Hope-raised and soften'd, to those heartless men;
That dark brow'd stern director pleased to show
Knowledge of subjects, I disdain'd to know;
Cold and controlling—but 'tis gone, 'tis past;
I had my trial, and have peace at last."
Now grew the youth resign'd; he bade adieu
To all that hope, to all that fancy drew;
His frame was languid, and the hectic heat
Flush'd on his pallid face, and countless beat
The quickening pulse, and faint the limbs that bore
The slender form that soon would breathe no more.
Then hope of holy kind the soul sustain'd,
And not a lingering thought of earth remain'd;
Now Heaven had all, and he could smile at love,
And the wild sallies of his youth reprove;
Then could he dwell upon the tempting days,
The proud aspiring thought, the partial praise;
Victorious now, his worldly views were closed,
And on the bed of death the youth reposed.
The father grieved—but as the poet's heart
Was all unfitted for his earthly part;
As, he conceived, some other haughty fair
Would, had he lived, have led him to despair;
As, with this fear, the silent grave shut out
All feverish hope, and all tormenting doubt;
While the strong faith the pious youth possess'd,
His hope enlivening, gave his sorrows rest;
Soothed by these thoughts, he felt a mournful joy
For his aspiring and devoted boy.
Meantime the news through various channels spread,
The youth, once favour'd with such praise, was dead:
"Emma," the lady cried, "my words attend,
Your syren smiles have kill'd your humble friend.
The hope you raised can now delude no more,
Nor charms, that once inspired, can now restore."
Faint was the flush of anger and of shame
That o'er the cheek of conscious beauty came:
"You censure not," said she, "the sun's bright rays,
When fools imprudent dare the dangerous gaze;
And should a stripling look till he were blind,
You would not justly call the light unkind

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But is he dead? and am I to suppose
The power of poison in such looks as those?'
She spoke, and, pointing to the mirror, cast
A pleased gay glance, and court'sied as she pass'd
My lord, to whom the poet's fate was told,
Was much affected, for a man so cold:
'Dead!" said his lordship, "run distracted, mad!
Upon my soul I'm sorry for the lad;
And now, no doubt, th' obliging world will say
That my harsh usage help'd him on his way:
What! I suppose, I should have nursed his muse,
And with champagne have brighten'd up his views;
Then had he made me famed my whole life long,
And stunn'd my ears with gratitude and song.
Still should the father hear that I regret
Our joint misfortune—yes! I'll not forget."—
Thus they:—The father to his grave convey'd
The son he loved, and his last duties paid.
"There lies my boy," he cried, "of care bereft
And Heaven be praised, I've not a genius left:
No one among ye, sons! is doom'd to live
On high-raised hopes of what the great may give;
None, with exalted views and fortunes mean,
To die in anguish, or to live in spleen:
Your pious brother soon escaped the strife
Of such contention, but it cost his life,
You then, my sons, upon yourselves depend,
And in your own exertions find the friend."

TALE VI.

THE FRANK COURTSHIP.

Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make a courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you;" but for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it pleases me."
Much Ado about Nothing, act ii. sc. 1.

He cannot flatter, he!
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth.
King Lear, act ii. sc. 2.

God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, you nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.
Hamlet, act iii. sc. 1.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Am I contemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Much Ado about Nothing, act ii. sc. 1.

Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,
Was six feet high, and look'd six inches higher;
Erect, morose, determined, solemn, slow,
Who knew the man, could never cease to know;
His faithful spouse, when Jonas was not by,
Had a firm presence and a steady eye;
But with her husband dropp'd her look and tone,
And Jonas ruled unquestion'd and alone.
He read, and oft would quote the sacred words,
How pious husbands of their wives were lords;
Sarah called Abraham lord! and who could be,
So Jonas thought, a greater man than he?
Himself he view'd with undisguised respect,
And never pardon'd freedom or neglect.
They had one daughter, and this favourite child
Had oft the father of his spleen beguiled;
Soothed by attention from her early years,
She gain'd all wishes by her smiles or tears:
But Sybil then was in that playful time,
When contradiction is not held a crime;
When parents yield their children idle praise.
For faults corrected in their after days.
Peace in the sober house of Jonas dwelt,
Where each his duty and his station felt:
Yet not that peace some favour'd mortals find,
In equal views and harmony of mind;
Not the soft peace that blesses those who love,
Where all with one consent in union move;
But it was that which one superior will
Commands, by making all inferiors still;
Who bids all murmurs, all objections cease,
And with imperious voice announces—Peace!
They were, to wit, a remnant of that crew,
Who, as their foes maintain, their sovereign slew,
An independent race, precise, correct,
Who ever married in the kindred sect:
No son or daughter of their order wed
A friend to England's king who lost his head;
Cromwell was still their saint, and when they met,
They mourn'd that saints* were not our rulers yet.
Fix'd were their habits: they arose betimes,
Then pray'd their hour, and sang their party rhymes:
Their meals were plenteous, regular, and plain;
The trade of Jonas brought him constant gain;
Vender of hops and malt, of coals and corn—
And, like his father, he was merchant born:
Neat was their house; each table, chair and stool
Stood in its place, or moving moved by rule;
No lively print or picture graced the room;
A plain brown paper lent its decent gloom;
But here the eye, in glancing round, survey'd
A small recess that seem'd for china made;
Such pleasing pictures seem'd this pencill'd ware,
That few would search for nobler objects there—
Yet turn'd by chosen friends, and there appear'd
His stern, strong features, whom they all revered
For there in lofty air was seen to stand
The bold protector of the conquer'd land;
Drawn in that look with which he wept and swore,
Turn'd out the members, and made fast the door,
Ridding the house of every knave and drone,
Forced, though it grieved his soul, to rule alone.
The stern still smile each friend approving gave,
Then turn'd the view, and all again were grave.
There stood a clock, though small the owner's need,
For habit told when all things should proceed;
Few their amusements, but when friends appear'd
They with the world's distress their spirits cheer'd
The nation's guilt, that would not long endure
The reign of men so modest and so pure:
Their town was large, and seldom pass'd a day
But some had fail'd, and others gone astray;
Clerks had absconded, wives eloped, girls flown
To Gretna Green, or sons rebellious grown;
Quarrels and fires arose;—and it was plain
The times were bad; the saints had ceased to reign!
A few yet lived to languish and to mourn
For good old manners never to return.

* This appellation is here used not ironically, nor with malignity; but it is taken merely to designate a morosely devout people, with peculiar austerity of manners.

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Jonas had sisters, and of these was one
Who lost a husband and an only son;
Twelve months her sables she in sorrow wore,
And mourn'd so long, that she could mourn no more.
Distant from Jonas, and from all her race,
She now resided in a lively place;
There, by the sect unseen, at whist she play'd,
Nor was of churchmen or their church afraid:
If much of this the graver brother heard,
He something censured, but he little fear'd;
He knew her rich and frugal; for the rest
He felt no care, or, if he felt, suppress'd;
Nor for companion when she ask'd her niece,
Had he suspicions that disturb'd his peace;
Frugal and rich, these virtues as a charm
Preserved the thoughtful man from all alarm;
An infant yet, she soon would home return,
Nor stay the manners of the world to learn;
Meantime his boys would all his care engross,
And be his comforts if he felt the loss.
The sprightly Sybil, pleased and unconfined,
Felt the pure pleasure of the opening mind:
All here was gay and cheerful; all at home
Unvaried quiet, and unruffled gloom:
There were no changes, and amusements few;
Here all was varied, wonderful, and new:
There were plain meals, plain dresses, and grave looks;
Here, gay companions and amusing books:
And the young beauty soon began to taste
The light vocations of the scene she graced.
A man of business feels it as a crime
On calls domestic to consume his time;
Yet this grave man had not so cold a heart,
But with his daughter he was grieved to part:
And he demanded that in every year
The aunt and niece should at his house appear.
"Yes! we must go, my child, and by our dress
A grave conformity of mind express;
Must sing at meeting, and from cards refrain,
The more t' enjoy when we return again."
Thus spake the aunt, and the discerning child
Was pleased to learn how fathers are beguiled.
Her artful part the young dissembler took,
And from the matron caught th' approving look:
When thrice the friends had met, excuse was sent
For more delay, and Jonas was content;
Till a tall maiden by her sire was seen,
In all the bloom and beauty of sixteen;
He gazed admiring;—she, with visage prim,
Glanced an arch look of gravity on him;
For she was gay at heart, but wore disguise,
And stood a vestal in her father's eyes:
Pure, pensive, simple, sad; the damsel's heart,
When Jonas praised, reproved her for the part;
For Sybil, fond of pleasure, gay and light,
Had still a secret bias to the right;
Vain as she was—and flattery made her vain—
Her simulation gave her bosom pain.
Again return'd, the matron and the niece
Found the late quiet gave their joy increase;
The aunt, infirm, no more her visits paid,
But still with her sojourn'd the favourite maid.
Letters were sent when franks could be procured,
And when they could not, silence was endured;
All were in health, and if they older grew,
It seem'd a fact that none among them knew:
The aunt and niece still led a pleasant life,
And quiet days had Jonas and his wife.
Near him a widow dwelt of worthy fame,
Like his her manners, and her creed the same:
The wealth her husband left, her care retain'd
For one tall youth, and widow she remain'd;
His love respectful all her care repaid,
Her wishes watch'd, and her commands obey'd
Sober he was and grave from early youth,
Mindful of forms, but more intent on truth;
In a light drab he uniformly dress'd,
And look serene th' unruffled mind express'd,
A hat with ample verge his brows o'erspread,
And his brown locks curl'd graceful on his head;
Yet might observers in his speaking eye
Some observation, some acuteness spy;
The friendly thought it keen, the treacherous deem'd it sly;
Yet not a crime could foe or friend detect,
His actions all were, like his speech, correct;
And they who jested on a mind so sound,
Upon his virtues must their laughter found;
Chaste, sober, solemn, and devout they named
Him who was thus, and not of *this* ashamed.
Such were the virtues Jonas found in one
In whom he warmly wish'd to find a son:
Three years had pass'd since he had Sybil seen;
But she was doubtless what she once had been,
Lovely and mild, obedient and discreet;
The pair must love whenever they should meet
Then ere the widow or her son should choose
Some happier maid, he would explain his views.
Now she, like him, was politic and shrewd,
With strong desire of lawful gain imbued
To all he said she bow'd with much respect,
Pleased to comply, yet seeming to reject;
Cool and yet eager, each admired the strength
Of the opponent, and agreed at length:
As a drawn battle shows to each a force,
Powerful as his, he honours it of course;
So in these neighbours, each the power discern'd
And gave the praise that was to each return'd.
Jonas now ask'd his daughter; and the aunt,
Though loath to lose her, was obliged to grant:—
But would not Sybil to the matron cling,
And fear to leave the shelter of her wing?
No! in the young there lives a love of change,
And to the easy they prefer the strange!
Then too the joys she once pursued with zeal,
From whist and visits sprung, she ceased to feel,
When with the matrons Sybil first sat down,
To cut for partners and to stake her crown,
This to the youthful maid preferment seem'd,
Who thought what woman she was then esteem'd
But in few years, when she perceived, indeed,
The real woman to the girl succeed,
No longer tricks and honours fill'd her mind,
But other feelings, not so well defined;
She then reluctant grew, and thought it hard
To sit and ponder o'er an ugly card;
Rather the nut tree shade the nymph preferr'd,
Pleased with the pensive gloom and evening bird
Thither, from company retired, she took
The silent walk, or read the favourite book
The father's letter, sudden, short, and kind,
Awaked her wonder, and disturb'd her mind;
She found new dreams upon her fancy seize
Wild roving thoughts and endless reveries

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The parting came; and when the aunt perceived
The tears of Sybil, and how much she grieved,
To love for her that tender grief she laid,
That various, soft, contending passions made.
When Sybil rested in her father's arms
His pride exulted in a daughter's charms;
A maid accomplish'd he was pleased to find,
Nor seem'd the form more lovely than the mind:
But when the fit of pride and fondness fled,
He saw his judgment by his hopes misled;
High were the lady's spirits, far more free
Her mode of speaking than a maid's should be;
Too much, as Jonas thought, she seem'd to know,
And all her knowledge was disposed to show;
"Too gay her dress, like theirs who idly dote
On a young coxcomb, or a coxcomb's coat;
In foolish spirits when our friends appear,
And vainly grave when not a man is near."
Thus Jonas, adding to his sorrow blame,
And terms disdainful to his sister's name:—
"The sinful wretch has by her arts defiled
The ductile spirit of my darling child."
"The maid is virtuous," said the dame.—Quoth he,
"Let her give proof, by acting virtuously:
Is it in gaping when the elders pray?
In reading nonsense half a summer's day?
In those mock forms that she delights to trace,
Or her loud laughs in Hezekiah's face?
She—O Susannah!—to the world belongs;
She loves the follies of its idle throngs,
And reads soft tales of love, and sings love's soft-enlivening songs.
But, as our friend is yet delay'd in town,
We must prepare her till the youth comes down.
You shall advise the maiden; I will threat;
Her fears and hopes may yield us comfort yet."
Now the grave father took the lass aside,
Demanding sternly, "Wilt thou be a bride?"
She answer'd, calling up an air sedate,
"I have not vow'd against the holy state."
"No folly, Sybil," said the parent; "know
What to their parents virtuous maidens owe
A worthy, wealthy youth, whom I approve,
Must thou prepare to honour and to love.
Formal to thee his air and dress may seem,
But the good youth is worthy of esteem;
Shouldst thou with rudeness treat him; of disdain
Should he with justice or of slight complain,
Or of one taunting speech give certain proof
Girl! I reject thee from my sober roof."
"My aunt," said Sybil, "will with pride protect
One whom a father can for this reject;
Nor shall a formal, rigid, soulless boy
My manners alter, or my views destroy!"
Jonas then lifted up his hands on high,
And uttering something 'twixt a groan and sigh,
Left the determined maid, her doubtful mother by.
"Hear me," she said; "incline thy heart, my child,
And fix thy fancy on a man so mild:
Thy father, Sybil, never could be moved
By one who loved him, or by one he loved
Union like ours is but a bargain made
By slave and tyrant—he will be obey'd;
Then calls the quiet, comfort;—but thy youth
Is mild by nature, and as frank as truth."
"But will he love?" said Sybil; "I am told
That these mild creatures are by nature cold."
"Alas!" the matron answer'd, "much I dread
That dangerous love by which the young are led!
That love is earthy; you the creature prize,
And trust your feelings and believe your eyes:
Can eyes and feelings inward worth descry?
No! my fair daughter, on our choice rely!
Your love, like that display'd upon the stage,
Indulged is folly, and opposed is rage;—
More prudent love our sober couples show,
All that to mortal beings, mortals owe;—
All flesh is grass—before you give a heart,
Remember, Sybil, that in death you part;
And should your husband die before your love,
What needless anguish must a widow prove!
No! my fair child, let all such visions cease;
Yield but esteem, and only try for peace."
"I must be loved," said Sybil; "I must see
The man in terrors who aspires to me;
At my forbidding frown, his heart must ache,
His tongue must falter, and his frame must shake:
And if I grant him at my feet to kneel,
What trembling, fearful pleasure must he feel!
Nay! such the raptures that my smiles inspire,
That reason's self must for a time retire."
"Alas! for good Josiah," said the dame,
"These wicked thoughts would fill his soul with shame;
He kneel and tremble at a thing of dust!
He cannot, child."—The child replied, "He must."
They ceased: the matron left her with a frown;
So Jonas met her when the youth came down:
"Behold," said he, "thy future spouse attends;
Receive him, daughter, as the best of friends;
Observe, respect him; humble be each word
That welcomes home thy husband and thy lord."
Forewarn'd, thought Sybil, with a bitter smile,
I shall prepare my manner and my style.
Ere yet Josiah enter'd on his task,
The father met him; "Deign to wear a mask
A few dull days, Josiah—but a few—
It is our duty, and the sex's due;
I wore it once, and every grateful wife
Repays it with obedience through her life:
Have no regard to Sybil's dress, have none
To her pert language, to her flippant tone:
Henceforward thou shalt rule unquestion'd and alone;
And she thy pleasure in thy looks shall seek—
How she shall dress, and whether she may speak."
A sober smile return'd the youth, and said,
"Can I cause fear, who am myself afraid?"
Sybil, meantime, sat thoughtful in her room,
And often wonder'd—"Will the creature come?
Nothing shall tempt, shall force me to bestow
My hand upon him, yet I wish to know."
The door unclosed, and she beheld her sire
Lead in the youth, then hasten to retire;
"Daughter, my friend: my daughter, friend,"—he cried,
And gave a meaning look, and stepp'd aside,
That look contain'd a mingled threat and prayer,
"Do take him, child,—offend him, if you dare."
The couple gazed—were silent, and the maid
Look'd in his face, to make the man afraid;
The man, unmoved, upon the maiden cast
A steady view—so salutation pass'd:
But in this instant Sybil's eye had seen
The tall fair person, and the still staid mien;

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The glow that temperance o'er the cheek had spread,
Where the soft down half veil'd the purest red;
And the serene deportment that proclaim'd
A heart unspotted, and a life unblamed:
But then with these she saw attire too plain,
The pale brown coat, though worn without a stain;
The formal air, and something of the pride
That indicates the wealth it seems to hide;
And looks that were not, she conceived, exempt
From a proud pity, or a sly contempt.
Josiah's eyes had their employment too,
Engaged and soften'd by so bright a view;
A fair and meaning face, an eye of fire,
That check'd the bold, and made the free retire:
But then with these he mark'd the studied dress
And lofty air, that scorn or pride express;
With that insidious look, that seem'd to hide
In an affected smile the scorn and pride;
And if his mind the virgin's meaning caught,
He saw a foe with treacherous purpose fraught—
Captive the heart to take, and to reject it caught.
Silent they sat:—thought Sybil, that he seeks
Something, no doubt; I wonder if he speaks:
Scarcely she wonder'd, when these accents fell
Slow in her ear—"Fair maiden, art thou well?"
"Art thou physician?" she replied; "my hand,
My pulse, at least, shall be at thy command."
She said—and saw, surprised, Josiah kneel,
And gave his lips the offer'd pulse to feel;
The rosy colour rising in her cheek,
Seem'd that surprise unmix'd with wrath to speak;
Then sternness she assumed, and—"Doctor, tell,
Thy words cannot alarm me—am I well?"
"Thou art," said he; "and yet thy dress so light,
I do conceive, some danger must excite:"
"In whom?" said Sybil, with a look demure:
"In more," said he, "than I expect to cure.
I, in thy light luxuriant robe, behold
Want and excess, abounding and yet cold;
Here needed, there display'd, in many a wanton fold:
Both health and beauty, learned authors show,
From a just medium in our clothing flow."
"Proceed, good doctor; if so great my need,
What is thy fee? Good doctor! pray proceed."
"Large is my fee, fair lady, but I take
None till some progress in my cure I make:
Thou hast disease, fair maiden; thou art vain;
Within that face sit insult and disdain;
Thou art enamour'd of thyself; my art
Can see the naughty malice of thy heart:
With a strong pleasure would thy bosom move,
Were I to own thy power, and ask thy love;
And such thy beauty, damsel, that I might,
But for thy pride, feel danger in thy sight,
And lose my present peace in dreams of vain delight."
"And can thy patients,' said the nymph, "endure
Physic like this? and will it work a cure?"
'Such is my hope, fair damsel; thou, I find,
Hast the true tokens of a noble mind;
But the world wins thee, Sybil, and thy joys
Are placed in trifles, fashions, follies, toys;
Thou hast sought pleasure in the world around,
That in thine own pure bosom should be found:
Did all that world admire thee, praise, and love,
Could it the least of nature's pains remove?
Could it for errors, follies, sins atone,
Or give thee comfort, thoughtful and alone?
It has, believe me, maid, no power to charm
Thy soul from sorrow, or thy flesh from harm:
Turn then, fair creature, from a world of sin,
And seek the jewel happiness within."
"Speak'st thou at meeting?" said the nymph "thy speech
Is that of mortal very prone to teach;
But wouldst thou, doctor, from the patient learn
Thine own disease?—The cure is thy concern"
"Yea, with good will."—"Then know, 'tis thy complaint,
That, for a sinner, thou'rt too much a saint;
Hast too much show of the sedate and pure,
And without cause art formal and demure:
This makes a man unsocial, unpolite;
Odious when wrong, and insolent if right.
Thou mayst be good, but why should goodness be
Wrapt in a garb of such formality?
Thy person well might please a damsel's eye,
In decent habit with a scarlet dye;
But, jest apart—what virtue canst thou trace
In that broad brim that hides thy sober face?
Does that long-skirted drab, that over-nice
And formal clothing, prove a scorn of vice?
Then for thine accent—what in sound can be
So void of grace as dull monotony?
Love has a thousand varied notes to move
The human heart;—thou mayst not speak of love
Till thou hast cast thy formal ways aside,
And those becoming youth and nature tried:
Not till exterior freedom, spirit, ease,
Prove it thy study and delight to please;
Not till these follies meet thy just disdain,
While yet thy virtues and thy worth remain."
"This is severe!—O! maiden, wilt not thou
Something for habits, manners, modes, allow?"—
"Yes! but allowing much, I much require,
In my behalf, for manners, modes, attire!"
"True, lovely Sybil; and, this point agreed,
Let me to those of greater weight proceed:
Thy father!"—"Nay," she quickly interposed,
"Good doctor, here our conference is closed!"
Then left the youth, who, lost in his retreat,
Pass'd the good matron on her garden-seat;
His looks were troubled, and his air, once mild
And calm, was hurried:—"My audacious child!"
Exclaim'd the dame, "I read what she has done
In thy displeasure—Ah! the thoughtless one!
But yet, Josiah, to my stern good man
Speak of the maid as mildly as you can:
Can you not seem to woo a little while
The daughter's will, the father to beguile!
So that his wrath in time may wear away;
Will you preserve our peace, Josiah? say."
"Yes! my good neighbour," said the gentle youth,
"Rely securely on my care and truth;
And should thy comfort with my efforts cease,
And only then—perpetual is thy peace."
The dame had doubts: she well his virtues knew,
His deeds were friendly, and his words were true
"But to address this vixen is a task
He is ashamed to take, and I to ask."
Soon as the father from Josiah learn'd
What pass'd with Sybil, he the truth discern'd.

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'He loves," the man exclaim'd, "he loves, 'tis plain,
The thoughtless girl, and shall he love in vain?
She may be stubborn, but she shall be tried,
Born as she is of wilfulness and pride."
With anger fraught, but willing to persuade,
The wrathful father met the smiling maid
"Sybil," said he, "I long, and yet I dread
To know thy conduct; hath Josiah fled?
And, grieved and fretted by thy scornful air
For his lost peace betaken him to prayer?
Couldst thou his pure and modest mind distress,
By vile remarks upon his speech, address,
Attire, and voice?"—"All this I must confess."—
"Unhappy child! what labour will it cost
To win him back!"—"I do not think him lost."—
"Courts he then, trifler! insult and disdain?"—
"No: but from these he courts me to refrain."
"Then hear me, Sybil; should Josiah leave
Thy father's house?"—"My father's child would grieve."—
"That is of grace, and if he come again
To speak of love?"—"I might from grief refrain."—
"Then wilt thou, daughter, our design embrace?"—
"Can I resist it, if it be of grace?"
"Dear child! in three plain words thy mind express;
Wilt thou have this good youth?"—"Dear father! yes."

TALE VII.

THE WIDOW'S TALE.

Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Or ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But either it was different in blood,
Or else misgrafted in respect of years,
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act i. sc. 1.

O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily,
If thou rememberest not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into.
As You Like It, act ii. sc. 4.

Cry the man mercy; love him, take his offer.
Ibid. act iii. sc. 5.

To farmer Moss, in Langar Vale, came down
His only daughter, from her school in town;
A tender, timid maid who knew not how
To pass a pig-sty, or to face a cow:
Smiling she came, with petty talents graced,
A fair complexion, and a slender waist.
Used to spare meals, disposed in manner pure,
Her father's kitchen she could ill endure;
Where by the steaming beef he hungry sat,
And laid at once a pound upon his plate:
Hot from the field, her eager brother seized
An equal part, and hunger's rage appeased;
The air, surcharged with moisture, flagg'd around
And the offended damsel sigh'd and frown'd;
The swelling fat in lumps conglomerate laid,
And fancy's sickness seized the loathing maid:
But when the men beside their station took,
The maidens with them, and with these the cook
When one huge wooden bowl before them stood,
Fill'd with huge balls, of farinaceous food;
With bacon, mass saline, where never lean
Beneath the brown and bristly rind was seen
When from a single horn the party drew
Their copious draughts of heavy ale and new;
When the course cloth she saw, with many a stain
Soil'd by rude hinds who cut and came again,
She could not breathe; but, with a heavy sigh,
Rein'd the fair neck, and shut th' offended eye;
She minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
And wonder'd much to see the creatures dine:
When she resolved her father's heart to move,
If hearts of farmers were alive to love.
She now entreated by herself to sit
In the small parlour, if papa thought fit,
And there to dine, to read, to work alone.
"No!" said the farmer, in an angry tone;
"These are your school-taught airs; your mother's pride
Would send you there, but I am now your guide.
Arise betimes, our early meal prepare,
And this despatch'd, let business be your care;
Look to the lasses, let there not be one
Who lacks attention, till her tasks be done;
In every household work your portion take,
And what you make not, see that others make:
At leisure times attend the wheel, and see
The whitening web he sprinkled on the Lea;
When thus employ'd, should our young neighbour view
A useful lass, you may have more to do."
Dreadful were these commands; but worse than these
The parting hint, a farmer could not please:
'Tis true she had without abhorrence seen
Young Harry Carr, when he was smart and clean;
But to be married, be a farmer's wife,
A slave! a drudge! she could not, for her life.
With swimming eyes the fretful nymph withdrew,
And, deeply sighing, to her chamber flew;
There on her knees, to Heaven she grieving pray'd
For change of prospect to a tortured maid
Harry, a youth whose late departed sire
Had left him all industrious men require,
Saw the pale beauty; and her shape and air
Engaged him much, and yet he must forbear:
"For my small farm what can the damsel do?"
He said; then stopp'd to take another view:
"Pity so sweet a lass will nothing learn
Of household cares; for what can beauty earn
By those small arts which they at school attain,
That keep them useless, and yet make them vain?"
This luckless damsel look'd the village round,
To find a friend, and one was quickly found;
A pensive widow, whose mild air and dress
Pleased the sad nymph, who wish'd her soul's distress
To one so seeming kind, confiding, to confess.
"What lady that?" the anxious lass inquired,
Who then beheld the one she most admired:
"Here," said the brother, "are no ladies seen—
That is a widow dwelling on the green;
A dainty dame, who can but barely live
On her poor pittance, yet contrives to give;

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She happier days has known, but seems at ease,
And you may call her lady, if you please:
But if you wish, good sister, to improve,
You shall see twenty better worth your love."
These Nancy met; but, spite of all they taught,
This useless widow was the one she sought:
The father growl'd; but said he knew no harm
In such connexion that could give alarm:
"And if we thwart the trifler in her course,
'Tis odds against us she will take a worse."
Then met the friends; the widow heard the sigh
That ask'd at once compassion and reply.
"Would you, my child, converse with one so poor,
Yours were the kindness—yonder is my door;
And, save the time that we in public pray,
From that poor cottage I but rarely stray."
There went the nymph, and made her strong complaints,
Painting her wo as injured feeling paints.
"O, dearest friend! do think how one must feel,
Shock'd all day long, and sicken'd every meal!
Could you behold our kitchen, (and to you
A scene so shocking must indeed be new,)
A mind like yours, with true refinement graced,
Would let no vulgar scenes pollute your taste;
And yet, in truth, from such a polish'd mind
All base ideas must resistance find,
And sordid pictures from the fancy pass,
As the breath startles from the polish'd glass.
"Here you enjoy a sweet romantic scene,
Without so pleasant, and within so clean;
These twining jess'mines, what delicious gloom
And soothing fragrance yield they to the room!
What lovely garden! there you oft retire,
And tales of wo and tenderness admire:
In that neat case, your books, in order placed,
Soothe the full soul, and charm the cultured taste;
And thus, while all about you wears a charm,
How must you scorn the farmer and the farm!"
The widow smiled, and "Know you not," said she,
"How much these farmers scorn or pity me;
Who see what you admire, and laugh at all they see?
True, their opinion alters not my fate,
By falsely judging of an humble state:
This garden, you with such delight behold,
Tempts not a feeble dame who dreads the cold;
These plants, which please so well your livelier sense,
To mine but little of their sweets dispense;
Books soon are painful to my failing sight,
And oftener read from duty than delight;
(Yet let me own, that I can sometimes find
Both joy and duty in the act combined;)
But view me rightly, you will see no more
Than a poor female, willing to be poor;
Happy indeed, but not in books nor flowers,
Not in fair dreams, indulged in earlier hours,
Of never-tasted joys; such visions shun,
My youthful friend, nor scorn the farmer's son."
"Nay," said the damsel, nothing pleased to see
A friend's advice could like a father's be;
'Bless'd in your cottage, you must surely smile
At those who live in our detested style:
To my Lucinda's sympathizing heart
Could I my prospects and my griefs impart,
She would console me; but I dare not show
Ills that would wound her tender soul to know:
And I confess, it shocks my pride to tell
The secrets of the prison where I dwell;
For that dear maiden would be shock'd to feel
The secrets I should shudder to reveal;
When told her friend was by a parent ask'd,
Fed you the swine? Good heaven! how I am task'd
What! can you smile! Ah! smile not at the grief
That woos your pity and demands relief."
"Trifles, my love; you take a false alarm;
Think, I beseech you, better of the farm:
Duties in every state demand your care,
And light are those that will require it there:
Fix on the youth a favouring eye, and these,
To him pertaining, or as his, will please."
"What words," the lass replied, "offend my ear
Try you my patience? Can you be sincere?
And am I told a willing hand to give
To a rude farmer, and with rustic live?
Far other fate was yours: some gentle youth
Admired your beauty, and avow'd his truth;
The power of love prevail'd, and freely both
Gave the fond heart, and pledged the binding oath
And then the rival's plot, the parent's power,
And jealous fears, drew on the happy hour:
Ah! let not memory lose the blissful view,
But fairly show what love has done for you."
"Agreed, my daughter, what my heart has known
Of love's strange power shall be with frankness shown:
But let me warn you, that experience finds
Few of the scenes that lively hope designs."
"Mysterious all," said Nancy; "you, I know,
Have suffer'd much; now deign the grief to show
I am your friend, and so prepare my heart
In all your sorrows to receive a part."
The widow answer'd, "I had once, like you,
Such thoughts of love; no dream is more untrue:
You judge it fated and decreed to dwell
In youthful hearts, which nothing can expel,
A passion doom'd to reign, and irresistible.
The struggling mind, when once subdued, in vain
Rejects the fury or defies the pain;
The strongest reason fails the flame t' allay,
And resolution droops and faints away:
Hence, when the destined lovers meet, they prove
At once the force of this all-powerful love:
Each from that period feels the mutual smart,
Nor seeks to cure it: heart is changed for heart;
Nor is there peace till they delighted stand,
And, at the altar, hand is joined to hand.
"Alas! my child, there are who, dreaming so,
Waste their fresh youth, and waking feel the wo;
There is no spirit sent the heart to move
With such prevailing and alarming love;
Passion to reason will submit; or why
Should wealthy maids the poorest swains deny?
Or how could classes and degrees create
The slightest bar to such resistless fate?
Yet high and low, you see, forbear to mix;
No beggars' eyes the heart of kings transfix;
And who but amorous peers or nobles sigh
When titled beauties pass triumphant by?
For reason wakes, proud wishes to reprove;
You cannot hope, and therefore dare not love:
All would be safe, did we at first inquire,
'Does reason sanction what our hearts desire?'
But quitting precept, let example show
What joys from love uncheck'd by prudence flow

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"A youth my father in his office placed,
Of humble fortune, but with sense and taste;
But he was thin and pale, had downcast looks;
He studied much, and pored upon his books:
Confused he was when seen, and, when he saw
Me or my sisters, would in haste withdraw;
And had this youth departed with the year,
His loss had cost us neither sigh nor tear.
"But with my father still the youth remain'd
And more reward and kinder notice gain'd:
He often, reading, to the garden stray'd,
Where I by books or musing was delay'd;
This to discourse in summer evenings led,
Of these same evenings, or of what we read:
On such occasions we were much alone;
But, save the look, the manner, and the tone,
(These might have meaning,) all that we discuss'd
We could with pleasure to a parent trust.
"At length 'twas friendship; and my friend and I
Said we were happy, and began to sigh:
My sisters first, and then my father, found
That we were wandering o'er enchanted ground;
But he had troubles in his own affairs,
And would not bear addition to his cares:
With pity moved, yet angry, 'Child,' said he,
'Will you embrace contempt and beggary'
Can you endure to see each other cursed
By want, of every human wo the worst?
Warring for ever with distress, in dread
Either of begging or of wanting bread;
While poverty, with unrelenting force,
Will your own offspring from your love divorce:
They, through your folly, must be doom'd to pine,
And you deplore your passion, or resign;
For, if it die, what good will then remain?
And if it live, it doubles every pain.'"
"But you were true," exclaim'd the lass, "and fled
The tyrant's power who fill'd your soul with dread?"
"But," said the smiling friend, "he fill'd my mouth with bread:
And in what other place that bread to gain
We long consider'd, and we sought in vain
This was my twentieth year: at thirty-five
Our hope was fainter, yet our love alive;
So many years in anxious doubt had pass'd."
"Then," said the damsel, "you were bless'd at last?"
A smile again adorn'd the widow's face,
But soon a starting tear usurp'd its place.
"Slow pass'd the heavy years, and each had more
Pains and vexations than the years before
My father fail'd; his family was rent,
And to new states his grieving daughters sent;
Each to more thriving kindred found a way,
Guests without welcome—servants without pay;
Our parting hour was grievous; still I feel
The sad, sweet converse at our final meal;
Our father then reveal'd his former fears,
Cause of his sternness, and then join'd our tears;
Kindly he strove our feelings to repress,
But died, and left us heirs to his distress
The rich, as humble friends, my sisters chose,
I with a wealthy widow sought repose;
Who with a chilling frown her friend received
Bade me rejoice, and wonder'd that I grieved;
In vain my anxious lover tried his skill
To rise in life, he was dependent still;
We met in grief, nor can I paint the fears
Of these unhappy, troubled trying years:
Our dying hopes and stronger fears between,
We felt no season peaceful or serene;
Our fleeting joys, like meteors in the night,
Shone on our gloom with inauspicious light;
And then domestic sorrows, till the mind,
Worn with distresses, to despair inclined;
Add too the ill that from the passion flows,
When its contemptuous frown the world bestows,
The peevish spirit caused by long delay,
When being gloomy we contemn the gay,
When, being wretched, we incline to hate
And censure others in a happier state;
Yet loving still, and still compell'd to move
In the sad labyrinth of lingering love:
While you, exempt from want, despair, alarm,
May wed—O! take the farmer and the farm."
"Nay," said the nymph, "joy smiled on you at last?"
"Smiled for a moment," she replied, "and pass'd
My lover still the same dull means pursued,
Assistant call'd, but kept in servitude,
His spirits wearied in the prime of life,
By fears and wishes in eternal strife;
At length he urged impatient, 'Now consent;
With thee united, fortune may relent.'
I paused, consenting; but a friend arose,
Pleased a fair view, though distant, to disclose;
From the rough ocean we beheld a gleam
Of joy, as transient as the joys we dream;
By lying hopes deceived, my friend retired
And sail'd—was wounded—reach'd us—and expired!
You shall behold his grave, and when I die,
There—but 'tis folly—I request to lie."
"Thus," said the lass, "to joy you bade adieu
But how a widow?—that cannot be true:
Or was it force, in some unhappy hour,
That placed you, grieving, in a tyrant's power?"
"Force, my young friend, when forty years are fled,
Is what a woman seldom has to dread;
She needs no brazen locks nor guarding walls,
And seldom comes a lover though she calls:
Yet moved by fancy, one approved my face,
Though time and tears had wrought it much disgrace.
"The man I married was sedate and meek,
And spoke of love as men in earnest speak:
Poor as I was, he ceaseless sought, for years,
A heart in sorrow and a face in tears;
That heart I gave not; and 'twas long before
I gave attention, and then nothing more;
But in my breast some grateful feeling rose
For one whose love so sad a subject chose;
Till long delaying, fearing to repent,
But grateful still, I gave a cold assent.
"Thus we were wed; no fault had I to find,
And he but one; my heart could not be kind:
Alas! of every early hope bereft,
There was no fondness in my bosom left;
So had I told him, but had told in vain,
He lived but to indulge me and complain:
His was this cottage, he enclosed this ground,
And planted all these blooming shrubs around
He to my room these curious trifles brought,
And with assiduous love my pleasure sought:
He lived to please me, and I oftimes strove,
Smiling, to thank his unrequited love:

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'Teach me,' he cried, 'that pensive mind to ease,
For all my pleasure is the hope to please.'
"Serene, though heavy, were the days we spent,
Yet kind each word, and generous each intent;
But his dejection lessen'd every day,
And to a placid kindness died away;
In tranquil ease we pass'd our latter years,
By griefs untroubled, unassail'd by fears.
"Let not romantic views your bosom sway,
Yield to your duties, and their call obey:
Fly not a youth, frank, honest, and sincere;
Observe his merits, and his passion hear!
'Tis true, no hero, but a farmer sues—
Slow in his speech, but worthy in his views;
With him you cannot that affliction prove
That rends the bosom of the poor in love:
Health, comfort, competence, and cheerful days,
Your friends' approval, and your father's praise,
Will crown the deed, and you escape *their* fate
Who plan so wildly, and are wise too late."
The damsel heard; at first th' advice was strange,
Yet wrought a happy, nay, a speedy change:
'I have no care," she said, when next they met,
"But one may wonder he is silent yet:
He looks around him with his usual stare,
And utters nothing—not that I shall care."
This pettish humour pleased th' experienced friend—
None need despair whose silence can offend;
"Should I," resumed the thoughtful lass, "consent
To hear the man, the man may now repent:
Think you my sighs shall call him from the plough,
Or give one hint, that 'You may woo me now?'"
"Persist, my love," replied the friend, "and gain
A parent's praise, *that* cannot be in vain."
The father saw the change, but not the cause,
And gave the alter'd maid his fond applause:
The coarser manners she in part removed,
In part endured, improving and improved
She spoke of household works, she rose betimes,
And said neglect and indolence were crimes;
The various duties of their life she weigh'd,
And strict attention to her dairy paid;
The names of servants now familiar grew
And fair Lucindas from her mind withdrew:
As prudent travellers for their ease assume
Their modes and language to whose lands they come:
So to the farmer this fair lass inclined,
Gave to the business of the farm her mind;
To useful arts she turn'd her hand and eye;
And by her manners told him—"You may try."
Th' observing lover more attention paid,
With growing pleasure, to the alter'd maid;
He fear'd to lose her, and began to see
That a slim beauty might a helpmate be:
'Twixt hope and fear he now the lass address'd,
And in his Sunday robe his love express'd:
She felt no chilling dread, no thrilling joy,
Nor was too quickly kind, too slowly coy;
But still she lent an unreluctant ear
To all the rural business of the year;
Till love's strong hopes endured no more delay,
And Harry ask'd, and Nancy named the day.
"A happy change! my boy," the father cried:
"How lost your sister all her school-day pride?"
The youth replied, "It is the widow's deed:
The cure is perfect, and was wrought with speed."—
"And comes there, boy, this benefit of books,
Of that smart dress, and of those dainty looks?
We must be kind; some offerings from the farm
To the white cot will speak our feelings warm;
Will show that people, when they know the fact
Where they have judged severely, can retract.
Oft have I smiled, when I beheld her pass
With cautious step, as if she hurt the grass,
Where if a snail's retreat she chanced to storm,
She look'd as begging pardon of the worm;
And what, said I, still laughing at the view,
Have these weak creatures in the world to do?
But some are made for action, some to speak;
And, while she looks so pitiful and meek,
Her words are weighty, though her nerves are weak."
Soon told the village bells the rite was done,
That join'd the school-bred miss and farmer's son,
Her former habits some slight scandal raised,
But real worth was soon perceived and praised;
She, her neat taste imparted to the farm,
And he, th' improving skill and vigorous arm.

TALE VIII.

THE MOTHER.

What though you have beauty,
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
As You Like It, act iii. sc. 5.

I would not marry her, though she were endow'd with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd.
Ibid.

Wilt thou love such a woman? What! to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee!—Not to be endured
Ibid.

Your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation hence.
All's Well that Ends Well, act v. sc. 3.

Be this sweet Helen's knell:
He left a wife whose words all ears took captive,
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.
Ibid.

THERE was a worthy, but a simple pair,
Who nursed a daughter fairest of the fair:
Sons they had lost, and she alone remain'd,
Heir to the kindness they had all obtain'd;
Heir to the fortune they design'd for all,
Nor had th' allotted portion then been small;
But now, by fate enrich'd with beauty rare,
They watch'd their treasure with peculiar care
The fairest features they could early trace,
And, blind with love, saw merit in her face—
Saw virtue, wisdom, dignity, and grace:
And Dorothea, from her infant years,
Gain'd all her wishes from their pride or fears:
She wrote a billet, and a novel read,
And with her fame her vanity was fed;
Each word, each look, each action was a cause
For flattering wonder, and for fond applause;
She rode or danced, and ever glanced around,
Seeking for praise, and smiling when she found

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R. W. West

Phillibrown

THE MOTHER.

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The yielding pair to her petitions gave
An humble friend to be a civil slave;
Who for a poor support herself resign'd,
To the base toil of a dependent mind:
By nature cold, our heiress stoop'd to art,
To gain the credit of a tender heart.
Hence at her door must suppliant paupers stand,
To bless the bounty of her beauteous hand:
And now her education all complete,
She talk'd of virtuous love and union sweet;
She was indeed by no soft passion moved,
But wish'd, with all her soul, to be beloved.
Here on the favour'd beauty fortune smiled;
Her chosen husband was a man so mild,
So humbly temper'd, so intent to please,
It quite distress'd her to remain at ease,
Without a cause to sigh, without pretence to tease:
She tried his patience in a thousand modes,
And tired it not upon the roughest roads.
Pleasures she sought, and, disappointed, sigh'd
For joys, she said, "to her alone denied;
And she was "sure her parents, if alive,
Would many comforts for their child contrive."
The gentle husband bade her name him one;
"No—that," she answer'd, "should for her be done;
How could she say what pleasures were around?
But she was certain many might be found."—
"Would she some sea-port, Weymouth, Scarborough, grace?"—
"He knew she hated every watering place."—
"The town?"—"What! now 'twas empty, joyless, dull?"
—"In winter?"—"No; she liked it worse when full."
She talk'd of building—"Would she plan a room?"
"No! she could live, as he desired, in gloom."
"Call then our friends and neighbours."—"He might call,
And they might come and fill his ugly hall;
A noisy vulgar set, he knew she scorn'd them all."
"Then might their two dear girls their time employ,
And their improvement yield a solid joy."—
'Solid indeed! and heavy—O! the bliss
Of teaching letters to a lisping miss!"—
"My dear, my gentle Dorothea, say,
Can I oblige you?"—"You may go away.'
Twelve heavy years this patient soul sustain'd
This wasp's attacks, and then her praise obtain'd,
Graved on a marble tomb, where he at peace remain'd.
Two daughters wept their loss; the one a child
With a plain face, strong sense, and temper mild,
Who keenly felt the mother's angry taunt,
'Thou art the image of thy pious aunt."
Long time had Lucy wept her slighted face,
And then began to smile at her disgrace.
Her father's sister who the world had seen
Near sixty years when Lucy saw sixteen,
Begg'd the plain girl: the gracious mother smiled,
And freely gave her grieved but passive child;
And with her elder born, the beauty bless'd,
This parent rested, if such minds can rest:
No miss her waxen babe could so admire,
Nurse with such care, or with such pride attire;
They were companions meet, with equal mind,
Bless'd with one love, and to one point inclined;
Beauty to keep, adorn, increase, and guard,
Was their sole care, and had its full reward:
In rising splendour with the one it reign'd,
And in the other was by care sustain'd,
The daughter's charms increased, the parent's yet remain'd.
Leave we these ladies to their daily care,
To see how meekness and discretion fare:—
A village maid, unvex'd by want or love,
Could not with more delight than Lucy move;
The village lark, high mounted in the spring,
Could not with purer joy than Lucy sing;
Her cares all light, her pleasures all sincere,
Her duty joy, and her companion dear;
In tender friendship and in true respect
Lived aunt and niece, no flattery, no neglect—
They read, walk'd, visited—together pray'd,
Together slept the matron and the maid:
There was such goodness, such pure nature seen
In Lucy's looks, a manner so serene;
Such harmony in motion, speech, and air,
That without fairness she was more than fair:
Had more than beauty in each speaking grace
That lent their cloudless glory to the face;
Where mild good sense in placid looks were shown,
And felt in every bosom but her own.
The one presiding feature in her mind,
Was the pure meekness of a will resign'd;
A tender spirit, freed from all pretence
Of wit, and pleased in mild benevolence;
Bless'd in protecting fondness she reposed,
With every wish indulged though undisclosed;
But love, like zephyr on the limpid lake,
Was now the bosom of the maid to shake,
And in that gentle mind a gentle strife to make.
Among their chosen friends, a favour'd few,
The aunt and niece a youthful rector knew;
Who, though a younger brother, might address
A younger sister, fearless of success:
His friends a lofty race, their native pride
At first display'd, and their assent denied;
But, pleased such virtues and such love to trace,
They own'd she would adorn the loftiest race.
The aunt, a mother's caution to supply,
Had watch'd the youthful priest with jealous eye
And, anxious for her charge, had view'd unseen
The cautious life that keeps the conscience clean
In all she found him all she wish'd to find,
With slight exception of a lofty mind;
A certain manner that express'd desire
To be received as brother to the 'squire.
Lucy's meek eye had beam'd with many a tear,
Lucy's soft heart had beat with many a fear,
Before he told (although his looks, she thought,
Had oft confess'd) that he her favour sought:
But when he kneel'd, (she wish'd him not to kneel,)
And spoke the fears and hopes that lovers feel;
When too the prudent aunt herself confess'd,
Her wishes on the gentle youth would rest;
The maiden's eye with tender passion beam'd,
She dwelt with fondness on the life she schemed
The household cares, the soft and lasting ties
Of love, with all his binding charities;
Their village taught, consoled, assisted, fed,
Till the young zealot tears of pleasure shed.
But would her mother? Ah! she fear'd it wrong
To have indulged these forward hopes so long;

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Her mother loved, but was not used to grant
Favours so freely as her gentle aunt.—
Her gentle aunt, with smiles that angels wear,
Dispell'd her Lucy's apprehensive tear:
Her prudent foresight the request had made
To one whom none could govern, few persuade;
She doubted much if one in earnest wooed
A girl with not a single charm endued;
The sister's nobler views she then declared,
And what small sum for Lucy could be spared;
"If more than this the foolish priest requires,
Tell him," she wrote, "to check his vain desires."
At length, with many a cold expression mix'd,
With many a sneer on girls so fondly fix'd,
There came a promise—should they not repent,
But take with grateful minds the portion meant,
And wait the sister's day—the mother might consent.

And here, might pitying hope o'er truth prevail,
Or love o'er fortune, we would end our tale:
For who more bless'd than youthful pair removed
From fear of want—by mutual friends approved—
Short time to wait, and in that time to live
With all the pleasures hope and fancy give;
Their equal passion raised on just esteem,
When reason sanctions all that love can dream?

Yes! reason sanctions what stern fate denies:
The early prospect in the glory dies,
As the soft smiles on dying infants play
In their mild features, and then pass away.

The beauty died, ere she could yield her hand
In the high marriage by the mother plann'd:
Who grieved indeed, but found a vast relief
In a cold heart, that ever warr'd with grief.

Lucy was present when her sister died,
Heiress to duties that she ill supplied:
There were no mutual feelings, sister arts,
No kindred taste, nor intercourse of hearts;
When in the mirror play'd the matron's smile,
The maiden's thoughts were travelling all the while;
And when desired to speak, she sigh'd to find
Her pause offended; "Envy made her blind:
Tasteless she was, nor had a claim in life
Above the station of a rector's wife;
Yet as an heiress, she must shun disgrace,
Although no heiress to her mother's face:
It is your duty," said th' imperious dame,
("Advanced your fortune,) to advance your name,
And with superior rank, superior offers claim:
Your sister's lover, when his sorrows die,
May look upon you, and for favour sigh
Nor can you offer a reluctant hand;
His birth is noble, and his seat is grand."

Alarm'd was Lucy, was in tears; "A fool!
Was she a child in love? a miss at school?
Doubts any mortal, if a change of state
Dissolves all claims and ties of earlier date?"

The rector doubted, for he came to mourn
A sister dead, and with a wife return:
Lucy with heart unchanged received the youth,
True in herself, confiding in his truth;
But own'd her mother's change: the haughty dame
Pour'd strong contempt upon the youthful flame;
She firmly vow'd her purpose to pursue,
Judged her own cause, and bade the youth adieu!
The lover begg'd, insisted, urged his pain,
His brother wrote to threaten and complain,
Her sister, reasoning, proved the promise made,
Lucy appealing to a parent pray'd;
But all opposed th' event that she design'd,
And all in vain; she never changed her mind,
But coldly answer'd in her wonted way,
That she "would rule, and Lucy must obey."

With peevish fear, she saw her health decline,
And cried, "O! monstrous, for a man to pine;
But if your foolish heart must yield to love,
Let him possess it whom I now approve;
This is my pleasure."—Still the rector came
With larger offers and with bolder claim;
But the stern lady would attend no more,
She frown'd, and rudely pointed to the door,
Whate'er he wrote, he saw unread return'd,
And he, indignant, the dishonour spurn'd;
Nay, fix'd suspicion where he might confide,
And sacrificed his passion to his pride.

Lucy, meantime, though threaten'd and distress'd
Against her marriage made a strong protest:
All was domestic war: the aunt rebell'd
Against the sovereign will, and was expell'd,
And every power was tried, and every art,
To bend to falsehood one determined heart,
Assail'd, in patience it received the shock,
Soft as the wave, unshaken as the rock:
But while th' unconquer'd soul endures the storm
Of angry fate, it preys upon the form;
With conscious virtue she resisted still,
And conscious love gave vigour to her will
But Lucy's trial was at hand; with joy
The mother cried, "Behold your constant boy—
Thursday—was married: take the paper, sweet,
And read the conduct of your reverend cheat;
See with what pomp of coaches, in what crowd
The creature married—of his falsehood proud!
False, did I say?—at least no whining fool;
And thus will hopeless passions ever cool:
But shall his bride your single state reproach?
No! give him crowd for crowd, and coach for coach.
O! you retire; reflect then, gentle miss,
And gain some spirit in a cause like this."

Some spirit Lucy gain'd; a steady soul,
Defying all persuasion, all control:
In vain reproach, derision, threats were tried;
The constant mind all outward force defied,
By vengeance vainly urged, in vain assail'd by pride;
Fix'd in her purpose, perfect in her part,
She felt the courage of a wounded heart;
The world receded from her rising view,
When Heaven approach'd as earthly things withdrew;
Not strange before, for in the days of love,
Joy, hope, and pleasure, she had thoughts above;
Pious when most of worldly prospects fond,
When they best pleased her she could look beyond
Had the young priest a faithful lover died
Something had been her bosom to divide;
Now Heaven had all, for in her holiest views
She saw the matron whom she fear'd to lose;
While from her parent, the dejected maid
Forced the unpleasant thought, or thinking pray'd
Surprised, the mother saw the languid frame.
And felt indignant, yet forbore to blame:
Once with a frown she cried, "And do you mean
To die of love—the folly of fifteen?"

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But as her anger met with no reply,
She let the gentle girl in quiet die;
And to her sister wrote impell'd by pain,
"Come quickly, Martha, or you come in vain."
Lucy meantime profess'd, with joy sincere,
That nothing held, employ'd, engaged her here.
"I am an humble actor, doom'd to play
A part obscure, and then to glide away;
Incurious how the great or happy shine,
Or who have parts obscure and sad as mine;
In its best prospect I but wish'd, for life,
To be th' assiduous, gentle, useful wife;
That lost, with wearied mind, and spirit poor,
I drop my efforts, and can act no more;
With growing joy I feel my spirits tend
To that last scene where all my duties end."
Hope, ease, delight, the thoughts of dying gave,
Till Lucy spoke with fondness of the grave;
She smiled with wasted form, but spirit firm,
And said, "She left but little for the worm."
As toll'd the bell, "There's one," she said, "hath press'd
A while before me to the bed of rest;"
And she beside her with attention spread
The decorations of the maiden dead.
While quickly thus the mortal part declined,
The happiest visions fill'd the active mind;
A soft, religious melancholy gain'd
Entire possession, and for ever reign'd,
On holy writ her mind reposing dwelt,
She saw the wonders, she the mercies felt;
Till in a bless'd and glorious revery,
She seem'd the Saviour as on earth to see,
And, fill'd with love divine, th' attending friend to be;
Or she who trembling, yet confiding, stole
Near to the garment, touch'd it, and was whole;
When, such th' intenseness of the working thought,
On her it seem'd the very deed was wrought;
She the glad patient's fear and rapture found,
The holy transport, and the healing wound;
This was so fix'd, so grafted in the heart,
That she adopted, nay became the part:
But one chief scene was present to her sight,
Her Saviour resting in the tomb by night;
Her fever rose, and still her wedded mind
Was to that scene, that hallow'd cave, confined;
Where in the shade of death the body laid,
There watched the spirit of the wandering maid;
Her looks were fix'd, entranced, illumed, serene,
In the still glory of the midnight scene.
There at her Saviour's feet, in visions bless'd,
Th' enraptured maid a sacred joy possess'd;
In patience waiting for the first-born ray
Of that all-glorious and triumphant day.
To this idea all her soul she gave,
Her mind reposing by the sacred grave;
Then sleep would seal the eye, the vision close,
And steep the solemn thoughts in brief repose.
Then grew the soul serene, and all its powers
Again restored illumed the dying hours;
But reason dwelt where fancy stray'd before,
And the mind wander'd from its views no more;
Till death approach'd, when every look express'd
A sense of bliss till every sense had rest.

The mother lives, and has enough to buy
Th' attentive ear and the submissive eye
Of abject natures—these are daily told,
How triumph'd beauty in the days of old;
How, by her window seated, crowds have cast
Admiring glances, wondering as they pass'd;
How from her carriage as she stepp'd to pray,
Divided ranks would humbly make her way;
And how each voice in the astonish'd throng
Pronounced her peerless as she moved along.
Her picture then the greedy dame displays,
Touch'd by no shame, she now demands its praise
In her tall mirror then she shows a face,
Still coldly fair with unaffecting grace;
These she compares, "It has the form," she cries
"But wants the air, the spirit, and the eyes;
This, as a likeness, is correct and true,
But there alone the living grace we view."
This said, th' applauding voice the dame required
And, gazing, slowly from the glass retired.

TALE IX.

ARABELLA.

Thrice blessed they that master so their blood—
But earthly happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Midsummer Night's Dream, act i. sc. 1.

Lsometimes do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage whom I dearly love.
Measure for Measure, act ii. sc 4.

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
Ibid.

Of a fair town where Doctor Rack was guide,
His only daughter was the boast and pride;
Wise Arabella, yet not wise alone,
She like a bright and polish'd brilliant shone;
Her father own'd her for his prop and stay,
Able to guide, yet willing to obey;
Pleased with her learning while discourse could please,
And with her love in languor and disease:
To every mother were her virtues known,
And to their daughters as a pattern shown;
Who in her youth had all that age requires,
And with her prudence, all that youth admires.
These odious praises made the damsels try
Not to obtain such merits, but deny;
For, whatsoever wise mammas might say,
To guide a daughter this was not the way;
From such applause disdain and anger rise,
And envy lives where emulation dies.
In all his strength contends the noble horse,
With one who just precedes him on the course;
But when the rival flies too far before,
His spirit fails, and he attempts no more.
This reasoning maid, above her sex's dread!
Had dared to read, and dared to say she read;
Not the last novel, not the new-born play;
Not the mere trash and scandal of the day;
But, (though her young companions felt the shock,
She studied Berkeley, Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke

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Her mind within the maze of history dwelt,
And of the moral muse the beauty felt!
The merits of the Roman page she knew,
And could converse with Moore and Montagu:
Thus she became the wonder of the town,
From that she reap'd, to that she gave renown,
And strangers coming, all were taught t' admire
The learned lady, and the lofty spire.
Thus fame in public fix'd the maid, where all
Might throw their darts, and see the idol fall;
A hundred arrows came with vengeance keen,
From tongues envenom'd, and from arms unseen;
A thousand eyes were fix'd upon the place,
That, if she fell, she might not fly disgrace:
But malice vainly throws the poison'd dart,
Unless our frailty shows the peccant part;
And Arabella still preserved her name
Untouch'd, and shone with undisputed fame;
Her very notice some respect would cause,
And her esteem was honour and applause.
Men she avoided; not in childish fear,
As if she thought some savage foe was near;
Not as a prude, who hides that man should seek,
Or who by silence hints that they should speak;
But with discretion all the sex she view'd,
Ere yet engaged, pursuing, or pursued;
Ere love had made her to his vices blind
Or hid the favourite's failings from her mind.
Thus was the picture of the man portray'd,
By merit destined for so rare a maid:
At whose request she might exchange her state,
Or still be happy in a virgin's fate.
He must be one with manners like her own,
His life unquestion'd, his opinions known;
His stainless virtue must all tests endure,
His honour spotless, and his bosom pure;
She no allowance made for sex or times,
Of lax opinion—crimes were ever crimes;
No wretch forsaken must his frailty curse,
No spurious offspring drain his private purse:
He at all times his passions must command,
And yet possess, or be refused her hand.
All this without reserve the maiden told,
And some began to weigh the rector's gold;
To ask what sum a prudent man might gain,
Who had such store of virtues to maintain.
A Doctor Campbell, north of Tweed, came forth,
Declared his passion, and proclaim'd his worth;
Not unapproved, for he had much to say
On every cause, and in a pleasant way;
Not all his trust was in a pliant tongue,
His form was good, and ruddy he, and young:
But though the doctor was a man of parts,
He read not deeply male or female hearts;
But judged that all whom he esteem'd as wise,
Must think alike, though some assumed disguise;
That every reasoning Brahmin, Christian, Jew,
Of all religions took their liberal view;
And of her own, no doubt, this learned maid
Denied the substance, and the forms obey'd;
And thus persuaded, he his thoughts express'd
Of her opinions, and his own profess'd
"All states demand this aid, the vulgar need
Their priests and prayers, their sermons and their creed;
And those of stronger minds should never speak
(In his opinion) what might hurt the weak:
A man may smile, but still he should attend
His hour at church, and be the church's friend,
What there he thinks conceal, and what he hears commend."
Frank was the speech, but heard with high disdain,
Nor had the doctor leave to speak again;
A man who own'd, nay, gloried in deceit,
"He might despise her, but he should not cheat."
Then Vicar Holmes appear'd; he heard it said,
That ancient men best pleased the prudent maid;
And true it was her ancient friends she loved,
Servants when old she favour'd and approved;
Age in her pious parents she revered,
And neighbours were by length of days endear'd,
But, if her husband too must ancient be,
The good old vicar found it was not he.
On Captain Bligh her mind in balance hung—
Though valiant, modest; and reserved, though young;
Against these merits must defects be set—
Though poor, imprudent; and though proud, in debt.
In vain the captain close attention paid;
She found him wanting, whom she fairly weigh'd
Then came a youth, and all their friends agreed,
That Edward Huntly was the man indeed;
Respectful duty he had paid a while,
Then ask'd her hand, and had a gracious smile:
A lover now declared, he led the fair
To woods and fields, to visits and to prayer;
Then whisper'd softly, "Will you name the day?"
She softly whisper'd, "If you love me, stay."
"O! try me not beyond my strength," he cried.
"O! be not weak," the prudent maid replied:
"But by some trial your affection prove—
Respect and not impatience argues love:
And love no more is by impatience known,
Than ocean's depth is by its tempests shown:
He whom a weak and fond impatience sways,
But for himself with all his fervour prays,
And not the maid he wooes, but his own will obeys;
And will she love the being who prefers,
With so much ardour, his desire to hers?"
Young Edward grieved, but let not grief be seen;
He knew obedience pleased his fancy's queen.
A while he waited, and then cried, "Behold!
The year advancing, be no longer cold!"
For she had promised—"Let the flowers appear,
And I will pass with thee the smiling year."
Then pressing grew the youth; the more he press'd,
The less inclined the maid to his request:
"Let June arrive."—Alas! when April came,
It brought a stranger, and the stranger, shame;
Nor could the lover from his house persuade
A stubborn lass whom he had mournful made:
Angry and weak, by thoughtless vengeance moved
She told her story to the fair beloved,
In strongest words th' unwelcome truth was shown
To blight his prospects, careless of her own.
Our heroine grieved, but had too firm a heart
For him to soften, when she swore to part;
In vain his seeming penitence and prayer,
His vows, his tears; she left him in despair:

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His mother fondly laid her grief aside,
And to the reason of the nymph applied—
"It well becomes thee, lady, to appear,
But not to be, in very truth, severe;
Although the crime be odious in thy sight,
That daring sex is taught such things to slight,
His heart is thine, although it once was frail;
Think of his grief, and let his love prevail!"
"Plead thou no more," the lofty lass return'd;
"Forgiving woman is deceived and spurn'd:
Say that the crime is common; shall I take
A common man my wedded lord to make?
See! a weak woman by his arts betray'd,
An infant born his father to upbraid;
Shall I forgive his vileness, take his name,
Sanction his error, and partake his shame?
No! this assent would kindred frailty prove,
A love for him would be a vicious love:
Can a chaste maiden secret counsel hold
With one whose crime by every mouth is told?
Forbid it spirit, prudence, virtuous pride;
He must despise me, were he not denied:
The way from vice the erring mind to win,
Is with presuming sinners to begin,
And show, by scorning them, a just contempt for sin."
The youth, repulsed, to one more mild convey'd
His heart, and smiled on the remorseless maid;
The maid, remorseless in her pride, the while
Despised the insult, and return'd the smile.
First to admire, to praise her, and defend,
Was (now in years advanced) a virgin friend:
Much she preferr'd, she cried, a single state,
"It was her choice,"—it surely was her fate;
And much it pleased her in the train to view
A maiden vot'ress, wise, and lovely too.
Time to the yielding mind his change imparts,
He varies notions, and he alters hearts;
'Tis right, 'tis just to feel contempt for vice,
But he that shows it may be over-nice:
There are who feel, when young, the false sublime,
And proudly love to show disdain for crime,
To whom the future will new thoughts supply,
The pride will soften, and the scorn will die;
Nay, where they still the vice itself condemn,
They bear the vicious, and consort with them:
Young Captain Grove, when one had changed his side,
Despised the venal turn-coat, and defied;
Old Colonel Grove now shakes him by the hand,
Though he who bribes may still his vote command:
Why would not Ellen to Belinda speak,
When she had flown to London for a week;
And then return'd, to every friend's surprise
With twice the spirit, and with half the size?
She spoke not then; but after years had flown,
A better friend had Ellen never known:
Was it the lady her mistake had seen?
Or had she also such a journey been?
No: 'twas the gradual change in human hearts,
That time, in commerce with the world, imparts;
That on the roughest temper throws disguise,
And steals from virtue her asperities.
The young and ardent, who with glowing zeal
Felt wrath for trifles, and were proud to feel
Now find those trifles all the mind engage,
To soothe dull hours, and cheat the cares of age;
As young Zelinda, in her quaker dress,
Disdain'd each varying fashion's vile excess;
And now her friends on old Zelinda gaze,
Pleased in rich silks and orient gems to blaze:
Changes like these 'tis folly to condemn,
So virtue yields not, nor is changed by them.
Let us proceed: twelve brilliant years were past,
Yet each with less of glory than the last;
Whether these years to this fair virgin gave
A softer mind—effect they often have;
Whether the virgin state was not so bless'd
As that good maiden in her zeal profess'd;
Or whether lovers falling from her train,
Gave greater price to those she could retain,
Is all unknown;—but Arabella now
Was kindly listening to a merchant's vow;
Who offer'd terms so fair, against his love
To strive was folly, so she never strove;
Man in his earlier days we often find
With a too easy and unguarded mind;
But by increasing years and prudence taught,
He grows reserved, and locks up every thought:
Not thus the maiden, for in blooming youth
She hides her thought, and guards the tender truth:
This, when no longer young, no more she hides,
But frankly in the favour'd swain confides:
Man, stubborn man, is like the growing tree,
That longer standing, still will harder be;
And like its fruit the virgin, first austere,
Then kindly softening with the ripening year.
Now was the lover urgent, and the kind
And yielding lady to his suit inclined:
"A little time, my friend, is just, is right;
We must be decent in our neighbours' sight:"
Still she allow'd him of his hopes to speak,
And in compassion took off week by week;
Till few remain'd, when, wearied with delay,
She kindly meant to take off day by day.
That female friend who gave our virgin praise
For flying man and all his treacherous ways,
Now heard with mingled anger, shame, and fear,
Of one accepted, and a wedding near;
But she resolved again, with friendly zeal,
To make the maid her scorn of wedlock feel;
For she was grieved to find her work undone,
And like a sister mourn'd the failing nun.
Why are these gentle maidens prone to make
Their sister doves the tempting world forsake?
Why all their triumph when a maid disdains
The tyrant sex, and scorns to wear its chains?
Is it pure joy to see a sister flown
From the false pleasures they themselves have known?
Or do they, as the call-birds in the cage,
Try, in pure envy, others to engage;
And therefore paint their native woods and groves,
As scenes of dangerous joys and naughty loves?
Strong was the maiden's hope: her friend was proud,
And had her notions to the world avow'd;
And, could she find the merchant weak and frail
With power to prove it, then she must prevail
For she aloud would publish his disgrace,
And save his victim from a man so base.
When all inquiries had been duly made,
Came the kind friend her burden to unlade.

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"Alas! my dear! not all our care and art
Can tread the maze of man's deceitful heart:
Look not surprise, nor let resentment swell
Those lovely features, all will yet be well;
And thou, from love's and man's deceptions free,
Wilt dwell in virgin state, and walk to heaven
with me."
The maiden frown'd, and then conceived "that wives
Could walk as well, and lead as holy lives,
As angry prudes who scorn'd the marriage-chain,
Or luckless maids who sought it still in vain."
The friend was vex'd; she paused, at length she cried,
"Know your own danger, then your lot decide;
That traitor, Beswell, while he seeks your hand,
Has, I affirm, a wanton at command;
A slave, a creature from a foreign place,
The nurse and mother of a spurious race;
Brown, ugly bastards—(Heaven the word forgive,
And the deed punish!)—in his cottage live;
To town if business calls him, there he stays,
In sinful pleasures wasting countless days;
Nor doubt the facts, for I can witness call
For every crime, and prove them one and all."
Here ceased th' informer; Arabella's look
Was like a schoolboy's puzzled by his book;
Intent, she cast her eyes upon the floor,
Paused—then replied—
"I wish to know no more:
I question not your motive, zeal, or love,
But must decline such dubious points to prove:
All is not true, I judge, for who can guess
Those deeds of darkness men with care suppress?
He brought a slave, perhaps, to England's coast,
And made her free; it is our country's boast!
And she perchance too grateful—good and ill
Were sown at first, and grow together, still;
The colour'd infants on the village green,
What are they more than we have often seen?
Children half-clothed who round their village stray,
In sun or rain, now starved, now beaten, they
Will the dark color of their fate betray:
Let us in Christian love for all account,
And then behold to what such tales amount."
"His heart is evil," said th' impatient friend.
"My duty bids me try that heart to mend,"
Replied the virgin: "we may be too nice,
And lose a soul in our contempt of vice;
If false the charge, I then shall show regard
For a good man, and be his just reward:
And what for virtue can I better do
Than to reclaim him, if the charge be true?"
She spoke, nor more her holy work delay'd;
'Twas time to lend an erring mortal aid:
"The noblest way," she judged, "a soul to win,
Was with an act of kindess to begin,
To make the sinner sure, and then t' attack the sin." *

* As the author's purpose in this tale may be mistaken, he wishes to observe, that conduct like that of the lady's here described, must be meritorious or censurable, just as the motives to it are pure or selfish; that these motives may in a great measure be concealed from the mind of the agent; and that we often take credit to our virtue for actions which spring originally from our tempers, inclinations, or our indifference. It cannot therefore be improper, much less immoral, to give an instance of such self-deception.

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WILLIAM BLAKE.

WILLIAM BLAKE was born in London, November 28, 1757. His father was a hosier; but seeing the boy's aptitude for drawing, he apprenticed him to an engraver. At the age of twenty-one Blake began to make engravings for the booksellers. Three years later he published a small volume of poems, which was not very successful. He had written verses from childhood, and he always believed that his artistic work was executed under inspiration from departed poets and painters.

In 1782 he married Catherine Boucher, who could not read or write, but who proved a most efficient helper in the preparation of his peculiar works. Blake invented a method of printing and illustrating his own poems, by a sort of etching on copper which left the letters and figures raised as in an electrotype plate. His wife assisted at the printing, and bound the sets in thin volumes. In some, he tinted the pictures. The first book he issued in this way was "Songs of Innocence," (1789), 27 pages, 5 by 7 inches. In 1794 he added "Songs of Experience," with sixty etchings; and the peculiar originality of the work attracted considerable attention. His price for a tinted set was twenty guineas. A portion of his mechanical process, which he kept secret, he said was revealed to him by his brother, the remainder by Joseph of Nazareth.

In a similar style he illustrated several works of other authors, among them Blair's "Grave" and Young's "Night Thoughts." His drawings numbered about five hundred; the "Inventions for the Book of Job" are considered the best. He believed that he conversed with the spirits of Moses, Homer, Dante, Milton, and other illustrious persons, and that some of them empowered him to engrave their portraits. Besides these, he produced a number of portraits that are purely fantastic, such as "The Man who built the Pyramids," "The Ghost of a Flea," and "Nebuchadnezzar Eating Grass." His "Gates of Paradise," "Urizen," and "Visions of the Daughters of Albion and America," are greatly admired. He intended to emigrate to America, but was deterred by a vision.

Though Blake was one of the obscurest of all men of genius, the sale of his works decently supported him and his wife for forty years, and it is said that he was never in debt. He died in London, August 12, 1827. His last words, addressed to his wife, were: "My beloved, they are not mine; no, they are not mine." His widow died in 1831. They never had any children.

Blake's works are now comparatively scarce, and command fabulous prices. Flaxman, the sculptor, praised particularly his marginal designs for Young's "Night Thoughts." Charles Lamb wrote: "Blake is a real name, I assure you; and a most extraordinary man he is, if he is still living. He is the Blake whose wild designs accompany a splendid edition of Blair's 'Grave.' He paints in water-colors, marvellous strange pictures—visions of his brain—which he asserts he has seen. They have great merit. I must look upon him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age." Mrs. Jameson said: "The most original, and in truth the only new and original version of the Scripture idea of angels which I have met with is that of William Blake, a poet-painter."

His life, by Alexander Gilchrist, with nearly all his poems and fac-similes of many of his works, was published in 1863, in two volumes; and a life, with a few fac-similes, by A. C. Swinburne in 1868.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

MY mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black; but, oh, my soul is white!
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree;
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap, and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun; there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men, receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish; we shall hear His voice,
Saying: 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

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Thus did my mother say and kissèd me,
And thus I say to little English boy;
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

I WENT to the garden of love,
And saw what I never had seen;
A chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gate of this chapel was shut,
And "thou shalt not" writ over the door;
So I turned to the garden of love,
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tombstones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briers my joys and desires.

THE TIGER.

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned the ardor of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil! What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forest of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No! no! never can it be—
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be—
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy.
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

SONG.

MY silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away,
And mournful lean despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave;
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh, why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is love's all-worshipped tomb,
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet!
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat!
Then down I'll lie as cold as clay,
True love doth pass away!

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THE MENTAL TRAVELLER.

I TRAVELLED through a land of men,
A land of men and women too,
And heard and saw such dreadful things
As cold earth-wanderers never knew.

For there the babe is born in joy
That was begotten in dire woe;
Just as we reap in joy the fruit
Which we in bitter tears did sow.

And if the babe is born a boy,
He's given to a woman old,
Who nails him down upon a rock,
Catches his shrieks in cups of gold.

She binds strong thorns around his head,
She pierces both his hands and feet,
She cuts his heart out at his side,
To make it feel both cold and heat.

Her fingers number every nerve,
Just as a miser counts his gold;
She lives upon his shrieks and cries,
And she grows young as he grows old;

Till he becomes a bleeding youth,
And she becomes a virgin bright;
Then he rends up his manacles,
And binds her down for his delight.

He plants himself in all her nerves,
Just as a husbandman his mould;
And she becomes his dwelling-place,
A garden fruitful seventy-fold.

An aged shadow soon he fades,
Wandering round an earthly cot,
Full fillèd all with gems and gold
Which he by industry had got.

And these are the gems of the human soul,
The rubies and pearls of a lovesick eye,
The countless gold of the aching heart,
The martyr's groan and the lover's sigh.

They are his meat, they are his drink;
He feeds the beggar and the poor;
To the wayfaring traveller
For ever open is his door.

His grief is their eternal joy,
They make the roof and walls to ring;
Till from the fire upon the hearth
A little female babe doth spring.

And she is all of solid fire
And gems and gold, that none his hand
Dares stretch to touch her baby-form
Or wrap her in his swaddling-band.

But she comes to the man she loves,
If young or old or rich or poor;
They soon drive out the aged host,
A beggar at another's door.

He wanders weeping far away,
Until some other take him in,
Oft blind and age-bent, sore distressed,
Until he can a maiden win.

And to allay his freezing age
The poor man takes her in his arms;
The cottage fades before his sight,
The garden and its lovely charms.

The guests are scattered through the land;
For the eye altering alters all;
The senses roll themselves in fear,
And the flat earth becomes a ball.

The stars, sun, moon, all shrink away,
A desert vast without a bound,
And nothing left to eat or drink,
And a dark desert all around:

The honey of her infant lips,
The bread and wine of her sweet smile;
The wild game of her roving eye,
Do him to infancy beguile.

For as he eats and drinks he grows
Younger and younger every day,
And on the desert wild they both
Wander in terror and dismay.

Like the wild stag she flees away;
Her fear plants many a thicket wild,
While he pursues her night and day,
By various arts of love beguiled—

By various arts of love and hate
Till the wild desert's planted o'er
With labyrinths of wayward love,
Where roam the lion, wolf, and boar;

Till he becomes a wayward babe,
And she a weeping woman old;
Then many a lover wanders here,
The sun and stars are nearer rolled;

The trees bring forth sweet ecstasy
To all who in the desert roam,
Till many a city there is built,
And many a pleasant shepherd's home.

But when they find the frowning babe,
Terror strikes through the region wide:
They cry, "The babe—the babe is born!"
And flee away on every side.

For who dare touch the frowning form,
His arm is withered to its root:
Bears, lions, wolves, all howling flee,
And every tree doth shed its fruit.

And none can touch that frowning form
Except it be a woman old;
She nails it down upon the rock,
And all is done as I have told.

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ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS was born near Ayr, Scotland, January 25, 1759. His father, who was the gardener of a country gentleman, had rented a few acres to cultivate for himself, and had built there a hut of clay and straw, in which the poet first saw the light. Robert was sent to school before he was five years old, and soon excelled in grammar, being pronounced "remarkable for the fluency and correctness of his expressions." The teacher took an especial interest in him, and freely lent him what few books he possessed. One of these, a life of Hannibal, gave the boy a taste for military life. He also acquired a plentiful supply of the literature of superstition. In his "Confessions" he says: "In my infant and boyish days I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. . She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp lookout in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more skeptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest compositions that I recollect taking pleasure in were 'The Vision of Mirza,' and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, 'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!'"

Though his attendance at school was much interrupted by the necessity of helping his father at the farm-work, Burns picked up a pretty fair education, and was by no means so innocent of book-knowledge as the popular ideas and expressions concerning him seem to imply. He mastered geometry by his father's hearth, and with the help of his good friend Murdoch, the schoolmaster, he acquired a fair knowledge of French, and read Fénelon's *Télémaque*. Other friends lent him the "Spectator," Pope's works, and some of Richardson's. His brother Gilbert says that "a small collection of letters by the most eminent writers," which fell by accident into Robert's hands, was an important help to him.

If there were no falling in love, there would be no such poets as Burns. He himself has told us how he first made the acquaintance of Cupid and the muses: "You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labors of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell: you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, etc.; but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine that I could make verses like printed ones composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song, which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love! and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moor-lands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself."

When Burns was eighteen years of age, his father moved to Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. Here the poet, that was to be, still took his share of the farm work; but he carried a collection of songs when he "drove his team afield," and read them as he walked beside the cart. Here he began to be famous among the peasantry for his "book-knowledge," and he says he was made a general confidant, especially in matters pertaining to the tender passion.

Then he turned flax-dresser, and set up a small shop in the town of Irvine. Here he contracted his habits of intemperance, and while he was welcoming the new year with a carousal the shop was burned down.

In 1784 their father died, and Robert and Gilbert took upon themselves the support of the family, renting the neighboring farm of Mossgiel. There the whole family worked very hard for a very frugal subsistence.

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But poverty was not the worst of the poet's misfortunes. One day his dog ran over some clothes which a young woman named Jean Armour, a rustic belle of some note, was spreading on the grass. She threw a stone at the dog, and Burns quoted the well-known proverb. From this trifling incident rose an acquaintance which rapidly ripened into love and then into an imprudent intimacy. When the consequences became evident, Burns gave Jean a written promise, which the Scotch law accepts as evidence of an irregular marriage. But her father's wrath was unbounded. He destroyed the document, put Burns under bonds for the maintenance of the twins that had been born, and then persecuted him relentlessly, probably to drive him out of the country.

When Burns could endure it no longer, he made an engagement as assistant overseer on a West India plantation, at a salary of £30 a year. But he had no money to pay his passage thither, and to raise a little he published his poems, in the summer of 1786, at Kilmarnock. It was a small volume of about two hundred pages, and included "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Vision," "To a Mouse," and "To a Daisy." Six hundred copies were printed, of which more than half had been subscribed for, and he made a profit of about £20.

He at once engaged a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde, and while skulking about to avoid being thrown into jail, he composed his farewell to his native country, beginning, "The gloomy night is gathering fast." He had taken leave of his friends, and his chest was on the way to Greenock, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock turned the whole course of affairs. Burns says: "The doctor belonged to a set of critics for whose applause I had not dared to hope. His opinion that I would meet with encouragement in Edinburgh for a second edition, fired me so much, that away I posted for that city, without a single acquaintance, or a single letter of introduction. The baneful star that had so long shed its blasting influence in my zenith, for once made a revolution to the nadir; and a kind Providence placed me under the patronage of one of the noblest of men, the Earl of Glencairn."

The poems were admired wherever they were read, both by the critical and by the unlearned, and the edition was exhausted in a month. Burns arrived in Edinburgh in November, 1786, and prepared an enlarged edition of his poems, which was published the next April. There he made the acquaintance of numerous authors and critics, by whom he was warmly welcomed. He spent that year in travelling about Scotland, visiting nearly all the places noted for their history or natural beauty.

Meanwhile he had wooed, won, and lost Mary Campbell, the dairy-maid of Colonel Montgomery, whom he has immortalized as Highland Mary. His own account of the closing scene is as follows: "After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met, by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even learn of her illness."

From the sale of his poems he received £500 in February, 1788, and two months later he married Jean Armour and took a farm on the Nith, six miles from Dumfries. There he wrote "To Mary in Heaven" and "Tam O'Shanter." In 1791 he gave up the farm, and removed to Dumfries, being appointed an officer of excise. His house there stood in a narrow, disagreeable street. It is thus described by one who saw it in 1803: "It has a mean appearance, white-washed, dirty about the doors, as all Scotch houses are; the parlor walls were washed with blue-wash, on one side of the fire was a mahogany desk, opposite the window a clock, and over the desk a print from the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' The house was cleanly and neat in the inside; the stairs of stone scoured white, the kitchen on the right hand of the passage, the parlor on the left." That Burns was a mere child in business and political affairs, a single incident of his life at Dumfries will show. The coasts of Galloway and Ayrshire were the haunts of smugglers, whom it was the especial duty of the revenue officers to watch and intercept. In February, 1792, an armed brig appeared in the Solway Frith, and got into shallow water. A party of dragoons, led by Burns, dashed up to the brig and captured her. At the public sale of the vessel, he bought four guns, which he sent with a flattering assurance of his esteem to the French Convention. The gift was stopped at Dover, but the folly of the exciseman reached the ears of the Board. Scared by the vision of a helpless wife, and children turned adrift into the world, Burns told his grief to Mr. Graham, and readily found the protection which he asked.

The same year he was applied to by George Thomson, of Edinburgh, for assistance in setting words to a collection of original Scotch airs. He entered into the project enthusiastically, composing at race-horse speed, and furnished sixty songs, among which are some of his best. But he had fallen into evil ways; his convivial habits had grown upon him, and fits of unbounded indulgence were alternated with fits of the wildest remorse. His health was soon undermined, his whole constitution shattered, and he died on the 21st of July, 1796.

The first collected edition of the poems and letters of Burns, with a life by Dr. Currie, was published in London, 1800, in four volumes. Allan Cunningham published a more complete collection, in eight volumes, in 1834. An edition published in Edinburgh in 1852, edited by Robert Chambers, gives the poems in chronological order in the narrative of the poet's life. In 1859 the Burns centenary was enthusiastically celebrated in every village of Scotland, and in all the chief cities of England, Ireland, and the United States.

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THE TWA DOGS,

A TALE.

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing through the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar,
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride, na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
E'en wi' a tinkler-gypsey's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, though e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stawn't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swurl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa' in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.

Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents;
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.

Frae morn to e'en it's naught but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' though the gentry first are stechin,
Yet e'en the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sicklike trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His honour has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't eneugh;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' naught but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.

An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld an' hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd yet,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor fo'k,
As I wad by a stinking brock.

I've noticed on our laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;
While they maun staun', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble.
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches?

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think;
Though constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.

Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're aye in less or mair provided;
An' though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's Fingal.

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The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire side.

An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mend the kirk and state affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's coming,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' ev'ry station,
Unite in common recreation;
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth,
Forgets there's care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' richt guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young ancs rantin through the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock,
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha, aiblins, thrang a-parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it;
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it,
Say rather, gaun as premiers lead him,
An' saying ay or no's they bid him,
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;
Or may be, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour, an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the warl'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh-re-hunting among groves o' myrtles;
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!

O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' kintra sports,
It wa'd for every ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, and the cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin o' their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,
Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor fo'k.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles where I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.

It's true they need na starve or sweat,
Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age wi' gripes an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them;
An' aye the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right eneugh;
A kintra lassie at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Though deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days, insipid, dull, an' tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;
An' e'en their sports, their balls an' races,
Their galloping through public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal portion pretty
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictured beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.
There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is gentry's life in common.

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By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night!
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs;
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.

DEATH AND DR. HORNBOOK.

A TRUE STORY.

Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd,
E'en ministers, they hae been kenn'd
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid, at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

But this that I am gaun to tell,
Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true's the deil's in h-ll
Or Dublin city:
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

The Clachan yill had made me canty,
I was na fou, but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes, kenn'd aye
Frae ghaists an' witches.

The rising moon began to glow'r
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set mysel;
But whether she had three or four,
I cou'd na tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin down on Willie's mill,
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker:
Though leeward whyles, against my will,
I took a bicker.

I there wi' something did forgather,
That put me in an eerie swither;
An awfu' sithe, out-owre ae showther,
Clear-dangling, hang;
A three-tae'd leister on the ither
Lay, large an' lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,
For fient a wame it had ava!
And then, its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks.

"Guid-e'en," quo' I; "Friend! hae ye been mawin,
When ither folk are busy sawin?"*
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
But naething spak;
At length, says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun,
Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,—"My name is Death,
But be na fley'd."—Quoth I, "Guid faith,
Ye're may be come to stap my breath;
But tent me, billie:
I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith,
See, there's a gully!"

"Guidman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
I'm no design'd to try its mettle;
But if I did, I wad be kittle
To be mislear'd,
I wad na mind it, no, that spittle
Out-owre my beard."

"Well, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;
We'll ease our shanks; an' tak a seat,
Come, gies your news;
This while* ye hae been monie a gate
At monie a house.'

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, an' shook his head,
"It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed
Sin' I began to nick the thread,
An' choke the breath:
Folk maun do something for their bread,
An' sae maun Death.

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
Sin' I was to the butching bred,
An' monie a scheme in vain's been laid,
To stap or scar me;
Till ane Hornbook's† ta'en up the trade,
An' faith, he'll waur me.

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,
Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!
He's grown sae well acquaint wi' Buchan‡
An' ither chaps,
That weans haud out their fingers laughin
And pouk my hips.

"See, here's a sithe, and there's a dart,
They hae pierced mony a gallant heart;
But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art,
And cursed skill,
Has made them baith not worth a f—t,
Damn'd haet they'll kill.

"'Twas but yestreen, nae further gaen,
I threw a noble throw at ane;
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;
But deil-ma-care,
It just play'd dirl on the bane,
But did nae mair.

"Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
And had sae fortified the part,
That when I looked to my dart,
It was sae blunt,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
Of a kail-runt.

* This rencounter happened in seed-time, 1785.

* An epidemical fever was then raging in that country.

† This gentleman, Dr. Hornbook, is professionally, a brother of the sovereign order of the ferula; but, by intuition and inspiration, is at once an apothecary, surgeon, and physician.

‡ Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

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'I drew my sithe in sic a fury,
I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry;
But yet the bauld apothecary
Withstood the shock;
I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
O' hard whin rock.

"E'en them he canna get attended,
Alto' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Just —— in a kail-blade, and send it,
As soon he smells't,
Baith their disease, and what will mend it
At once he tells't.

"And then a' doctors' saws and whittles,
Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles,
A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
He's sure to hae;
Their Latin names as fast he rattles
As A B C.

"Calces o' fossils, earth, and trees;
True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
The Farina of beans and pease,
He has't in plenty;
Aqua-fortis, what you please,
He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
Urinus Spiritus of capons;
Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd *per se;*
Sal-alkali o' midge-tail-clippings,
And monie mae."

"Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole* now,"
Quo' I, "if that the news be true!
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,
Sae white and bonnie,
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;
They'll ruin Johnie!"

The creature grain'd an eldrich laugh,
And says, "Ye need na yoke the pleugh,
Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh,
Tak ye nae fear:
They'll a' be trench'd wi' monie a sheugh
In twa-three year.

"Whare I killed ane a fair strae-death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith,
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score i' their last claith,
By drap an' pill.

"An honest wabster to his trade,
Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce wee bred,
Gat tippence-worth to mend her head
When it was sair;
The wife slade cannie to her bed,
But ne'er spak mair.

"A kintra laird had ta'en the batts,
Or some curmurring in his guts,
His only son for Hornbook sets,
An' pays him well.
The lad, for twa guid gimmer pets,
Was laird himsel.

"A bonnie lass, ye kend her name,
Some ill-brewn drink had hoved her wame:
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care;
Horn sent her aff, to her lang hame,
To hide it there.

"That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
Thus goes he on from day to day,
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
An's weel paid for't;
Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
Wi' his d–mn'd dirt:

"But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
Though dinna ye be speaking o't;
I'll nail the self-conceited Scot
As dead's a herrin:
Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
He gets his fairin!"

But just as he began to tell,
The auld kirk hammer strak the bell
Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
Which raised us baith:
I took the way that pleased mysel,
And sae did Death.

* The grave-digger.

THE BRIGS OF AYR,

POEM.

INSCRIBED TO J. B*********, ESQ., AYR.

THE simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough,
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
Or deep-toned plovers gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bred,
By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field,
Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
Or labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward.
Still, if some patron's generous care he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace;
When B********* befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

* * * * *

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;
Potato-bings are snugged up frae skaith
Of coming winter's biting, frosty breath;

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The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unnumber'd buds' an' flowers' delicious spoils,
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen piles,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
The thundering guns are heard on every side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide;
The feather'd field-mates, bound by nature's tie,
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie:
(What warm, poetic heart, but inly bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
Nae mair the flower in field or meadow springs;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except, perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in the rays.
'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward:
Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care;
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's* wheel'd the left about:
(Whether impell'd by all-directing fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where nor why;)
The drowsy dungeon-clock† had number'd two,
And Wallace tower† had sworn the fact was true:
The tide-swoln Firth with sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
All else was hush'd as nature's closed e'e;
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree:
The chilly frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream.—
When, lo! on either hand the listening bard,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard;
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the gos‡ drives on the wheeling hare;
Ane on th' auld brig his airy shape uprears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers:
Our warlock rhymer instantly descried
The sprites that owre the brigs of Ayr preside.
(That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the lingo of the spiritual fo'k;
Fays, spunkies, kelpies, a', they can explain them,
And e'en the very deils they brawly ken them.)
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race,
The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face:
He seem'd as he wi' time had warstled lang,
Yet teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.
New Brig was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got:
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Wi' virls and whirlygigums at the head.
The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch;
It chanced his new-come neebor took his e'e,
And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he!
Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,
He, down the water, gies him this guideen:—

* A noted tavern at the auld brig end.
† The two steeples. ‡ The gos-hawk, or falcon.

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep shank
Ance ye were streekit o'er frae bank to bank;
But gin ye be a brig as auld as me,
Though faith that day, I doubt, ye'll never see,
There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense;
Will your poor, narrow footpath of a street,
Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane an' lime,
Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?
There's men o' taste would tak the Ducat-stream,*
Though they should cast the very sark an' swim,
Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Of sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride!
This monie a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
And though wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn,
I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
As yet ye little ken about the matter,
But twa-three winters will inform you better,
When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;
When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
Or haunted Garpal† draws his feeble source,
Aroused by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
In mony a torrent down his sna-broo rowes;
While crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat,
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
And from Glenbuck,‡ down to the Rotton-key,§
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;
Then down ye hurl, deil nor ye never rise!
And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
That architecture's noble art is lost!

NEW BRIG.

Fine architecture! trowth, I needs must say't o't,
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices,
Hanging with threatening jut, like precipices,
O'er arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves:
Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;
Forms like some bedlam statuary's dream,
The crazed creations of misguided whim;
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
And still the *second dread command* be free;
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea

* A noted ford, just above the auld brig.
† The banks of Garpal Water is one of the few places in the west of Scotland, where those fancy-scaring beings, known by the name of ghaists, still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.
‡ The source of the river Ayr.
§ A small landing place above the large key.

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Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
Of any mason, reptile, bird, or beast;
Fit only for a doited monkish race,
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,
Or cuifs of later times, wha held the notion
That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion;
Fancies that our guid brugh denies protection,
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings!
Ye worthy proveses, an' mony a bailie,
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye;
Ye dainty deacons, and ye douce conveners,
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;
Ye godly councils wha hae blest this town,
Ye godly brethren of the sacred gown,
Wha meekly gie your hurdies to the smiters;
And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers:
A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo,
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do?
How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,
To see each melancholy alteration;
And, agonizing, curse the time and place
When ye begat the base, degenerate race!
Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story;
Nae langer thrifty citizens, an' douce,
Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house;
But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless gentry,
The herryment and ruin of the country;
Men, three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
Wha waste your well-hain'd gear on d—d new brigs and harbours!

NEW BRIG.

Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough,
And muckle mair than ye can mak to through;
As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle:
But under favour o' your langer beard,
Abuse o' magistrates might weel be spared:
To liken them unto your auld-warld squad,
I must needs say, comparisons are odd.
In Ayr, wag-wits nae mair can hae a handle
To mouth "a citizen" a term o' scandal:
Nae mair the council waddles down the street,
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins,
Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and seisins.
If haply knowledge, on a random tramp,
Had shored them with a glimmer of his lamp,
And would to common sense for once betray'd them,
Plain, dull stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.

* * * * * *

What farther clishmaclaver might been said,
What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,
No man can tell: but, all before their sight,
A fairy train appear'd in order bright:
Adown the glittering stream they featly danced,
Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced;
They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
While arts of minstrelsy among them rung,
And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sung.
O had M'Lauchlan,* thairm-inspiring sage,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
When through his dear strathspeys they bore with highland rage;
Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
The lover's raptured joys or bleeding cares;
How would his highland lug been nobler fired,
And e'en his matchless hand with finer touch inspired!
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
But all the soul of music's self was heard;
Harmonious concert rung in every part,
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The genius of the stream in front appears,
A venerable chief advanced in years;
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
His manly leg with garter tangle bound.
Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
Sweet female beauty hand in hand with spring;
Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came rural joy,
And summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
All-cheering plenty, with her flowing horn,
Led yellow autumn wreathed with nodding corn:
Then winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,
By hospitality with cloudless brow.
Next follow'd courage with his martial stride,
From where the feal wild-woody coverts hide;
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
A female form, came from the towers of Stair:
Learning and worth in equal measures trode
From simple Catrine, their long-loved abode:
Last, white-robed peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
To rustic agriculture did bequeath
The broken iron instruments of death,
At sight of whom our sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MAILIE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE.

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

As Mailie an' her lambs thegither
Were ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch.
There, groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoc† he cam doytin by.

Wi' glowrin een, and lifted hans,
Poor Hughoc like a statue stans;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!
He gaped wide, but naething spak!
At length poor Mailie silence brak.

"O thou, whase lamentable face
Appears to mourn my woefu' case!
My dying words attentive hear,
An' bear them to my master dear.

* A well known performer of Scottish music on the violin.

† A neebor herd-callan.

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"Tell him, if e'er again he keep,
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
O, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
An' let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, an' grow
To scores o' lambs, an' packs o' woo'!

"Tell him, he was a master kin',
An' aye was guid to me and mine;
An' now my dying charge I gie him,
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"O, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, an' tods, an' butchers' knives!
But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel:
An' tent them duly, e'en an' morn,
Wi' teats o' hay an' rips o' corn.

"An' may they never learn the gaets
Of ither vile wanrestfu' pets!
To slink through slaps, an' reave an' steal,
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.
So may they, like their great forbears,
For monie a year come through the sheers:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.

"My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!
An', if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast!
An' warn him, what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame;
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes.

"An, niest my yowie, silly thing,
Gude keep thee frae a tether string!
O, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' only blastit, moorland toop;
But aye keep mind to moop an' mell,
Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath,
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:
An' when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

"Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
An' bid him burn this cursed tether,
An', for thy pains, thou'se get my blather."

This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,
An' closed her e'en amang the dead.

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
Our bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead;
The last sad cape-stane of his woes;
Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
That could sae bitter draw the tear
Or mak our bardie, dowie, wear
The mourning weed:
He's lost a friend and neebor dear,
In Mailie dead.

Through a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithful ne'er cam nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
And could behave hersel wi' mense:
I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Through thievish greed.
Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spense
Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,
Her living image in her yowe,
Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
Wi' tawted ket, an hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships
Frae yont the Tweed,
A bonnier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
That vile, wanchancie thing—a rape!
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,
Wi' chokin dread;
An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye bards on bonnie Doon!
An' wha on Ayr your chanters tune!
Come, join the melancholious croon
O' Robin's reed!
His heart will never get aboon!
His Mailie dead.

TO J. S****.

Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much.——— Blair.

Dear S****, the sleest, paukie thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Owre human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun an' moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
Just gaun to see you;
And every ither pair that's done
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

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That auld, capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit stature,
She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her first plan,
And in her freaks, on every feature,
She's wrote, the Man.

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkit up sublime
Wi' hasty summon:
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
To hear what's comin?

Some rhyme, a neebor's name to lash;
Some rhyme (vain thought!) for needfu' cash:
Some rhyme to court the kintra clash,
An' raise a din;
For me, an aim I never fash;
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot,
Has fated me the russet coat,
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat;
But in requit,
Has bless'd me wi' a random shot
O' kintra wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a skient,
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie!"
I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

"There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had ensured their debtors,
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tetters,
Their unknown pages."

Then fareweel hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang.

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread,
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave care o'er side!
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far's I understand,
Is a' enchanted, fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That wielded right,
Maks hours, like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic-wand then let us wield;
For ance that five-an'-forty's speel'd,
See crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin, hirplin owre the field,
Wi' crepin pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin
Then fareweel vacant careless roamin;
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin,
An' social noise;
An' fareweel, dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys!

O life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves;
And though the puny wound appear,
Short while it grieves

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
For which they never toil'd nor swat;
They drink the sweet, and eat the fat,
But care or pain;
And, haply, eye the barren hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim, some fortune chase;
Keen hope does every sinew brace;
Through fair, through foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin;
To right or left, eternal swervin,
They zig-zag on;
Till curst with age, obscure an' starvin,
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil an' straining—
But truce with peevish, poor complaining!
Is fortune's fickle Luna waning?
E'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the door,
And kneel, "Ye Powers!" and warm implore,
"Though I should wander terra o'er,
In all her climes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Aye rowth o' rhymes.

"Gie dreeping roasts to kintra lairds,
Till icicles hing frae their beards;
Gie fine braw claes to fine life-guards,
And maids of honour
And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
Until they sconner.

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"A title, Dempster merits it;
A garter gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd cit,
In cent. per cent.
But gie me real, sterling wit,
And I'm content.

"While ye are pleased to keep me hale
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
Wi' cheerful face,
As lang's the muses dinna fail
To say the grace."

An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath misfortune's blows
As weel's I may;
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
I rhyme away.

O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
Compared wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
How much unlike!
Your hearts are just a standing pool,
Your lives, a dyke!

Hae hair-brain'd, sentimental traces
In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
In *arioso* trills and graces
Ye never stray,
But, *gravissimo*, solemn basses
Ye hum away.

Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise;
Nae ferly though ye do despise
The hairum-scarum, ram-stam boys,
The rattlin squad:
I see you upward cast your eyes—
—Ye ken the road.

Whilst I—but I shall haud me there—
Wi' you I'll scarce gang onywhere—
Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair,
But quat my sang,
Content wi' you to mak a pair,
Whare'er I gang

A DREAM.

Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason;
But surely *dreams* were ne'er indicted treason.

[On reading, in the public papers, the Laureat's Ode, with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropped asleep, than he imagined himself to the birthday levee; and in his dreaming fancy made the following address.]

I.

Guid-morning to your majesty!
May heaven augment your blisses,
On every new birth-day ye see,
An humble poet wishes!
My bardship here, at your levee,
On sic a day as this is,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,
Amang the birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

II.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By monie a lord and lady;
"God save the king!" 's a cuckoo sang
That's unco easy said aye;
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel turn'd and ready,
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day.

III.

For me, before a monarch's face,
E'en there I winna flatter;
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor:
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's monie wauir been o' the race,
And aiblins ane been better
Than you this day.

IV.

'Tis very true, my sovereign king,
My skill may weel be doubted:
But facts are chiels that winna ding,
An' downa be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right left an' clouted,
And now the third part of the string,
An' less, will gang about it
Than did ae day.

V.

Far be't frae me that I aspire
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation!
But, faith, I muckle doubt, my sire,
Ye've trusted ministration
To chaps wha in a barn or byre
Wad better fill their station
Than courts you day.

VI.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken shins to plaster,
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester;
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,
Or, faith! I fear, that wi' the geese,
I shortly boost to pasture
I' the craft some day.

VII.

I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get,
A name not envy spairges,)

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That he intends to pay your debt,
An' lessen a' your charges;
But, G–d-sake! let nae saving-fit
Abridge your bonnie barges
An' boats this day.

VIII.

Adieu, my liege! may freedom geck
Beneath your high protection;
An' may ye rax corruption's neck,
And gie her for dissection!
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection
This great birth-day.

IX.

Hail, majesty most excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye?
Thae bonnie bairntime, heaven has lent,
Still higher may they heeze ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

X.

For you, young potentate o' W****,
I tell your highness fairly,
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nails,
An' curse your folly sairly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,
By night or day.

XI.

Yet aft a ragged cowte's been known
To make a noble aiver;
So ye may doucely fill a throne,
For a' their clishmaclaver:
There, him* at Agincourt wha shone,
Few better were or braver;
And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John,†
He was an unco shaver
For monie a day.

XII.

For you, right reverend O*******,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
Although a riband at your lug
Wad been a dress completer:
As ye disown yon paughty dog
That bears the keys of Peter,
Then, swith! an' get a wife to hug,
Or, trouth! ye'll stain the mitre
Some luckless day.

* King Henry V.
† Sir John Falstaff: *vide* Shakspeare.

XIII.

Young, royal tarry breeks, I learn,
Ye've lately come athwart her;
A glorious galley,* stem an' stern,
Well rigg'd for Venus' barter;
But first hang out, that she'll discern
Your hymeneal charter,
Then heave aboard your grapple airn,
An', large upo' her quarter,
Come full that day.

XIV.

Ye, lastly, bonnie blossoms a',
Ye royal lasses dainty,
Heaven make you guid as weel as braw,
An' gie you lads a-plenty:
But sneer nae British boys awa',
For kings are unco scant aye;
An' German gentles are but sma',
They're better just than want aye,
On onie day.

XV.

God bless you a'! consider now,
Ye're unco muckle dautet;
But, ere the course o' life be through,
It may be bitter sautet:
An' I hae seen their coggie fou,
That yet hae tarrow't at it;
But or the day was done, I trow,
The laggen they hae clautet
Fu' clean that day.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.†

The sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hunger'd maukin ta'en her way
To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
Whare she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin-tree,
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And when the day had closed his e'e,
Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence, right pensivelie,
I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,
The auld clay biggin;
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin.

* Alluding to the newspaper account of a certain royal sailor's amour.
† Duan, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his Cath-Loda, vol. ii. of M'Pherson's translation.

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All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time,
How I had spent my youthfu' time,
And done naething,
But stringin blethers up in rhyme,
For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank an' clarkit
My cash account:
While here, half mad, half fed, half sarkit,
Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, blockhead! coof!
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' yon starry roof,
Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
Till my last breath—

When click! the strink the snick did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle-lowe I saw,
Now bleezin bright,
A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht;
The infant aith, half-form'd, was crusht;
I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht
In some wild glen;
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish muse,
By that same token;
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
Wou'd soon been broken.

A "hair-brain'd, sentimental trace,"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Shone full upon her;
Her eye, e'en turn'd on empty space,
Beam'd keen with honour.

Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen;
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;
And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
Could only peer it;
Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling threw,
A lustre grand;
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
A well known land.

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
There, mountains to the skies were tost:
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam;
There, distant shone art's lofty boast,
The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:
Auld hermit Ayr staw through his woods,
On to the shore;
And many a lesser torrent scuds,
With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
An ancient borough rear'd her head;
Still, as in Scottish story read,
She boasts a race,
To every nobler virtue bred,
And polish'd grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
Or ruins pendent in the air,
Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
I could discern;
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,
With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
To see a race* heroic wheel,
And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
In sturdy blows;
While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their stubborn foes.

His country's saviour,† mark him well!
Bold Richardton's‡ heroic swell;
The chief on Sark§ who glorious fell,
In high command;
And he whom ruthless fates expel
His native land.

There, where a sceptred Pictish shade,‖
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid,
I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
In colours strong;
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
They strode along.

Through many a wild, romantic grove,¶
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love,
In musing mood,
An aged judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.

With deep-struck reverential awe**
The learned sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore,
This, all its source and end to draw,
That, to adore.

* The Wallaces. † William Wallace.

‡ Adam Wallace, of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

§ Wallace, Laird of Craigie, who was second in command, under Douglas Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct, and intrepid valour of the gallant Laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

‖ Coilus, King of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family-seat of the Montgomeries of Coil's-field, where his burial-place is still shown.

¶ Barskimming the seat of the Lord Justice Clerk.

** Catrine, the seat of the late Doctor and present Professor Stewart.

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Brydone's brave ward* I well could spy,
Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye;
Who call'd on fame, low standing by,
To hand him on,
Where many a patriot name on high,
And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming fair;
A whispering throb did witness bear,
Of kindred sweet,
When with an elder sister's air
She did me greet.

"All hail! my own inspired bard!
In me thy native muse regard!
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

"Know the great genius of this land
Has many a light aërial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

"They Scotia's race among them share;
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

"'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the hand.

"And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

"Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His 'Minstrel lays;'
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The skeptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the labouring hind,
The artisan;
All choose, as various they're inclined,
The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threatening storm some strongly rein,
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage-skill;
And some instruct the shepherd train,
Blythe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
Some soothe the labourer's weary toil,
For humble gains,
And make his cottage scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district space,
Explore at large man's infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each opening grace,
A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,
Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame,
Held ruling power:
I mark'd thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely caroll'd chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

"Or, when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd every floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

"When ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends:
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become my friends.

* Colonel Fullarton.

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"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine:
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man
With soul erect;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.

"*And wear thou this*"—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polish'd leaves, and berries red
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID; OR, THE RIGIDLY RIGHTEOUS.

My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither;
The rigid righteous is a fool,
The rigid wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,
May hae some pyles o' caff in;
So ne'er a fellow creature slight,
For random fits o' daffin.
Solomon.—Eccles. ch. vii. ver. 16.

I.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've naught to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

II.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce wisdom's door
For glaikit folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

III.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer;
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

IV.

Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop;
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
It maks an unco leeway.

V.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;
Or your more dreaded hell to taste,
D–mnation of expenses!

VI.

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

VII.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it:
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

VIII.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone
Each spring, its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute;
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But not know what's resisted.

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TAM SAMSON'S ELEGY.*

An honest man's the noblest work of God.
POPE.

HAS auld K********** seen the deil?
Or great M********† thrawn his heel?
Or R******* again grown weel,‡
To preach an' read.
"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,
Tam Samson's dead!

K********** lang may grunt an' grane,
An' sigh, an' sob, an' greet her lane,
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
In mourning weed;
To death she's dearly paid the kane,
Tam Samson's dead!

The brethren of the mystic level
May hing their head in woefu' bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead;
Death's gien the lodge an unco devel:
Tam Samson's dead!

When winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mire like a rock;
When to the loughs the curlers flock,
Wi' gleesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock?
Tam Samson's dead!

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore,
Or up the rink like Jehu roar
In time of need;
But now he lags on death's hog-score,
Tam Samson's dead!

Now safe the stately sawmont sail,
And trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for souple tail,
And geds for greed,
Since dark in death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead!

Rejoice, ye birring paitricks a';
Ye cootie moorcocks, crousely craw;
Ye maukins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread;
Your mortal fae is now awa',
Tam Samson's dead!

That woefu' morn be ever mourn'd,
Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd,
While pointers round impatient burn'd,
Frae couples freed;
But, och! he gaed and ne'er return'd!
Tam Samson's dead!

In vain auld age his body batters;
In vain the gout his ankles fetters;
In vain the burns came down like waters,
An acre braid!
Now every auld wife, greetin, clatters,
Tam Samson's dead!

Owre many a weary hag he limpit,
An' aye the tither shot he thumpit,
Till coward death behind him jumpit,
Wi' deadly feide;
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead!

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
He reel'd his wonted bottle swagger,
But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Wi' weel aim'd heed;
"L—d, fire!" he cried, and owre did stagger;
Tam Samson's dead!

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brither;
Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father;
Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
Marks out his head,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether
Tam Samson's dead!

There low he lies, in lasting rest;
Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest,
To hatch an' breed;
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!
Tam Samson's dead!

When August winds the heather wave,
And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
Three volleys let his memory crave,
O' pouther an' lead,
Till echo answer frae her cave,
Tam Samson's dead!

Heaven rest his saul, whare'er he be!
Is th' wish o' monie mae than me;
He had twa faults, or may be three,
Yet what remead?
Ae social, honest man want we:
Tam Samson's dead!

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last muirfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields;" and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muirs. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph.

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* the Ordination, stanza ii.

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time ailing. For him, see also the Ordination, stanza ix.

THE EPITAPH.

TAM SAMSON'S weel-worn clay here lies,
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

PER CONTRA.

Go, fame, and canter like a filly,
Through a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,*
Tell every social, honest billie
To cease his grievin,
For yet, unskaith'd by death's gleg gullie,
Tam Samson's livin.

* Killie is a phrase the country folks sometimes use for Kilmarnock.

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HALLOWEEN.*

The following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood; but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is cast, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state, in all ages and nations: and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art
GOLDSMITH.

I.

UPON that night, when fairies light,
On Cassilis Downans† dance,
Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colean the route is ta'en,
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the cove,‡ to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks and streams,
To sport that night.

II.

Amang the bonnie winding banks,
Where Doon rins, wimpling clear,
Where Bruce§ ance ruled the martial ranks,
An' shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly countra folks,
Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
An' haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night.

III.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
Mair braw than when they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,
Gar lasses hearts gang startin
Whyles fast at night.

IV.

Then first and foremost, through the kail,
Their *stocks** maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their e'en, an' graip an' wale,
For muckle anes an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
An' wander'd through the *bow-kail*,
An pow't for want o' better shift,
A *runt* was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

V.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,
They roar and cry a' throu'ther
The vera wee things, todlin, rin,
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther;
An' gif the *custoc's* sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care they place them
To lie that night.

VI.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',
To pou their *stalks o' corn*;†
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her *tap-pickle* maist was lost,
When kiuttlin in the fause-house‡
Wi' him that night.

VII.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet nits§
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, couthie, side by side
An' burn thegither trimly;

* Is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings, are all abroad on their baneful, midnight errands; particularly those aërial people the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

† Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.

‡ A noted cavern near Colean house, called the Cove of Colean: which, as Cassilis Downans, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

§ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

* The first ceremony of Halloween is, pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door: and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question.

† They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the *top-pickle*, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage bed any thing but a maid.

‡ When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green, or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a *fause-house*.

§ Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

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Some start awa wi' saucie pride,
And jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

VIII.

Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel:
He bleezed owre her, an' she owre him,
As they wad never mair part;
Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

IX.

Poor Willie, wi' his *bow-kail runt*,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
An' Mallie, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compared to Willie:
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it burnt it;
While Willie lap, and swoor by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

X.

Nell had the fause-house in her min',
She pits hersel an' Rob in;
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to look for't:
Rob, stowlins, prie'd her bonnie mou,
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

XI.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel:
She through the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins grapit for the bauks,
And in the *blue-clue** throws then,
Right fear't that night.

XII.

An' aye she wint, an' aye she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin;
Till something held within the pat,
Guid L—d! but she was quakin!
But whether 'twas the deil himsel,
Or whether 'twas a bauken,
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin
To spier that night.

* Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand *wha hawds?* i. e. who holds? an answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

XIII.

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple* at the glass,
I gat frae uncle Johnie;"
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
She noticed na, an azle brunt
Her braw new worset apron
Out through that night.

XIV.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
How daur you try sic sportin,
As seek the foul thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune?
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' lived an' died deleerit
On sic a night.

XV.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherra-moor,
I mind't as weel' yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fyfteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' aye a rantin kirn we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

XVI.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever, sturdy fallow;
He's sin got Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That lived in Achmacalla:
He gat hemp-seed.† I mind it weel,
An' he made unco light o't;
But monie a day was by himsel,
He was sae sairly frighted
That vera night."

XVII.

Then up gat fechtin Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense;
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handful gied him;
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometimes when nae ane seed him:
An' try't that night.

* Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair, all the time; the face of your conjugal companion, *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder.

† Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed; harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, hemp-seed, I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "come after me, and shaw thee," that is, show thyself: in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "come after me, and harrow thee."

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XVIII.

He marches through amang the stacks,
Though he was something sturtin;
The graip he for a harrow taks,
An' haurls at his curpin:
An' every now an' then he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me and draw thee,
As fast this night."

XIX.

He whistled up Lord Lenox' march
To keep his courage cheerie;
Although his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

XX.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation!
An' young an' auld came rinnin out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw,
Or crouchie Morran Humphie,
Till stop! she trotted through them a';
An' wha was it but Grumphie
Asteer that night!

XXI.

Meg fain wad to the barn gaen,
To win three wechts o' naething;*
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red cheekit apples,
To watch, while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

XXII.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw
An' owre the threshold ventures
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Syne bauldly in she enters;
A ratton rattled up the wa',
An' she cried L—d preserve her,
An' ran through midden-hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal an' fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

* This charm must likewise be performed unperceived, and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible; for there is danger that the being, about to appear, may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht*; and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue, marking the employment or station in life.

XXIII.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice:
They hecht him some fine braw ane;
It chanced the stack he faddom'd thrice,*
Was timmer propt for thrawin:
He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
For some black, grousome carlin;
An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
Till skin in blypes came haurlin
Aff's nieves that night.

XXIV.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlen;
But och! that night, amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin!
She through the whins, an' by the cairn,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn†
To dip her left sark sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

XXV.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimplet:
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimplet;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

XXVI.

Amang the brachens, on the brae,
Between her an' the moon,
The deil, or else an outler quey,
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Poor Leezie's heart mais lap the hool;
Neer lav'rock height she jumpit,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool
Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night.

XXVII.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
The luggies three‡ are ranged,

* Take an opportunity of going, unnoticed, to a Bear stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow.

† You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it.

‡ Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged: he (or she) dips the left hand: if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered

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And every time great care is ta'en,
To see them duly changed:
Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
Sin Mar's year did desire,
Because he gat the toom-dish thrice,
He heaved them on the fire
In wrath that night.

XXVIII.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
I wat they dinna weary;
An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Their sports were cheap an' cheery,
Till butter'd so'ns,* wi' fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a-steerin;
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin
Fu' blythe that night.

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER ACCUSTOMED RIFF OF CORN TO HANSEL IN THE NEW-YEAR.

A GUID new-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a rip to thy auld baggie:
Though thou's howe-backit, now, an' knaggie,
I've seen the day,
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay.

Though now thou's dowie, stiff, an' crazy,
An' thy auld hide's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek, and glaizie,
A bonnie gray:
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,
Ance in a day.

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A filly buirdly, steeve, an' swank,
An' set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yird;
An' could hae flown out-owre a stank,
Like ony bird.

It's now some nine an' twenty year,
Sin' thou was my good father's meere;
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear,
An' fifty mark;
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
An' thou was stark.

When first I gaed to woo my Jenny,
Ye then was trottin wi' your minnie:
Though ye was trickie, slee, an' funnie,
Ye ne'er was donsie;
But hamely, tawie, quiet, an' cannie,
An' unco sonsie.

That day, ye pranced wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonnie bride;
An' sweet, an' gracefu' she did ride,
Wi' maiden air!
Kyle Stewart I could bragged wide,
For sic a pair.

Though now ye dow but hoyte an' hobble
An' wintle like a saumont-coble,
That day ye was a jinker noble
For heels an' win'!
An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Far, far behin'.

When thou an' I were young an' skeigh,
An' stable-meals at fairs were dreigh,
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' skreigh,
An' tak the road!
Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,
An' ca't thee mad.

When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow,
We took the road aye like a swallow:
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow,
For pith an' speed:
But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
Where'er thou gaed.

The sma', droop-rumpl't, hunter cattle,
Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle;
But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
An' gar't them whaizle:
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
O' saugh or hazel.

Thou was a noble fittie-lan,
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun,
On guid March weather,
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',
For days thegither.

Thou never braindg't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Wi' pith, an' pow'r,
Till spritty knowes wad rair't and risket,
An' slypet owre.

When frosts lay lang, an' snows were deep,
An' threaten'd labour back to keep,
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap
Aboon the timmer;
I kenn'd my Maggie wad na sleep
For that, or simmer.

The cart or car thou never restit;
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it:
Thou never lap, and sten't, and breastit,
Then stood to blaw;
But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
Thou snoov't awa.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a':
Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw:
Forbye sax mae, I've sell't awa.
That thou hast nurst:
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,
The vera warst.

Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought
An' wi' the weary warl' fought!
And monie an anxious day, I thought
We wad be beat!
Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
Wi' something yet.

* Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

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And think na, my auld trusty servan',
That now perhaps thou's less deservin,
An' thy auld days may end in starvin,
For my last fou,
A heapit stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither:
Wi' tentie care, I'll fit thy tether,
To some hain'd rig,
Where ye may nobly rax your leather,
Wi' sma' fatigue,

TO A MOUSE.

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin, timorous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'Sa sma request;
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the winds are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear;
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

Poor, naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—

SHAKSPEARE

When biting Boreas, fell and doure,
Sharp shivers through the leafless bower;
When Phœbus gies a short-lived glower
Far south the lift,
Dim-darkening through the flaky shower,
Or whirling drift:

Ae night the storm the steeples rock'd,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was lock'd,
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-chock'd,
Wild-eddying swirl,
Or through the mining outlet bock'd,
Down headlong hurl.

Listening, the doors an' winnocks rattle,
I thought me on the ourie cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
O' winter war,
And through the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e?

E'en you on murdering errands toil'd,
Lone from your savage homes exiled,
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,
My heart forgets,
While pitiless the tempest wild
Sore on you beats.

Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign
Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
Rose in my soul,
When on my ear this plaintive strain,
Slow, solemn, stole—

"Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust!
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
Not all your rage, as now united, shows
More hard unkindness, unrelenting,
Vengeful malice, unrepenting,
Than heaven illumined man on brother man bestows!

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See stern oppression's iron grip,
Or mad ambition's gory hand,
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
Wo, want, and murder, o'er a land!
E'en in the peaceful, rural vale,
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
How pamper'd luxury, flattery by her side,
The parasite empoisoning her ear,
With all the servile wretches in the rear,
Looks o'er proud property, extended wide;
And eyes the simple rustic hind,
Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
A creature of another kind,
Some coarser substance, unrefined,
Placed for her lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below;
Where, where is love's fond, tender throe,
With lordly honour's lofty brow,
The powers you proudly own?
Is there beneath love's noble name,
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
To bless himself alone?
Mark maiden innocence a prey
To love-pretending snares,
This boasted honour turns away,
Shunning soft pity's rising sway,
Regardless of the tears, and unavailing prayers!
Perhaps, this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!

"O ye! who, sunk in beds of down,
Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
While through the ragged roof and chinky wall,
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap!
Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Where guilt and poor misfortune pine!
Guilt, erring man, relenting view!
But shall thy legal rage pursue
The wretch, already crushed low
By cruel fortune's undeserved blow?
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!"

I heard nae mair, for chanticleer
Shook off the pouthery snaw,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
A cottage-rousing craw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

DESPONDENCY.

AN ODE.

I.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sickening scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
E'en when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet every sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same;
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain:
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or, haply, to his evening thought,
By unfrequented stream.
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising and raising
His thoughts to heaven on high,
As wandering, meandering,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
Where never human footstep traced,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys
Which I too keenly taste,
The solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

V.

O! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchanged for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!

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Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish.
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining age.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

I.

The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest,
And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"*
The joyless winter day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:
The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine.

III.

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are thy will!
Then all I want, (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to enjoy thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.
GRAY.

I.

My loved, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways:
What A**** in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there,
I ween.

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for others' weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
"An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play:
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

* Dr Young.

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VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
But blathe and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, insnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting truth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name:
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

XVII.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display, to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The yougling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God:"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

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XX.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health and peace, and sweet content!
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much loved isle.

XXI.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A DIRGE.

I.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage;
Or haply, press'd with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

III.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

"A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think, not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, O! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave
By nature's law design'd,—
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

"O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But O! a bless'd relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"

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A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do thou, All-Good! for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry God,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray;
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?

O thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With what controlling power assist e'en me,
Those headlong, furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE ONE NIGHT, THE AUTHOR LEFT

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my prayer sincere.

II.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long be pleased to spare!
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

VI.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

V.

The beauteous, seraph sister band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway!

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

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A PRAYER

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul,
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heaved their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command:

That power which raised and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou givest the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought:
Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into naught!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou takest them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate of suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven
By human pride or cunning driven,
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

E'en thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

TO RUIN.

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel wo-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my dearest tie,
And quivers in my heart.

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Then lowering, and pouring,
The storm no more I dread;
Though thickening and blackening
Round my devoted head.

II.

And, thou grim power, by life abhorr'd,
While life a pleasure can afford,
O! hear a wretch's prayer!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's joyless day;
My weary heart its throbbing cease,
Cold mouldering in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

TO MISS L—,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven,
And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer heaven.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In Edwin's simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charged, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An Edwin still to you!

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MAY, 1786.

I.

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Though it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And, Andrew dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye.
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end's attained;
And a' your views may come to naught,
Where every nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But och! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should nae censure,
For still th' important end of life
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Though poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.

V.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yourscl
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through every other man,
Wi' sharpen'd, slee inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-placed love
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Though naething should divulge it!
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

VIII.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip,
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border;
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great Creator to revere
Must sure become the creature;
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And e'en the rigid feature;
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

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X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a random sting,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driven,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' heaven
Is sure a noble anchor!

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting:
May prudence, fortitude, and truth
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did th' adviser.

ON A SCOTCH BARD GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' ye wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!
Our billie's gien us a' a jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him, a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the merry-roar,
In social key;
For now he's ta'en anither shore,
An' owre the sea.

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear petitions place him;
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea.

O fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do naught but fyke and fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea.

Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her laureate monie a year,
That's owre the sea.

He saw misfortune's cauld nor-west
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach
Could ill agree;
So row't his hurdies in a hammock,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding;
He dealt it free:
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel;
Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,
And fu' o' glee;
He wad na wrang'd the vera diel,
That's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Though owre the sea.

TO A HAGGIS.

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While through your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up with ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to ryve,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French ragout,
Or olio that would staw a sow,
Or fricasee wad make her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner?

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip lash,
His nieve a nit;
Through bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

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But mark the rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye powers, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a haggis!

A DEDICATION TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

Expect na, sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're surnamed like his grace,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tired—and sae are ye,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I need na bow,
For, Lord be thankit, I can plough;
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg;
Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatterin,
It's just sic poet, an' sic patron.

The poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
But only he's no just begun yet.

The patron, (sir, ye maun forgie me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me,)
On every hand it will allow'd be,
He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He dow a see a poor man want;
What's his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says, he winna break it;
Aught he can lend he'll no refuse't,
Till aft his guidness is abused:
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
E'en that, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, na thanks to him for a' that;
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;
It's naething but a milder feature
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt nature:
Ye'll get the best o' moral works
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he's the poor man's friend in need,
The gentleman in word and deed,
It's no through terror of d–mn–tion;
It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain!
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In moral mercy, truth, and justice!

No—stretch a point to catch a plack;
Abuse a brother to his back;
Steal through a winnock frae a wh–re,
But point the rake that taks the door:
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane,
Ply every art o' legal thieving;
No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang wry faces;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of C–lv–n,
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When ruin, with his sweeping besom,
Just frets till Heaven commission gies him:
While o'er the harp pale misery moans,
And strikes the ever deepening tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my dedication;
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my work I did review,
To dedicate them, sir, to you:
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever—
I had amaist said, ever pray,
But that's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't
But I'se repeat each poor man's prayer,
That kens or hears about you, sir—

"May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark
Howl through the dwelling o' the clerk!
May ne'er his generous, honest heart,
For that same generous spirit smart!
May K******'s far honour'd name
Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
Till H*******s, at least a dizen,
Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
Five bonnie lasses round their table,
And seven braw fellows, stout an' able

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To serve their king and country weel,
By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
May health and peace, with mutual rays,
Shine on the evening o' his days;
Till his wee curlie John's ier-oe,
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
The last, sad, mournful rites bestow!"

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion:
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which powers above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl, want,
Attended in his grim advances
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your humble servant then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor?
But by a poor man's hopes in heaven!
While recollection's power is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, through the tender gushing tear,
Should recognise my master dear,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, sir, your hand—my friend and brother!

TO A LOUSE,

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie?
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely
Owre gauze and lace;
Though faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt and sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady?
Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
Where ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare horn or bane ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, towering height
O' miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy,
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wylie coat;
But miss's fine Lunardi! fie,
How dare ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin'
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion;
What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us
And e'en devotion!

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

I.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarged, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy!
Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the sire of love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar;

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Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar;
The ponderous walls and massy bar,
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock;
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Famed heroes! had their royal home:
Alas! how changed the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wandering roam!
Though rigid law cries out, 'Twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
E'en I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And faced grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sovereign powers!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.—APRIL 1st, 1785.

While briers and woodbines budding green,
An' paitricks scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an unknown frien',
I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun an' jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At sang about.

There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describes sae weel,
What generous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, "Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark!"
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About Muirkirk.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't;
Then a' that ken't him round declared
He had ingine,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an' aith,
Though I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the crambo-jingle fell,
Though rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does well eneugh.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?"
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars:
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
Or knappin hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They gang in stirks, and come out asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus;
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then though I drudge through dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' Allan's glee,
Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,
Or bright Lapraik's my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

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Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Though real friends, I b'lieve, are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fu',
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends, and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me,
Though I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut they whyles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair;
May be some ither thing they gie me
They weel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
E'en love an' friendship, should give place
To catch-the-plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear you crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose heart the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
Each aid the others',
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

TO THE SAME.

APRIL 21st, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin' the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing through amang the naigs
Their ten-hours' bite,
My awkart muse sair pleads and begs
I would na write.

The tapeless ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie
An' something sair."

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
"Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jad!
I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
This vera night;
So dinna ye affront your trade,
But rhyme it right.

"Shall bauld Lapraik, the king o' hearts,
Though mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
In terms so friendly;
Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
An' thank him kindly!"

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink:
Quoth I, "Before I sleep a wink,
I vow I'll close it;
An' if ye winna mak it clink,
By Jove I'll prose it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Though fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your moorland harp
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how fortune waft an' warp:
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, though I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, and shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do ye envy the city gent,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A bailie's name?

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Or is't the paughty, feudal thane,
Wi' ruffled sark an' glancin' cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are ta'en,
As by he walks?

"O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift,
Through Scotland wide;
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
In a' their pride!"

Were this the charter of our state,
"On pain o' hell be rich an' great,"
Damnation then would be our fate
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to heaven! that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
"The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great nature's plan,
An' none but he!"

O mandate glorious and divine!
The ragged followers of the nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Though here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcass howl,
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapraik and Burns arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's tie
Each passing year.

TO W. S*****N,

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome Willie;
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin' billie,
Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelin's sklented
On my poor musie;
Though in sic phrasin' terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel
Should I but dare a hope to speel
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes o' fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh gentry!
The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes,
Wad stow'd his pantry.)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whyles they're like to be my deed,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my rustic reed;
It gies me ease.

Auld Coila now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measured style;
She lay like some unkenn'd-of isle
Beside New Holland,
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth Magellan.

Ramsay an' famous Fergusson
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon,
Naebody sings.

Th' Illyssus, Tiber, Thames, an' Seine,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams and burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown with heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious dyed.

O, sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

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E'en winter bleak has charms for me,
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Darkening the day!

O nature! a' thy shows an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the simmer kindly warms
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet! to stray, an' pensive ponder
A heartfelt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch, an' strive,
Let me fair nature's face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive,
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither!"
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May envy wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls and taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies:
While terra firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In Robert Burns.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this "new-light,"*
'Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At grammar, logic, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, wee learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was denied, it was affirm'd;
The herds an' hissels were alarm'd:
The reverend gray-beards raved an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' burnt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands,
That faith the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
The lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an'-stowe,
Till now amaist on every knowe,
Ye'll find ane placed;
An' some, their new-light fair avow,
Just quite barefaced.

Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatin;
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatin;
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
Are mind't in things they ca' balloons,
To tak a flight,
An' stay a month amang the moons
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the auld moon's gaun to leave them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the new-light billies see them,
I think they'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a "moonshine matter;"
But though dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we bardies ken some better,
Than mind sic brulzie.

---

* "New-light" is a cant phrase in the west of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Taylor of Norwich has defended so strenuously.

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EPISTLE TO J. R******

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O rough, rude, ready-witted R******,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin!
There's mony godly folks are thinkin,
Your dreams* an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked druncken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saints,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen through.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black!
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing
Its just the blue-gown badge an' claithing
O' saints; tak that, ye lea'e them naething
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I've sent you home some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Yon sang,† ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Though faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
An' danced my fill!
I'd better gane an' sair't the king,
At Bunker's Hill.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a paitrick to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't;
But, deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the poacher-court
The hale affair.

Some auld used hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whizzle o' my groat,
An' pay't the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my poudher an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The game shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea:
Though I should herd the buckskin kye
For't in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame:
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce through the feathers
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me aye as mad's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But pennyworth's again is fair,
When time's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
Your most obedient.

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the country side.

† A song he had promised the author.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke.
Gawin Douglas

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, e'en on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

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Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet:
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and howlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks an' meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods:
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantraip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
Five cimiters, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies.

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But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear.)
Her cuttie sark, o' Paisley harn.
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,)
And how Tam stood like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very e'en enrich'd;
E'en Satan glowr'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin:
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane* of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—

Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,—
Remember Tam O'Shanter's mare.

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

SONGS.

THE LEA-RIG.

When o'er the hill the eastern star,
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo;
And owsen frae the furrow'd field,
Return sae dowf and weary, O;
Down by the burn, where scented birks,
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
I'd rove and ne'er be eerie, O,
If through that glen, I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.
Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Along the burn to steer, my jo;
Gie me the hour o' gloamin gray,
It maks my heart sae cheery, O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

TO MARY.

Tune—"Ewe-bughts, Marion."

Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grows the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies,
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the heavens to be true;
And sae may the heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily-white hand;
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

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We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join,
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour, and the moment o' time!

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And niest my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithly bear it,
And think my lot divine.

BONNIE LESLEY.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon wilf tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag, we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around,
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that loved me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
He's the king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blithe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But O! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has naught but a cot-house and yard
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it would burst in my breast

O, had she been but of lower degree,
I then might hae hoped she wad smiled upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

DUNCAN GRAY.

Duncan Gray came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blithe yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost her head fu' high
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, &c.

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Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin owre a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal.
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith.
Ha, ha, &c.

SONG.

Tune—"I had a horse."

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He wooes his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on fortune's shining?

GALLA WATER.

There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
That wander through the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettric shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water,

Although his daddie was nae laird,
And though I hae nae meikle tocher;
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure,
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!

LORD GREGORY.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied.

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

MARY MORISON.

Tune—"Bide ye yet."

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun;
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha'
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw:

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Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown!
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
Come to my bosom my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bringst me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e:
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But O! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main;
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

JESSIE.

Tune—"Bonny Dundee."

True hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair:
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over;
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

O fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard insnaring;
Enthroned in her e'en he delivers his law;
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger!
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

WHEN WILD WAR'S DEADLY BLAST WAS BLAWN.

Air—"The mill mill O."

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning,
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia's hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling!
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my e'en was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom!
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang,
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever:
Quo' she, A sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she redden'd like a rose-
Syne pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie?
By Him who made yon sun and sky—
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true hearted;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenish'd fairly;
And come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the sodger's prize;
The sodger's wealth is honour;
The brave, poor sodger ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger,
Remember he's his country's stay
In day and hour of danger.

SONG.

Tune—"Logan Water."

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne has o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.

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But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile,
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes!

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

BONNIE JEAN.

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride o' a' the glen;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en;
So, trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
Ye wist na what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
And did na joy blink in her e'e,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had nae will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was aye between them twa.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae ran about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin sun till dine:
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory.

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Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power;
Edward! chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that;
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toil's obscure and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

SCOTTISH BALLAD.

TUNE—"The Lothian Lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was nothing I hated like men;
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me,
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was dying;
I said he might die when he liked, for Jean;
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or cared,
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!—
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet,
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin.

He begg'd, for Gudesake! I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

SONG.

TUNE—"Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney."

CHORUS.

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

ALTHOUGH thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

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I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell, cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the birks of Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey."

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair:
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent;
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand and hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

THE POSIE.

O luve will venture in, where it dar'na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her e'en sae clear:
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band of luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

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Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
But my fause luver stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

SONG.

Tune—"Catharine Ogie."

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair,
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'l break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'l break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree,
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie;
He had a wife was dour and din,
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither;

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller;
A whisken beard about her mou,
Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter:
She has a hump upon her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shouther;
Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrans by the ingle sits,
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-Water:

Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wad na gie a button for her.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
And that's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow, that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me;
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me,
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
My heart is sair for somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' somebody!
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I could range the world around,
For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody
Oh-hon! for somebody!
Oh-hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake of somebody.

A RED, RED ROSE.

O my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

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And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

SONG.

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

Oh how can I be blithe and glad,
Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best,
Is o'er the hills and far awa?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;
But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
My friends they hae disown'd me a';
But I hae ane will tak my part,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gave to me,
And silken snoods he gave me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,
The bonnie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the birken-shaw;
And my sweet babie will be born,
And he'll come hame that's far awa.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married—spier nae mair—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonnie Meg was Nature's child—
Wiser men than me's beguiled:
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love and how we 'gree,
I care na by how few may see;
Whistle o'er the lave o't.—
What I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write—but Meg maun see't—
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn:
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!

END OF VOLUME I.

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